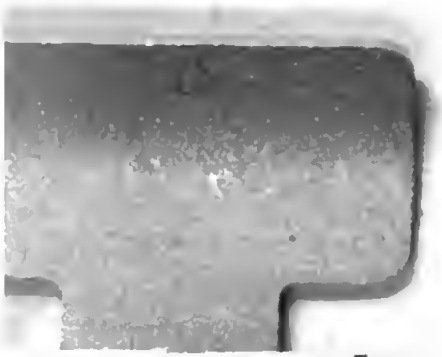




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OF
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VOL. 561.

OLIVER CROMWELL'S LETTERS AND SPEECHES
BY
THOMAS CARLYLE.

IN FOUR VOLUMES. — VOL. 2.

LEIPZIG: BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ.

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VOL. II.

OLIVER CROMWELL'S

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WITH ELUCIDATIONS.

BY

THOMAS CARLYLE.

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LEIPZIG

BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ

1861.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME II.

PART IV.

SECOND CIVIL WAR. 1648

Page

LETTER LIX. To Hon. W. Lenthall: Pembroke, 14 June 1648 . 3
Besieging Pembroke.

— LX. To Major Saunders: Pembroke, 17 June 1648 . . 5
To seize Sheriff Morgan and Sir Trevor Williams, two Rebel Welshmen.

— LXI. To Lord (late Sir Thomas) Fairfax: Pembroke, 28 June 1648 8
Siege of Pembroke.

— LXII. To Hon. W. Lenthall: Pembroke, 11 July 1648 . 14
Surrender of Pembroke.

PRESTON BATTLE 16

LETTER LXIII. To Lancashire Committee: Preston, 17 Aug. 1648 19
Battle of Preston.

— LXIV. To Hon. W. Lenthall: Warrington, 20 Aug. 1648 . 22
Battle of Preston.

— LXV. To York Committee: Warrington, 20 Aug. 1648 - 38
To pursue the Scots.

— LXVI. To the same: Wigan, 23 Aug. 1648 . . . 39
The same.

— LXVII. To O. St. John, Esq.: Knaresborough, 1 Sept. 1648 42
On Preston Battle: the Handful of Grass.

— LXVIII. To Lord Wharton: Knaresborough, 2 Sept. 1648 44
Religious Reflections; Congratulations on public events and private.

DECLARATION 48

LETTER LXIX. To Lord Fairfax: Alnwick, 11 Sept. 1648 . . 50
Col. Cowell's Widow.

— LXX. To the Governor of Berwick: Alnwick, 15 Sept. 1648 51
Summons.

Page

LETTER LXXI. To Marquis Argyle, and the Well-affected Lords now in arms in Scotland: near Berwick, 16 Sept. 1648 52
Announces Messengers coming to them.

— LXXII. To Scots Committee of Estates: near Berwick, 16 Sept. 1648 54
His Reasons for entering Scotland.

— LXXIII. To Earl Loudon: Cheswick, 18 Sept. 1648 . . 56
Intentions and Proceedings as to Scotland.

PROCLAMATION 61

LETTER LXXIV. To Scots Committee of Estates: Norham, 21 Sept. 1648 62
In excuse for some disorder by the Durham horse in Scotland.

— LXXV. To Hon. W. Lenthall: Berwick, 2 Oct. 1648 . 64
Surrender of Berwick and Carlisle.

— LXXVI. To Lord Fairfax: Berwick, 2 Oct. 1648 . . 68
To have Sir Arthur Haselrig take care of Berwick.

— LXXVII. To Scots Committee of Estates: Edinburgh, 5 Oct. 1648 71
His Demands concerning Scotland.

— LXXVIII. To Hon. W. Lenthall: Dalhousie, 8 Oct. 1648 . 74
Colonel R. Montgomery: For Two-thousand of the Preston Captives.

— LXXIX. To the same: Dalhousie, 9 Oct. 1648. . . 75
Account of his Proceedings in Scotland.

— LXXX. To Governor Morris: Pontefract, 9 Nov. 1648 . 79
Summons to Pontefract Castle.

— LXXXI. To Derby-House Committee: Knottingley, near Pontefract, 15 Nov. 1648 79
What will be necessary for the Siege of Pontefract.

— LXXXII. To Jenner and Ashe: Knottingley, 20 Nov. 1648 83
Rebuke for their Order concerning Col. Owen.

— LXXXIII. To Lord Fairfax: Knottingley, 20 Nov. 1648 . 87
With certain Petitions from the Army.

— LXXXIV. To T. St. Nicholas, Esq.: Knottingley, 25 Nov. 1648 89
Wants of Hull Garrison.

— LXXXV. To Col. Hammond: Knottingley, 25 Nov. 1648 . 90
Exhortation and Advice concerning the Business of the King.

— LXXXVI. To Master and Fellows of Trinity Hall, Cambridge: London, 18 Dec. 1648 101
Dorislaus: For a Room in Doctors Commons.

DEATH-WARRANT 102

PART V.

CAMPAIGN IN IRELAND. 1649.

Page

LETTER LXXXVII. To Rev. Mr. Robinson: London, 1 Feb. 1648-9 108
This Letter and the Three following relate to Richard Cromwell's Marriage.

PASS 110

LETTER LXXXVIII. To R. Mayor, Esq.: London, 12 Feb. 1648-9. 111

ORDER 112

LETTER LXXXIX. To R. Mayor, Esq.: London, 26 Feb. 1648-9 . 114

— XC. To the same: London, 8 March 1648-9 . . . 115

— XCI. To Dr. Love: London, 14 March 1648-9 . . . 118
Recommends a Suitor to him.

— XCII. To R. Mayor, Esq.: London, 14 March 1648-9 . 120
This and the Four following relate to Richard Cromwell's Marriage.

— XCIII. To R. Mayor, Esq.: London, 25 March 1649 . . 124

— XCIV. To the same: London, 30 March 1649 . . . 126

— XCV. To the same: London, 6 April 1649 127

— XCVI. To the same: London, 15 April 1649 . . . 129

THE LEVELLERS 132

LETTER XCVII. To Sir J. Harrington: London, 9 July 1649 . . 142
Earl of Thomond's Petition.

— XCVIII. To Hon. W. Lenthall: London, 10 July 1649 . 144
Recommends Mr. Lowry, his fellow Member.

— XCIX. To R. Mayor, Esq.: Bristol, 19 July 1649 . . 147
In answer to a Recommendation.

— C. To the same: Milford Haven, 13 Aug. 1649 . . . 148
News received from Ireland: Jones's Defeat of Ormond at Bagatrath.

— CI. To Mrs. Richard Cromwell: Milford Haven, 13 Aug. 1649 151
Religious Advices.

— CII. To Hon. W. Lenthall: Dublin, 22 Aug. 1649 . . 153
Vice-Admiral Ayscough's Lease.

A DECLARATION BY THE LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND . . . 154

IRISH WAR 157

LETTER CIII. To the Chief Officer in Dundalk: Tredah, 12 Sept. 1649 163
Summons to Dundalk.

— CIV. To President Bradshaw: Dublin, 16 Sept. 1649 . 164
Storm of Drogheda.

— CV. To Hon. W. Lenthall: Dublin, 17 Sept. 1749 . . 166
Storm of Drogheda.

Page

LETTER CVI. To Hon. W. Lenthall: Dublin, 27 Sept. 1649 . . 174
Venables in Ulster: Supplies.

— CVII. To the same: Wexford, 14 Oct. 1649 . . . 177
March to Wexford: Capture of Wexford.

— CVIII. To Governor Taaff: Ross, 17 Oct. 1649 . . . 192
Ross summoned.

— CIX. To the same: Before Ross, 19 Oct. 1649 . . . 194
Terms for Ross.

— CX. To the same: same date 195
Same subject.

— CXI. To the same: same date 196
Same subject.

— CXII. To Hon. W. Lenthall: Ross, 25 Oct. 1649 . . 197
Account of the Gaining of Ross.

— CXIII. To R. Mayor, Esq.: Ross, 13 Nov. 1649 . . 200
Irish News, and Family Affairs.

— CXIV. To Hon. T. Scott: Ross, 14 Nov. 1649 . . . 201
The Vote of Lands to Lieut.-Gen. Jones: Lord Broghil.

— CXV. To Hon. W. Lenthall: Ross, 14 Nov. 1649 . . 203
Proceedings in Munster; Cork, Youghal, Baltimore, Castlehaven; other Mercies.

— CXVI. To the same: Waterford, Nov. 1649 . . . 210
Reynolds takes Carrick-on-Suir; defends it gallantly: Reflections.

— CXVII. To the same: Cork, 19 Dec. 1649 217
Waterford not taken; Death of Lieut.-Gen. Michael Jones; Repulse of the Enemy at Passage.

— CXVIII. To Lord Wharton: Cork, 1 Jan. 1649-50 . . 222
Wharton's Doubts.

DECLARATION FOR THE UNDECEIVING OF DELUDED PEOPLE . . 226

LETTER CXIX. To Hon. W. Lenthall: Castletown, 15 Feb. 1649-50 253
New Campaign: Reduction of many places in Tipperary and the Southwest.

— CXX. To the Governor of Cahir Castle: Cahir, 24 Feb. 1649-50 259
Summons to Cahir.

— CXXI. To President Bradshaw: Cashel, 5 March 1649-50 261
Progress of the Campaign: Cahir taken.

— CXXII. To the Governor of Kilkenny: Before Kilkenny, 22 March 1649-50 262
Summons to Kilkenny.

— CXXIII. To the same: Before Kilkenny, 25 March 1650 . 264
Same subject: this and the Five following.

— CXXIV. To the same: Before Kilkenny, 26 March 1650 . 266

Page

LETTER CXXV. To the Mayor of Kilkenny: Before Kilkenny, 26 March 1650 268
— CXXVI. To the same: Before Kilkenny, 26 March 1650 . 269
— CXXVII. To the Governor of Kilkenny: Before Kilkenny, 26 March 1650 271
— CXXVIII. To the same: Before Kilkenny, 27 March 1650 272
— CXXIX. To the Dublin Commissioners: Carrick-on-Suir, 1 April 1650 273
Disposal of Cork House.
— CXXX. To Hon. W. Lenthall: Carrick, 2 April 1650 . 274
Kilkenny taken; Col. Hewson.
— CXXXI. To R. Mayor, Esq.: Carrick, 2 April 1650 . 282
Reflections on the Mercies in Ireland.
— CXXXII. To R. Cromwell, Esq.: Carrick, 2 April 1650 284
Fatherly Advices: Raleigh's History.

PART VI.

WAR WITH SCOTLAND. 1650-51.

WAR WITH SCOTLAND 292
LETTER CXXXIII. To Hon. W. Lenthall: London, 20 June 1650 . 298
On behalf of Alderman Hooke of Bristol.
— CXXXIV. To R. Mayor, Esq.: Alnwick, 17 July 1650 . 300
Concerning his Son and Daughter-in-law.
— CXXXV. To President Bradshaw: Musselburgh, 30 July 1650 304
Appearance before Edinburgh: Lesley within his Lines.
— CXXXVI. To Scots Committee of Estates: Musselburgh, 3 Aug. 1650 309
Remonstrates on their dangerous Courses, on their unchristian Conduct towards him.
— CXXXVII. To Gen. Lesley: Camp at Pentland Hills, 14 Aug. 1650 315
Answer to Lesley's Message and Declaration.
— CXXXVIII. To the Council of State: Musselburgh, 30 Aug. 1650 319
Progress of the Scotch Campaign: Skirmish on the Stirling Road, no Battle; Retreat to the eastward again.
BATTLE OF DUNBAR 323
LETTER CXXXIX. To Sir A. Haselrig: Dunbar, 2 Sept. 1650 . 324
Day before Dunbar Battle
PROCLAMATION: The Wounded on the Field 334

Page

LETTER CXL. To Hon. W. Lenthall: Dunbar, 4 Sept. 1650 . 335
Of Dunbar Battle: — This Letter and the next Five.

— CXLI. To Sir A. Haselrig: same date 344

— CXLII. To President Bradshaw: same date . . . 346

— CXLIII. To Mrs. Cromwell: same date 349

— CXLIV. To R. Mayor, Esq.: same date 351

— CXLV. To Lieut.-Gen. Ireton: same date . . . 352

— CXLVI. To Lord Wharton: same date 353
Wharton's Doubts again.

— CXLVII. To Governor Dundas: Edinburgh, 9 Sept. 1650 357
Has offered to let the Ministers in Edinburgh Castle preach in the City: Rebuke for their Refusal.

— CXLVIII. To the same: Edinburgh, 12 Sept. 1650 . . 361
Second more deliberate Rebuke, with Queries.

QUERIES 368

PROCLAMATION: Inhabitants have free Leave to come and go . 371

LETTER CXLIX. To President Bradshaw: Edinburgh, 25 Sept. 1650 372
Has marched towards Stirling, but been obliged to return.

OLIVER CROMWELL'S
LETTERS AND SPEECHES.

PART IV.

SECOND CIVIL WAR.

1648.

LETTERS LIX.—LXII.

About the beginning of May 1648, the general Presbyterian-Royalist discontent announces itself by tumults in Kent, tumults at Colchester, tumults and rumours of tumult far and near; portending, on all sides, that a new Civil War is at hand. The Scotch Army of Forty-thousand is certainly voted; certainly the King is still prisoner at Carisbrook; factious men have yet made no bargain with him: certainly there will and should be a new War? So reasons Presbyterian Royalism everywhere. Headlong discontented Wales in this matter took the lead.

Wales has been full of confused discontent all Spring; this or the other confused Colonel Poyer, full of brandy and Presbyterian texts of Scripture, refusing to disband till his arrears be better paid, or indeed till the King be better treated. To whom other confused Welsh Colonels, as Colonel Powel, Major-General Laughern, join themselves. There have been tumults at Cardiff, tumults here and also there; open shooting and fighting. Drunken Colonel Poyer, a good while ago, in March last, seized Pembroke; flatly refuses to obey the Parliament's Order when Colonel Fleming presents the same.—

Poor Fleming, whom we saw some time ago soliciting promotion:* he here, attempting to defeat some insurrectionary party of this Poyer's "at a Pass" (name of the Pass not given), is himself defeated, forced into a Church, and killed.** Drunken Poyer, in Pembroke strong Castle, defies the Parliament and the world: new Colonels, Parliamentary and Presbyterian-Royalist, are hastening towards him, for and against. Wales, smoking with confused discontent all Spring, has now, by influence of the flaming Scotch comet or Army of Forty-thousand, burst into a general blaze. "The gentry are all for the King; the common people understand nothing, and follow the gentry." Chepstow Castle too has been taken "by a stratagem." The country is all up or rising; "the smiths have all fled, cutting their bellows before they went;" impossible to get a horse shod,—never saw such a country!*** On the whole, Cromwell will have to go. Cromwell, leave being asked of Fairfax, is on the 1st of May ordered to go; marches on Wednesday the 3d. Let him march swiftly!

Horton, one of the Parliamentary Colonels, has already, while Cromwell is on march, somewhat tamed the Welsh humour, by a good beating at St. Fagan's: St. Fagan's Fight, near Cardiff, on the 8th of May, where Laughern, hastening towards Poyer and Pembroke, is broken in pieces. Cromwell marches by Monmouth, by Chepstow (11th May); takes Chepstow Town; attacks the Castle, Castle will not surrender, —he leaves Colonel Ewer to do the Castle; who, after four weeks, does it. Cromwell, by Swansea and Carmarthen, advances towards Pembroke; quelling disturbance, rallying force, as he goes; arrives at Pembroke in some ten days more; and, for want of artillery, is like to have a tedious siege of it.†

* Letter XXXVII. p. 206.

** Rushworth, vii. 1097.

*** Ibid.

† Abundant details lie scattered in Rushworth, vii.: Poyer and Pembroke Castle, in March, p. 1033; Fleming killed (1st May), p. 1097; Chepstow surprised ("beginning of May"), p. 1109, — retaken (29th May), p. 1130; St. Fagan's Fight (8th May), p. 1110; Cromwell's March, pp. 1121-8.

LETTER LIX.

HERE is his first Letter from before the place: a rugged rapid despatch, with some graphic touches in it, and rather more of hope than the issue realised. Guns of due quality are not to be had. In the beginning of June, * "Hugh Peters" went across to Milford Haven, and from the Lion, a Parliament Ship riding there, got "two drakes, two demi-culverins, and two whole culverins," and safely conveyed them to the Leaguer; with which new implements an instantaneous essay was made, and a "storming" thereupon followed, but without success. — Of "the Prince," Prince Charles and his revolted ships, of the "victory in Kent" and what made it needful, we shall have to speak anon.

'*To the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the House of Commons: These.*'

SIR, Leaguer before Pembroke, 14th June 1648.

All that you can expect from hence is a relation of the state of this Garrison of Pembroke. Which is briefly thus:

They begin to be in extreme want of provision, so as in all probability they cannot live a fortnight without being starved. But we hear that they mutinied about three days since; cried out, "Shall we be ruined for two or three men's pleasure? Better it were we should throw them over the walls." It's certainly reported to us that within four or six days they'll cut Poyer's throat, and come all away to us. Poyer told them, Saturday last, that if relief did not come by Monday night, they should no more believe him, nay they should hang him.

We have not got our Guns and Ammunition from Wallingford as yet; but, however, we have scraped up

* Cromwelliana, p. 40.

a few, which stand us in very good stead. Last night, we got two little guns planted, which in Twenty-four hours will take away their Mills; and then, as Poyer himself confesses, they are all undone. We made an attempt to storm him, about ten days since; but our ladders were too short, and the breach so as men could not get over. We lost a few men; but I am confident the Enemy lost more. Captain Flower, of Colonel Dean's Regiment, was wounded; and Major Grigg's Lieutenant and Ensign slain; Captain Burges lies wounded, and very sick. I question not, but within a fortnight we shall have the Town; 'and' Poyer hath engaged himself to the Officers of the Town, Not to keep the *Castle* longer than the Town can hold out. Neither indeed can he; for we can take away his water in two days, by beating down a staircase, which goes into a cellar where he hath a well. They allow the men half-a-pound of beef, and as much bread a-day; but it is almost spent.

We much rejoice at what the Lord hath done for you in Kent. Upon our thanksgiving* for that victory, which was both from Sea and Leaguer, Poyer told his men, that it was the Prince, 'Prince Charles and his revolted Ships,' coming with relief. The other night they mutinied in the Town. Last night we fired divers houses; which 'fire' runs up the Town still: it much frights them. Confident I am, we shall have it in Fourteen days, by starving. I am,

Sir,

Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.§

* By Cannon-volleys.

§ Rushworth, vii. 1159: read in the House, 20th June 1648 (Commons Journals, v. 608).

Precisely in about "Fourteen days" a new attempt was made,* not without some promising results, but again ineffectual. "The Guns are not come from Bristol, for want of wind;" and against hunger and short scaling-ladders Poyer is stubborn. Three days after this Letter to Lenthall, some three weeks since the siege began, here is another, to Major Saunders.

LETTER LX.

Of this Major, afterwards Colonel, Thomas Saunders, now lying at Brecknock, there need little be said beyond what the Letter itself says. He is "of Derbyshire," it seems; sat afterwards as a King's-Judge, or at least was nominated to sit; continued true to the Cause, in a dim way, till the very Restoration; and withdrew then into total darkness.

This Letter is endorsed in Saunders's own hand, "The "Lord General's order for taking Sir Trevor Williams, and "Mr. Morgan, Sheriff of Monmouthshire." Of which two Welsh individuals, except that Williams had been appointed Commander-in-chief of the Parliament's forces in Monmouthshire some time ago, and Morgan High Sheriff there,** both of whom had now revolted, we know nothing, and need know nothing. The Letter has come under cover enclosing another Letter, of an official sort, to one "Mr. Rumsey" (a total stranger to me); and is superscribed, *For Yourself.*

'*To Major Thomas Saunders, at Brecknock: These.*'

SIR, 'Before Pembroke,' 17th June 1648.

I send you this enclosed by itself, because it's of greater moment. The other you may communicate to Mr. Rumsey as far as you think fit and I have written. I would not have him or other honest men be discouraged that I think it not fit, at present, to enter into contests; it will be good to yield a little, for public

* Rushworth, vii. 1175.

** 10th January 1645-6, Williams; 17th November 1647, Morgan: Commons Journals, *in diebus.*

advantage: and truly that is my end; wherein I desire you to satisfy them.

I have sent, as my Letter mentions, to have you remove out of Brecknockshire; indeed, into that part of Glamorganshire which lieth next Monmouthshire. For this end: We have plain discoveries that Sir Trevor Williams, of Llangibby,* about two miles from Usk in the County of Monmouth, was very deep in the plot of betraying Chepstow Castle; so that we are out of doubt of his guiltiness thereof. I do hereby authorise you to seize him; as also the High Sheriff of Monmouth, Mr. Morgan, who was in the same plot.

But, because Sir Trevor Williams is the more dangerous man by far, I would have you seize him first, and the other will easily be had. To the end you may not be frustrated and that you be not deceived, I think fit to give you some characters of the man, and some intimations how things stand. He is a man, as I am informed, full of craft and subtlety; very bold and resolute; hath a House at Llangibby well stored with arms, and very strong; his neighbours about him very Malignant, and much for him, — who are apt to rescue him if apprehended, much more to discover anything which may prevent it. He is full of jealousy; partly out of guilt, but much more because he doubts some that were in the business have discovered him, which indeed they have, — and also because he knows that his Servant is brought hither, and a Minister to be examined here, who are able to discover the whole plot.

If you should march directly into that Country and near him, it's odds he either fortify his House, or give

* He writes "Langevie;" "Munmouth" too.

you the slip: so also, if you should go to his House, and not find him there; or if you attempt to take him, and miss to effect it; or if you make any known inquiry after him, — it will be discovered.

Wherefore, 'as' to the first, you have a fair pretence of going out of Brecknockshire to quarter about Newport and Caerleon, which is not above four or five miles from his House. You may send to Colonel Herbert, whose House lieth in Monmouthshire; who will certainly acquaint you where he is. You are also to send to Captain Nicholas, who is at Chepstow, to require him to assist you, if he 'Williams' should get into his House and stand upon his guard. Samuel Jones, who is Quartermaster to Colonel Herbert's troop, will be very assisting to you, if you send to him to meet you at your quarters; both by letting you know where he is, and also in all matters of intelligence. If there shall be need, Captain Burges's troop, now quartered in Glamorganshire, shall be directed to receive orders from you.

You perceive by all this that we are, it may be, a little too much solicitous in this business; — it's our fault; and indeed such a temper causeth us often to overact business. Wherefore, without more ado, we leave it to you; and you to the guidance of God herein; and rest,

Yours,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

'P.S.' If you seize him, bring, — and let him be brought with a strong guard, — to me. If Captain Nicholas should light on him at Chepstow, do you strengthen him with a strong guard to bring him. —

If you seize his person, disarm his House; but let not his arms be embezzled. If you need Captain Burges's troop, it quarters between Newport and Chepstow.§

Saunders, by his manner of endorsing this Letter, seems to intimate that he took his two men; that he keeps the Letter by way of voucher. Sir Trevor Williams by and by * compounds as a Delinquent,—retires then into "Langevie House" in a diminished state, and disappears from History. Of Sheriff Morgan, except that a new Sheriff is soon appointed, we have no farther notice whatever. **

LETTER LXI.

Since Cromwell quitted London, there have arisen wide commotions in that central region too; the hope of the Scotch Army and the certainty of this War in Wales excite all unruly things and persons. At Pembroke lately we heard the cannons fire, both from Leaguer and Ships, for a "victory in Kent:" concerning which and its origins and issues, take the following indications.

May 16th. Came a celebrated "Surrey Petition:" highflying armed cavalcade of Freeholders from Surrey, with a Petition craving in very high language that Peace be made with his Majesty: they quarrelled with the Parliament's Guard in Westminster Hall, drew swords, had swords drawn upon them; "the Miller of Wandsworth was run through with a halbert," he and others; and the Petitioners went home in a slashed and highly indignant condition. Thereupon, *May 24th*, armed meeting of Kentish-men on Blackheath; armed meeting of Essex-men; several armed meetings, all in communication with the City Presbyterians: Fairfax, ill of the gout, has to mount, — in extremity of haste, as a man that will quench fire among smoking flax.

June 1st. Fairfax, at his utmost speed, smites fiercely against the centre of this Insurrection; drives it from post

§ Harris, p. 495; and Forster, iv. 239. * Commons Journals.
** Note to Colonel Hughes, 26th June 1648, in Appendix, No. 10.

to post; drives it into Maidstone "about 7 in the evening" "with as hard fighting as I ever saw;" tramples it out there. The centre-flame once trampled out, the other flames, or armed meetings, hover hither and thither; gather at length, in few days, all at Colchester in Essex; where Fairfax is now besieging them, with a very obstinate and fierce resistance from them. This is the victory in Kent, these are the "glorious successes God has vouchsafed you," which Oliver alludes to in this Letter.

We are only to notice farther that Lambert is in the North; waiting, in very inadequate strength, to see the Scots arrive. Oliver in this Letter signifies that he has reinforced him with some "horse and dragoons," sent by "West Chester," which we now call Chester, where "Colonel Dukinfield" is Governor. The Scots are indubitably coming: Sir Marmaduke Langdale (whom Oliver, we may remark, encountered in the King's left wing at *Naseby Fight*) has raised new Yorkshiremen, has seized Berwick, seized Carlisle, and joined the Scots; it is becoming an openly Royalist affair. In Lancashire a certain Sir Richard Tempest, very forward in his Royalism, goes suddenly blazing abroad "with 1,000 horse and many knights and gentlemen," threatening huge peril; but is, in those very hours, courageously set upon by Colonel Robert Lilburn with what little compact force there is, and at once extinguished: — an acceptable service on the part of Colonel Robert; for which let him have thanks from Parliament, and reward of 1,000*l.* *

Very desirable, of course, that Oliver had done with Pembroke, and were fairly joined with Lambert. But Pembroke is strong; Poyer is stubborn, hopes to surrender "on conditions;" Oliver equally stubborn, though sadly short of artillery and means, will have him "at mercy of the Parliament," so signal a rebel as him. Fairfax's Father, the Lord Ferdinando, died in March last;** so that the General's title is now changed:

* Whitlocke, pp. 312, 313; Commons Journals (5th July 1648), v. 624; &c.
** 13th March 1647-8 (Rushworth, vii. 1030).

To his Excellency the Lord Fairfax, General of the Parliament's Army: These.

SIR, Before Pembroke, 28th June 1648.

I have some few days since despatched horse and dragoons for the North. I sent them by the way of West Chester; thinking it fit to do so in regard of this enclosed Letter which I received from Colonel Dukinfield; — requiring them to give him assistance in the way. And if it should prove that a present help would not serve the turn, then I ordered Captain Pennyfeather's troop to remain with the Governor 'Dukinfield;' and the rest immediately to march towards Leeds, — and to send to the Committee of York, or to him that commands the forces in those parts, for directions whither they should come, and how they shall be disposed of.

The number I sent are six troops: four of horse, and two of dragoons: whereof three are Colonel Scroop's, — and Captain Pennyfeather's troop, and the other two dragoons. I could not, by the judgment of the Colonels here, spare more, nor send them sooner, without manifest hazard to these parts. Here is, as I have formerly acquainted your Excellency, a very desperate Enemy; who, being put out of all hope of mercy, are resolved to endure to the uttermost extremity; being very many 'of them' gentlemen of quality, and men thoroughly resolved. They have made some notable sallies upon Lieutenant-Colonel Reade's quarter,* to his loss. We are forced to keep divers posts, or else they would have relief, or their horse break away. Our foot about them

* Reade had been entrusted with the Siege of Tenby: that had ended June 2d (Commons Journals, v. 588); and Reade is now assisting at Pembroke.

are Four-and-twenty hundred; we always necessitated to have some in garrisons.

The Country, since we sat down before this place, have made two or three insurrections; and are ready to do it every day: so that, — what with looking to them, and disposing our horse to that end, and to get us in provisions, without which we should starve, this country being so miserably exhausted and so poor, and we no money to buy victuals, — indeed, whatever may be thought, it's a mercy we have been able to keep our men together in the midst of such necessity, the sustenance of the foot for most part being but bread and water. Our guns, through the unhappy accident at Berkley, not yet come to us; — and indeed it was a very unhappy thing they were brought thither; the wind having been always so cross, that since they were recovered from sinking, they could not 'come to us;' and this place not being to be had without fit instruments for battering, except by starving.* And truly I believe the Enemy's straits do increase upon them very fast, and that within a few days an end will be put to this business; — which surely might have been before, if we had received things wherewith to have done it. But it will be done in the best time.**

I rejoice much to hear of the blessing of God upon your Excellency's endeavours. I pray God that this Nation, and those that are over us, and your Excellency and all we that are under you, 'may discern' what the mind of God may be in all this, and what our duty is. Surely it is not that the poor Godly People of this

* "Without *either* fit instruments for battering *except* by starving." Great haste, and considerable stumbling in the grammar of this last sentence! After "starving," a mere comma; and so on.

** God's time is the best.

Kingdom should still be made the object of wrath and anger; nor that our God would have our necks under a yoke of bondage. For these things that have lately come to pass have been the wonderful works of God; breaking the rod of the oppressor, as in the day of Midian, — not with garments much rolled in blood, but by the terror of the Lord; who will yet save His people and confound His enemies, as on that day. The Lord multiply His grace upon you, and bless you, and keep your heart upright; and then, though you be not conformable to the men of this world, nor to their wisdom, yet you shall be precious in the eyes of God, and He will be to you a horn and a shield.

My Lord, I do not know that I have had a Letter from any of your Army, of the glorious successes God has vouchsafed you. I pray pardon the complaint made. I long to 'be' with you. I take leave; and rest,

My Lord,
Your most humble and faithful servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.

'P.S.' Sir, I desire you that Colonel Lehunt may have a Commission to command a Troop of Horse, the greatest part whereof came from the Enemy to us; and that you would be pleased to send blank Commissions for his inferior officers, — with what speed may be.§

In Rushworth, under date March 24th, is announced that "Sir W. Constable has taken care to send ordnance and am- "munition from Gloucester, for the service before Pem- "broke."* "The unhappy accident at Berkley," I believe, is the stranding of the "Frigate," or Shallop, that carried them. Guns are not to be had of due quality for battering Pembroke.

§ Sloane MSS. 1519, f. 90. * vii. 1036.

In the mean time, several bodies of "horse" are mentioned as deserting, or taking quarter and service on the Parliament side.* It is over these that Lehunt is to be appointed Colonel; and to Fairfax as General-in-chief "of all the Parliament's Forces raised or to be raised," it belongs to give him and his subordinates the due commissions.

July 5th. Young Villiers Duke of Buckingham, son of the assasinated Duke; he with his Brother Francis, with the Earl of Holland, and others who will pay dear for it, started up about Kingston on Thames with another open Insurrectionary Armament; guided chiefly by Dutch Dalbier, once Cromwell's instructor, but now gone over to the other side. Fairfax and the Army being all about Colchester in busy Siege, there seemed a good opportunity here. They rode towards Reigate, these Kingston Insurgents, several hundreds strong: but a Parliament Party "under Major Gibbons" drives them back; following close, comes to action with them between "Nonsuch Park and Kingston," where the poor Lord Francis, Brother of the Duke, fell mortally wounded; — drives them across the river "into Hertfordshire;" into the lion's jaws. For Fairfax sent a Party out from Colchester; overtook them at St. Neot's; and captured, killed, or entirely dissipated them.** Dutch Dalbier was hacked in pieces, "so angry were the soldiers at him." The Earl of Holland stood his trial afterwards; and lost his head. The Duke of Buckingham got off; — might almost as well have died with poor Brother Francis here, for any good he afterwards did. Two pretty youths, as their Vandyke Portraits in Hampton Court still testify; one of whom lived to become much uglier!

July 8th. Duke Hamilton, with the actual Scotch Army, is "at Annan" on the Western Border, ready to step across to England. Not quite Forty-thousand; yet really about half that number, tolerably effective. Langdale, with a vanguard of Three-thousand Yorkshiremen, is to be guide; Monro, with a body of horse that had long served in Ulster, is to bring up the rear. The great Duke dates from Annan, 8th July.

* Rushworth, Cromwelliana. ** Ibid., vii. 1178, 82.

1648.* Poor old Annan;—never saw such an Army gathered, since the Scotch James went to wreck in Solway Moss, above a hundred years ago!** Scotland is in a disastrous, distracted condition; overridden by a Hamilton majority in Parliament. Poor Scotland will, with exertion, deliver its "King from the power of Sectaries;" and is dreadfully uncertain what it will do with him when delivered! Perhaps Oliver will save it the trouble.

July 11th. Oliver at last is loose from Pembroke; as the following brief Letter will witness.

LETTER LXII.

To the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the House of Commons: These.

SIR, 'Pembroke,' 11th July 1648.

The Town and Castle of Pembroke were surrendered to me this day, being the Eleventh of July; upon the Propositions which I send you here enclosed.*** What Arms, Ammunition, Victual, Ordnance or other Necessaries of War are in 'the' Town, I have not to certify you,— the Commissioners I sent-in to receive the same not being yet returned, nor like suddenly to be; and I was unwilling to defer the giving you an account of this mercy for a day.

The Persons Excepted are such as have formerly served you in a very good Cause; but, being now apostatised, I did rather make election of them, than of those who had always been for the King;—judging their iniquity double; because they have sinned against so much light, and against so many evidences of Divine Providence going along with and prospering a just

* Rushworth, vii. 1184.
** James V. A. D. 1542.
*** Given in Rushworth, vii. 1190.

Cause, in the management of which they themselves had a share. I rest,

Your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.§

Drunken Colonel Poyer, Major-General Laughern and certain others, "persons excepted," have had to surrender at mercy; a great many more on terms: Pembroke happily is down; — and the Welsh War is ended.* Cromwell hurries northward: by Gloucester, Warwick; gets "3,000 pairs of shoes" at Leicester; leaves his prisoners at Nottingham (with Mrs. Hutchinson and her Colonel, in the Castle there); joins Lambert among the hills of Yorkshire,** where his presence is much needed now.

July 27th. In these tumultuous months the Fleet too, as we heard at Pembroke once,*** has partially revolted; "set Colonel Admiral Rainsborough ashore," in the end of May last. The Earl of Warwick, hastily sent thither, has brought part of it to order again; other part of it has fled to Holland, to the Young Prince of Wales. The Young Prince goes hopefully on board, steers for the coast of England; emits his summons and manifesto from Yarmouth roads, on the 27th of this month. Getting nothing at Yarmouth, he appears next week in the Downs; orders London to join him, or at least to lend him 20,000 *l.*†

It all depends on Hamilton and Cromwell now. His Majesty from Carisbrook Castle, the revolted Mariners, the London Presbyterians, the Besieged in Colchester, and all men, are waiting anxiously what they now will make of it when they meet.

§ Copy in Tanner MSS. lxii. 159: printed, correctly, in *Grey* on the Third Volume of Neal's Puritans (Appendix, p. 129), from another source.

* Order, "12th July 1648" (the day after Pembroke), for demolishing the Castle of Haverfordwest: in Appendix, No. 10.

** At Barnard Castle, on the 27th July, "his horse" joined (Rushworth, vii. 1211); he himself not till a fortnight after, at Wetherby farther south.

*** Antea, Vol. ii. p. 4.

† Rushworth, vii.; 29th May, p. 1131; 8th June, 11th June, pp. 1142, 1151; 27th July, pp. 1207, 1215, &c.

LETTERS LXIII.—LXVI.

Preston Battle.

THE Battle of Preston or Battle-and-Rout of Preston lasts three days; and extends over many miles of wet Lancashire country, — from "Langridge Chapel a little on the east of Preston," southward to Warrington Bridge, and northward also as far as you like to follow. A wide-spread, most confused transaction; the essence of which is, That Cromwell, descending the valley of the Ribble, with a much smaller but prompt and compact force, finds Hamilton flowing southward at Preston in very loose order; dashes in upon him, cuts him in two, drives him north *and* south, into as miserable ruin as his worst enemy could wish.

There are four accounts of this Affair by eye-witnesses, still accessible: Cromwell's account in these Two Letters; a Captain Hodgson's rough brief recollections written afterwards; and on the other side, Sir Marmaduke Langdale's Letter in vindication of his conduct there; and lastly the deliberate Narrative of Sir James Turner ("alias Dugald Dalgetty," say some). As the Affair was so momentous, one of the most critical in all these Wars, and as the details of it are still so accessible, we will illustrate Cromwell's own account by some excerpts from the others. Combining all which, and considering well, some image of this rude old tragedy and triumph may rise upon the reader.

Captain Hodgson, an honest-hearted, pudding-headed Yorkshire Puritan, now with Lambert in the Hill Country, hovering on the left flank of Hamilton and his Scots, saw Cromwell's face at Ripon, much to the Captain's satisfaction. "The Scots," says he, "marched towards Kendal; we towards "Ripon, where Oliver met us with horse and foot. We were "then between Eight and Nine thousand: a fine smart Army, "fit for action. We marched up to Skipton; the Forlorn of "the Enemy's horse," Sir Marmaduke's, "was come to Gar-

"grave; having made havoc of the country, — it seems, in-
"tending never to come there again." "Stout Henry Crom-
well," he gave them a check at Gargrave;* — and better still is coming.

Here, however, let us introduce Sir James Turner, a stout pedant and soldier-of-fortune, original *Dugald Dalgetty* of the Novels, who is now marching with the Scots, and happily has a turn for taking Notes. The reader will then have a certain ubiquity, and approach Preston on both sides. Of the Scotch Officers, we may remark, Middleton and the Earl of Calendar have already fought in England for the Parliament: Baillie, once beaten by Montrose, has been in many wars, foreign and domestic; he is lefthand cousin to the Reverend Mr. Robert, who heard the Apprentices in Palace-yard bellowing "Justice on Strafford!" long since, in a loud and hideous manner. Neither of the Lesleys is here, on this occasion; they abide at home with the oppressed minority. The Duke, it will be seen, marches in extremely loose order; vanguard and rear-guard very far apart, — and a Cromwell attending him on flank!

"At Hornby," says the learned Sir James alias Dugald, "a day's march beyond Kendal, it was advised, Whether we "should march to Lancashire, Cheshire, and the Western "Counties; or if we should go into Yorkshire, and so put "ourselves in the straight road to London, with a resolution "to fight all who would oppose us? Calendar was indifferent; "Middleton was for Yorkshire; Baillie for Lancashire. When "my opinion was asked, I was for Yorkshire; and for this "reason only, That I understood Lancashire was a close "country, full of ditches and hedges; which was a great ad-"vantage the English would have over our raw and undis-"ciplined musketeers; the Parliament's army consisting of "disciplined and well-trained soldiers, and excellent firemen;

* Hodgson's Memoirs (with Slingsby's Memoirs, Edinburgh, 1808; a dull authentic Book, left full of blunders, of darkness natural and adscititious, by the Editor), pp. 114, 5.

"while on the other hand, Yorkshire was a more open country "and full of heaths, where we might both make use of our "horse, and come sooner to push of pike" with our foot. "My Lord Duke was for Lancashire way; and it seems he "had hopes that some forces would join with him in his march "that way. I have indeed heard him say, that he thought "Manchester his own if he came near it. Whatever the "matter was, I never saw him tenacious in anything during "the time of his command but in that. We chose to go that "way, which led us to our ruin.

"Our march was much retarded by most rainy and tem- "pestuous weather, the elements fighting against us; and by "staying for country horses to carry our little ammunition. "The vanguard is constantly given to Sir Marmaduke, upon "condition that he should constantly furnish guides; pioneers "for clearing the ways; and, which was more than both these, "have good and certain intelligence of all the Enemy's mo- "tions. But whether it was by our fault or his neglect, want "of intelligence helped to ruin us; for," — in fact we were marching in extremely loose order; left hand not aware what the right was doing; van and rear some twenty or thirty miles apart; — far too loose for men that had a Cromwell on their flank!

On the night of Wednesday 16th August 1648, my Lord Duke has got to Preston with the main body of his foot; his horse lying very wide, — ahead of him at Wigan, arear of him, one knows not where, he himself hardly knows where. Sir Marmaduke guards him on the left, "on Preston Moor, about Langridge Chapel," some four miles up the Ribble, — and knows not, in the least, what storm is coming. For Cromwell, this same night, has got across the hills to Clitheroe and farther; this same Wednesday night he lies "at Stonyhurst," where now the College of Stonyhurst is, — "a Papist's house, one Sherburne's;" and tomorrow morning there will be news of Cromwell.

"That night," says Hodgson, "we pitched our camp at "*Stanyares* Hall, a Papist's house, one Sherburne's; and the

"next morning a Forlorn of horse and foot was drawn out. "And at Langridge Chapel our horse" came upon Sir Marma- "duke; "drawn up very formidably. One Major Poundall" "(Pownel, you pudding-head!) and myself commanded the "Forlorn of foot. And here being drawn up by the Moorside "(a mere scantling of us, as yet, not half the number we should "have been), the General" Cromwell "comes to us, orders us "To march. We not having half of our men come up, desired a "little patience; he gives out the word, 'March!'" — not having any patience, he, at this moment! And so the Battle of Preston, the first day of it, is begun. Here is the General's own Report of the business at night. Poor Langdale did not know at first, and poor Hamilton did not know all day, that it was Cromwell who was now upon them.* Sir Marmaduke complains bitterly that he was not supported; that they did not even send him powder, — marched away the body of their force as if this matter had been nothing; "merely some flying party, Ashton and the Lancashire Presbyterians." Cromwell writes in haste, late at night.

LETTER LXIII.

For the Honourable Committee of Lancashire sitting at Manchester.

(*I desire the Commander of the Forces there to open this Letter if it come not to their hands.*)

GENTLEMEN, 'Preston,' 17th August 1648.

It hath pleased God, this day, to show His great power by making the Army successful against the common Enemy.

We lay last night at Mr. Sherburn's of Stonyhurst, nine miles from Preston, which was within three miles of the Scots quarters. We advanced betimes next morning towards Preston, with a desire to engage the Enemy; and by that time our Forlorn had engaged the

* Sir Marmaduke's Letter.

Enemy, we were about four miles from Preston, and thereupon we advanced with the whole Army: and the Enemy being drawn out on a Moor betwixt us and the Town, the Armies on both sides engaged; and after a very sharp dispute, continuing for three or four hours, it pleased God to enable us to give them a defeat; which I hope we shall improve, by God's assistance, to their utter ruin: and in this service your countrymen have not the least* share.

We cannot be particular, having not time to take account of the slain and prisoners; but we can assure you we have many prisoners, and many of those of quality; and many slain; and the Army so dissipated 'as I say.' The principal part whereof, with Duke Hamilton, is on south side Ribble and Darwen Bridge, and we lying with the greatest part of the Army close to them; nothing hindering the ruin of that part of the Enemy's Army but the night. It shall be our care that they shall not pass over any ford beneath the Bridge,** to go Northward, or to come betwixt us and Whalley.

We understand Colonel-General Ashton's are at Whalley; we have seven troops of horse or dragoons that we believe lie at Clitheroe. This night I have sent order to them expressly to march to Whalley, to join to those companies; that so we may endeavour the ruin of this Enemy. You perceive by this Letter how things stand. By this means the Enemy is broken: and most of their Horse having gone Northwards, and we having sent a considerable party at the very heel of them; and the Enemy having lost almost all his ammunition, and near four-thousand arms, so that the

* means "the not least."
** There is such a ford, rideable if tide and rain permit.

greatest part of the Foot are naked; — therefore, in order to perfecting this work, we desire you to raise your County; and to improve your forces to the total ruin of that Enemy, which way soever they go; and if* you shall accordingly do your part, doubt not of their total ruin.

We thought fit to speed this to you; to the end you may not be troubled if they shall march towards you, but improve your interest as aforesaid, that you may give glory to God for this unspeakable mercy. This is all at present from,

Your very humble servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.§

Commons Journals, *Monday* 21° *Augusti* 1648: "The Copy "of a Letter from Lieutenant-General Cromwell, from Pres- "ton, of 17° *Augusti* 1648, to the Committee of Lancashire "sitting at Manchester, enclosed in a Letter from a Member "of this House from Manchester, of 19° *Augusti* 1648, were this "day read. *Ordered*, That it be referred to the Committee at "Derby House to send away a copy of Lieutenant-General "Cromwell's Letter to the General" Fairfax, "and to the Lord "Admiral" Warwick, to encourage them in their part of the work. — The enclosing "Letter from the Member of this "House at Manchester," short and insignificant, about "dis- "pensations," "providences," &c. is also given in the old Pamphlets, and in this Chetham Book now before us. He signs himself "W. L.;" probably William Langton, the new Member for Preston.

* "that" in the Original. — The punctuation and grammar of these sentences might have been improved; but their breathless impetuosity, directness, sincere singleness of purpose, intent on the despatch of business only, would have been obscured in the process.

§ Lancashire during the Civil War (a Collection of Tracts republished by the *Chetham Society*, Manchester, 1844), p. 257. The Letter is in many old Pamphlets of the time. Langdale's Letter is also given in this Chetham Book, p. 267.

BIBLIOTECA NAZIONALE ROMA

LETTER LXIV.

CROMWELL, on this Thursday Night, does not yet know all the havoc he has made. Listen to stout Sir James from the other side; and pity poor men embarked in a hollow Cause, with a Duke of Hamilton for General!

"Beside Preston in Lancashire," says the stout Knight, "Cromwell falls on Sir Marmaduke's flank. The English" of Sir Marmaduke "imagined it was one Colonel Ashton, a pow-"erful Presbyterian, who had got together 3,000 men to op-"pose us, because we came out of Scotland without the Gene-"ral Assembly's permission. Mark the quarrel. While Sir "Marmaduke disputes the matter, Baillie, by the Duke's "order, marches to Ribble Bridge, and passes it with all the "foot except two brigades." Never dreaming that Cromwell is upon us! "This was two miles from Preston. By my Lord "Duke's command, I had sent some ammunition and com-"manded-men to Sir Marmaduke's assistance: but to no pur-"pose; for Cromwell prevailed; so that our English first re-"tired, and then fled. It must be remembered that, the night "before this sad encounter, Earl Calendar and Middleton were "gone to Wigan, eight miles from thence, with a considerable "part of the cavalry. Calendar was come back, and was with "the Duke," while the action took place; "and so was I: but "upon the rout of Sir Marmaduke's people, Calendar got "away to Ribble, where he arrived safely by a miracle, as I "think; for the Enemy was between the Bridge and us, and "had killed or taken most part of our two brigades of foot," which was all that Baillie had left here.

"The Duke with his guard of horse, Sir Marmaduke with "many officers, among others myself, got into Preston Town; "with intention to pass a ford below it, though at that time "not rideable. At the entry of the Town, the enemy pursued "us hard. The Duke faced about, and put two troops of them "to a retreat; but so soon as we turned from them, they again "turned upon us. The Duke facing the second time, charged "them, which succeeded well. Being pursued the third time,

"my Lord Duke cried To charge once more for King Charles! "One trooper refusing, he beat him with his sword. At that "charge we put the enemy so far behind us, that he could not "so soon overtake us again. Then Sir Marmaduke and I en- "treated the Duke to hasten to his Army: — and truly here he "showed as much personal valour as any man could be ca- "pable of. We swam the Ribble River; and so got to the place "where Lieutenant-General Baillie had advantageously "lodged the foot, on the top of a Hill, among very fencible en- "closures.

"After Calendar came to the infantry, he had sent 600 "musketeers to defend Ribble Bridge. Very unadvisedly; for "the way Cromwell had to it was a descent from a hill that "commanded all the champaign; which was about an English "quarter of a mile in length between the Bridge and that Hill "where *our* foot were lodged. So that our musketeers, having "no shelter, were forced to receive all the musket-shot of "Cromwell's infantry, which was secure within thick hedges; "and after the loss of many men, were forced to run back to "our foot. Here Claud Hamilton, the Duke's Lieutenant- "Colonel, had his arm broke with a musket-bullet.

"The Bridge of Ribble being lost, the Duke called all the "Colonels together on horseback to advise what was next to "be done. We had no choice but one of two: Either stay, and "maintain our ground till Middleton (who was sent for) came "back with his cavalry; Or else march away that night, and "find him out. Calendar would needs speak first; whereas by "the custom of war he should have told his opinion last, — "and it was, To march away that night so soon as it was dark. "This was seconded by all the rest, except by Lieut.-General "Baillie and myself. But all the arguments we used, — as the "impossibility of a safe retreat, from an enemy so powerful of "horse; in so very foul weather, and extremely deep ways; "our soldiers exceedingly wet, weary and hungry; the in- "evitable loss of all our ammunition, — could not move my "Lord Duke by his authority to contradict the shameful reso- "lution taken by the major part of his officers.

"After that drumless march was resolved upon, and but "few horse appointed to stay in rear of the foot, I inquired, "What should become of our unfortunate Ammunition, since "forward with us we could not get it? It was not thought fit to "blow it up that night, lest thereby the Enemy should know of "our retreat, or rather flight. I was of that opinion too; but "for another reason: for we could not have blown it up then, "without a visible mischief to ourselves, being so near it. It "was ordered it should be done, three hours after our de-"parture, by a train: but that being neglected, Cromwell got "it all.

"Next morning we appeared at Wigan Moor; half our "number less than we were; — most of the faint and weary "soldiers having lagged behind; whom we never saw again. "Lieutenant-General Middleton had missed us," such excellent order was in this Army; "for he came by *another* way to "Ribble Bridge. It was to be wished he had still stayed with "us! He, not finding us there, followed our track: but was "himself hotly pursued by Cromwell's horse; with whom he "skirmished the whole way till he came within a mile of us. "He lost some men, and several were hurt, among others Co-"lonel Urrey* got a dangerous shot on the left side of his "head; whereof, though he was afterwards taken prisoner, he "recovered. In this retreat of Middleton's, which he managed "well, Cromwell lost one of the gallantest officers he had, Ma-"jor Thornhaugh; who was run into the breast with a lance, "whereof he died.

"After Lieutenant-General Middleton's coming, we began "to think of fighting in that Moor: but that was found impos-"sible, — in regard it was nothing large, and was environed "with enclosures which commanded it, and these we could not "maintain long, for want of that ammunition we had left be-"hind us. And therefore we marched forward with intention "to gain Warrington, ten miles from the Moor we were in; and "there we conceived we might face about, having the com-

* Sir John Hurry, the famous Turncoat, of whom afterwards.

"mand of a Town, a River, and a Bridge. Yet I conceive "there were but few of us could have foreseen we might be "beaten, *before* we were masters of any of them.

"It was towards evening and in the latter end of August," Friday 18th of the month, "when our horse began to march. "Some regiments of them were left with the rear of the foot: "Middleton stayed with these; my Lord Duke and Calendar "were before. — As I marched with the last brigade of foot "through the Town of Wigan, I was alarmed, That our horse "behind me were beaten, and running several ways, and that "the enemy was in my rear. I faced about with that brigade; "and in the Market-place, serried the pikes together, shoulder "to shoulder, to entertain any that might charge: and sent "orders to the rest of the brigades before, To continue their "march, and follow Lieutenant-General Baillie who was be- "fore them. It was then night, but the moon shone bright. "A regiment of horse of our own appeared first, riding very "disorderly. I got them to stop, till I commanded my pikes "to open, and give way for them to ride or run away, since "they would not stay. But now my pikemen, being demented "(as I think we were all), would not hear me: and two of them "ran full tilt at me," — poor Dalgetty! "One of their pikes, "which was intended for my belly, I griped with my left "hand; the other ran me nearly two inches into the inner side "of my right thigh; all of them crying, of me and those horse, "'They are Cromwell's men!' This was an unseasonable "wound; for it made me, after that night, unserviceable. This "made me forget all rules of modesty, prudence and discre- "tion," — my choler being up, and my blood flowing! "I rode "to the horse, and desired them to charge through these foot. "They fearing the hazard of the pikes, stood: I then made a "cry come from behind them, That the enemy was upon them. "This encouraged them to charge my foot, so fiercely that the "pikemen threw down their pikes, and got into houses. All "the horse galloped away, and as I was told afterwards, rode "not through but *over* our whole foot, treading them down; — "and in this confusion Colonel Lockhart," — let the reader

note that Colonel, — "was trod down from his horse, with great "danger of his life.

"Though the Enemy was near, yet I beat drums to gather "my men together. Shortly after came Middleton with some "horse. I told him what a disaster I had met with, and what "a greater I expected. He told me he would ride before, and "make the horse halt. I marched, however, all that night till "it was fair day; and then Baillie, who had rested a little, "entreated me to go into some house and repose on a chair; "for I had slept none in two nights, and eaten as little. I "alighted; but the constant alarms of the Enemy's approach "made me resolve to ride forward to Warrington, which was "but a mile; and indeed I may say I slept all that way, not-"withstanding my wound."

While the wounded Dalgetty rides forward, let us borrow another glimpse from a different source;* of bitter struggle still going on a little to the rear of him. "At a place called "Redbank," near Winwick Church, two miles from Warrington, "the Scots made a stand with a body of pikes, and lined "the hedges with muskets; who so rudely entertained the pur-"suing Enemy, that they were compelled to stop until the "coming up of Colonel Pride's regiment of foot, who, after a "sharp dispute, put those same brave fellows to the run. "They were commanded by a little spark in a blue bonnet, "who performed the part of an excellent commander, and was "killed on the spot." Does any one know this little spark in the blue honnet? No one. His very mother has long ceased to weep for him now. Let him have burial, and a passing sigh from us! — Dugald Turner continues:

"I expected to have found either the Duke or Calendar, "or both of them, at Warrington: but I did not; and indeed I "have often been told that Calendar carried away the Duke "with him, much against his mind. Here did the Lieutenant-"General of the foot meet with an Order, whereby he is re-"quired 'To make as good conditions for himself and those "under him as he could; for the horse would not come back to

* Heath's Chronicle, p. 323.

"him, being resolved to preserve themselves for a better time.' "Baillie was surprised with this: and looking upon that action "which he was ordered to do, as full of dishonour, he lost "much of that patience of which naturally he was master; and "beseeched any that would to shoot him through the head," — poor Baillie! "At length having something composed him- "self, and being much solicited by the officers that were by "him, he wrote to Cromwell. — I then told him, That so long "as there was a resolution to fight, I would not go a foot from "him; but now that they were to deliver themselves prisoners, "I would preserve my liberty as long as I could: and so took "my leave of him, carrying my wounded thigh away with me. "I met immediately with Middleton; who sadly condoled the "irrecoverable losses of the last two days. Within two hours "after, Baillie and all the officers and soldiers that were left of "the foot were Cromwell's prisoners. I got my wound dressed "that morning by my own surgeon; and took from him those "things I thought necessary for me; not knowing when I might "see him again; — as indeed I never saw him after."*

This was now the Saturday morning when Turner rode away, "carrying his wounded thigh with him;" and got up to Hamilton and the vanguard of horse; who rode, aimless or as good as aimless henceforth, till he and they were captured at Uttoxeter, or in the neighbourhood. Monro with the *rear*-guard of horse, "alwas a day's march behind," hearing now what had befallen, instantly drew bridle; paused uncertain; then, in a marauding manner, rode back towards their own country.

Of which disastrous doings let us now read Cromwell's victorious account, drawn up with more deliberation on the morrow after. "This Gentleman," who brings up the Letter, is Major Berry; "once a Clerk in the Shropshire Iron-works;" now a very rising man. "He had lived with me," says Richard Baxter, "as guest in my own house;" he has now high destinies before him, — which at last sink lower than ever.**

* Memoirs of his own Life and Times, by Sir James Turner (Edinburgh, 1829), pp. 63-7.

** Baxter's Life, pp. 57, 97, 58, 72.

To the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the House of Commons: These.

SIR, 'Warrington,' 20th August 1648.

I have sent up this Gentleman to give you an account of the great and good hand of God towards you, in the late victory obtained against the Enemy in these parts.

After the conjunction of that Party which I brought with me out of Wales with the Northern Forces about Knaresborough and Wetherby, — hearing that the Enemy was advanced with their Army into Lancashire, we marched the next day, being the 13th of this instant August, to Otley (having cast off our Train, and sent it to Knaresborough, because of the difficulty of marching therewith through Craven, and to the end we might with more expedition attend the Enemy's motion): and on the 14th to Skipton; the 15th to Gisburne; the 16th to Hodder Bridge over Ribble;* where we held a council of war. At which we had in consideration, Whether we should march to Whalley that night, and so on, to interpose between the Enemy and his further progress into Lancashire and so southward, — which we had some advertisement the Enemy intended, and 'we are' since confirmed that they intended for London itself: Or whether to march immediately over the said Bridge, there being no other betwixt that and Preston, and there engage the Enemy, — who we did believe would stand his ground, because we had information that the

* Over Hodder rather, which is the chief tributary of the Ribble in those upland parts, and little inferior to the main stream in size. Ribble from the Northeast, Hodder from the North, then a few miles farther, Calder from the South: after which Ribble pursues its old direction; draining an extensive hill-tract by means of frequent inconsiderable brooks, and receiving no notable stream on either side till, far down, the Darwen from the East and South falls in near Preston, and the united waters, now a respectable River, rush swiftly into the Irish sea.

Irish Forces under Monro lately come out of Ireland, which consisted of Twelve-hundred horse and Fifteen-hundred Foot, were on their march towards Lancashire to join them.

It was thought that to engage the Enemy to fight was our business; and the reason aforesaid giving us hopes that our marching on the North side of Ribble would effect it, it was resolved we should march over the Bridge; which accordingly we did; and that night quartered the whole Army in the field by Stonyhurst Hall, being Mr. Sherburn's house, a place nine miles distant from Preston. Very early the next morning we marched towards Preston: having intelligence that the Enemy was drawing together thereabouts from all his out-quarters, we drew out a Forlorn of about two-hundred horse and four-hundred foot, the horse commanded by Major Smithson, the foot by Major Pownel. Our Forlorn of horse marched, within a mile 'to' where the Enemy was drawn up, — in the enclosed grounds by Preston, on that side next us; and there, upon a Moor, about half a mile distant from the Enemy's Army, met with their Scouts and Outguard; and did behave themselves with that valour and courage as made their Guards (which consisted both of horse and foot) to quit their ground; and took divers prisoners; holding this dispute with them until our Forlorn of foot came up for their justification; and by these we had opportunity to bring up our whole Army.

So soon as our foot and horse were come up, we resolved that night to engage them if we could; and therefore, advancing with our Forlorn, and putting the rest of our Army into as good a posture as the ground would bear (which was totally inconvenient for our

horse, being all enclosure and miry ground), we pressed upon them. The regiments of foot were ordered as followeth. There being a Lane, very deep and ill, up to the Enemy's Army, and leading to the Town, we commanded two regiments of horse, the first whereof was Colonel Harrison's and next was my own, to charge up that Lane; and on either side of them advanced the 'Main'-battle, — which were Lieutenant-Colonel Reade's, Colonel Dean's and Colonel Pride's on the right; Colonel Bright's and my Lord General's on the left; and Colonel Ashton with the Lancashire regiments in reserve. We ordered Colonel Thornhaugh's and Colonel Twistleton's regiments of horse on the right; and one regiment in reserve for the Lane; and the remaining horse on the left: — so that, at last, we came to a Hedge-dispute; the greatest of the impression from the Enemy being upon our left wing; and upon the 'Main'-battle on both sides the Lane, and upon our horse in the Lane: in all which places the Enemy were forced from their ground, after four hours dispute; — until we came to the Town; into which four troops of my own regiment first entered; and, being well seconded by Colonel Harrison's regiment, charged the Enemy in the Town, and cleared the streets.

There came no band of your foot to fight that day but did it with incredible valour and resolution; among which Colonel Bright's, my Lord General's, Lieutenant-Colonel Reade's and Colonel Ashton's had the greatest work; they often coming to push of pike and to close firing, and always making the Enemy to recoil. And indeed I must needs say, God was as much seen in the valour of the officers and soldiers of these before-mentioned as in any action that hath been performed; the

Enemy making, though he was still worsted, very stiff and sturdy resistance. Colonel Dean's and Colonel Pride's, outwinging the Enemy, could not come to so much share of the action; the Enemy shogging* down towards the Bridge; and keeping almost all in reserve, that so he might bring fresh hands often to fight. Which we not knowing, and lest we should be outwinged, 'we' placed those two regiments to enlarge our right wing; this was the cause they had not at that time so great a share in that action.

At the last the enemy was put into disorder; many men slain, many prisoners taken; the Duke, with most of the Scots horse and foot, retreated over the Bridge; where, — after a very hot dispute betwixt the Lancashire regiments, part of my Lord General's, and them, being often at push of pike, they were beaten from the Bridge; and our horse and foot, following them, killed many and took divers prisoners; and we possessed the Bridge over Darwen 'also,' and a few houses there; the Enemy being driven up within musket-shot of us where we lay that night,** — we not being able to attempt farther upon the Enemy, the night preventing us. In this posture did the Enemy and we lie most part of that night. Upon entering the Town, many of the Enemy's horse fled towards Lancaster; in the chase of whom went divers of our horse, who pursued them near ten miles, and had execution of them, and took about five-hundred horse and many prisoners. We possessed in this Fight very much of the Enemy's

* *Shog* is from the same root as *shock*; "shogging," a word of Oliver's in such cases, signifies moving by pulses, intermittently. Ribble Bridge lay on the Scotch right; Dean and Pride, therefore, who fought on the English right, got gradually less and less to do.

** The Darwen between us and them.

ammunition; I believe they lost four or five thousand arms. The number of slain we judge to be about a thousand; the prisoners we took were about four-thousand.

In the night the Duke was drawing off his Army towards Wigan; we were so wearied with the dispute that we did not so well attend the Enemy's going off as might have been; by means whereof the Enemy was gotten at least three miles with his rear, before ours got to them. I ordered Colonel Thornhaugh to command two or three regiments of horse to follow the Enemy, if it were possible to make him stand till we could bring up the Army. The Enemy marched away seven or eight thousand foot and about four-thousand horse; we followed him with about three-thousand foot and two-thousand five-hundred horse and dragoons; and, in this prosecution, that worthy gentleman, Colonel Thornhaugh, pressing too boldly, was slain, being run into the body and thigh and head by the Enemy's lancers.* And give me leave to say, he was a man as faithful and gallant in your service as any; and one who often heretofore lost blood in your quarrel, and now his last. He hath left some behind him to inherit a Father's honour; and a sad Widow; — both now the interest of the Commonwealth.

Our horse still prosecuted the Enemy; killing and taking divers all the way. At last the Enemy drew up within three miles of Wigan; and by that time our Army was come up, they drew off again, and recovered Wigan before we could attempt any thing upon them.

* "Run through with a lancier in Chorley, he wanting his arms," says Hodgson. For "arms" read "armour," corslet, &c. This is the Colonel Thornhaugh so often mentioned, praised and mourned for, by Mrs. Hutchinson.

We lay that night in the field close by the Enemy; being very dirty and weary, and having marched twelve miles of such ground as I never rode in all my life, the day being very wet. We had some skirmishing, that night, with the Enemy, near the Town; where we took General Van Druske and a Colonel, and killed some principal Officers, and took about a hundred prisoners; where I also received a Letter from Duke Hamilton, for civil usage towards his kinsman Colonel Hamilton,* whom he left wounded there. We took also Colonel Hurry and Lieutenant-Colonel Innes, sometimes in your service. The next morning the Enemy marched towards Warrington, and we at the heels of them. The Town of Wigan, a great and poor Town, and very Malignant, were plundered almost to their skins by them.

We could not engage the Enemy until we came within three miles of Warrington; and there the Enemy made a stand, at a place near Winwick. We held them in some dispute till our Army came up; they maintaining the Pass with great resolution for many hours; ours and theirs coming to push of pike and very close charges, — which forced us to give ground; but our men, by the blessing of God, quickly recovered it, and charging very home upon them, beat them from their standing; where we killed about a thousand of them, and took, as we believe, about two-thousand prisoners;

* Claud Hamilton; see Turner *supra*. Who "Van Druske" is, none knows. "Colonel Hurry" is the ever-changing Sir John Hurry, sometimes called Urry and Hurrey, who whisks like a most rapid actor of all work, ever on a new side, ever charging in the van, through this Civil-War Drama. The notablest feat he ever did was leading Prince Rupert on that marauding party, from Oxford to High Wycombe, on the return from which Hampden met his death (Clarendon, ii. 351). Hurry had been on the Parliament-side before. He was taken, at last, when Montrose was taken; and hanged out of the way. Of Innes ("Ennis") I know nothing at present.

and prosecuted them home to Warrington Town; where they possessed the Bridge, which had a strong barricado and a work upon it, formerly made very defensive. As soon as we came thither, I received a message from General Baillie, desiring some capitulation. To which I yielded. Considering the strength of the Pass, and that I could not go over the River 'Mersey' within ten miles of Warrington with the Army, I gave him these terms: That he should surrender himself and all his officers and soldiers prisoners of war, with all his arms and ammunition and horses, to me; I giving quarter for life, and promising civil usage. Which accordingly is done: and the Commissioners deputed by me have received, and are receiving, all the arms and ammunition; which will be, as they tell me, about Four-thousand complete arms; and as many prisoners: and thus you have their Infantry totally ruined. What Colonels and Officers are with General Baillie, I have not yet received the list.

The Duke is marching with his remaining Horse, which are about three-thousand, towards Nantwich; where the Gentlemen of the County have taken about five-hundred of them; of which they sent me word this day. The country will scarce suffer any of my men to pass, except they have my hand-'writing;' telling them, They are Scots. They bring in and kill divers of them, as they light upon them. Most of the Nobility of Scotland are with the Duke. If I had a thousand horse that could but trot thirty miles, I should not doubt but to give a very good account of them: but truly we are so harassed and haggled out in this business, that we are not able to do more than walk 'at'

an easy pace after them — I have sent post to my Lord Grey, to Sir Henry Cholmely and Sir Edward Rhodes to gather all together, with speed, for their prosecution; as likewise to acquaint the Governor of Stafford therewith.

I hear Monro is about Cumberland with the horse that ran away,* and his 'own' Irish horse and foot, which are a considerable body. I have left Colonel Ashton's three regiments of foot, with seven troops of horse (six of Lancashire and one of Cumberland), at Preston; and ordered Colonel Scroop with five troops of horse and two troops of dragoons, 'and' with two regiments of foot (Colonel Lascelles's and Colonel Wastell's), to embody with them; and have ordered them to put their prisoners to the sword if the Scots shall presume to advance upon them, because they cannot bring them off with security.**

Thus you have a Narrative of the particulars of success which God hath given you: which I could hardly at this time have done, considering the multiplicity of business; but truly, when I was once engaged in it, I could hardly tell how to say less, there being so much of God in it; and I am not willing to say more, lest there should seem to be any of man. Only give me leave to add one word, showing the disparity of forces on both sides; that so you may see, and all the world acknowledge, the great hand of God in this business. The Scots Army could not be less than twelve-thousand effective foot, well armed, and

* Northward from Preston on the evening of the 17th, the Battle-day.

** It is to be hoped the Scots under Monro will not presume to advance, for the prisoners here in Preston are about four-thousand! These are not Baillie's Warrington men "who surrendered on quarter for life:" these are "at discretion."

five-thousand horse; Langdale not less than two-thousand five-hundred foot, and fifteen-hundred horse: in all Twenty-one Thousand; — and truly very few of their foot but were as well armed if not better than yours, and at divers disputes did fight two or three hours before they would quit their ground. Yours were about two-thousand five-hundred horse and dragoons of your old Army; about four-thousand foot of your old Army; also about sixteen-hundred Lancashire foot, and about five-hundred Lancashire horse: in all, about Eight-thousand Six-hundred. You see by computation about two-thousand of the Enemy slain; betwixt eight and nine thousand prisoners; besides what are lurking in hedges and private places, which the Country daily bring in or destroy. Where Langdale and his broken forces are, I know not; but they are exceedingly shattered.

Surely, Sir, this is nothing but the hand of God; and wherever anything in this world is exalted, or exalts itself, God will pull it down; for this is the day wherein He alone will be exalted. It is not fit for me to give advice, nor to say a word what use you should make of this; — more than to pray you, and all that acknowledge God, That they would exalt Him, — and not hate His people, who are as the apple of His eye, and for whom even Kings shall be reproved; and that you would take courage to do the work of the Lord, in fulfilling the end of your Magistracy, in seeking the peace and welfare of this Land, — that all that will live peaceably may have countenance from you, and they that are incapable and will not leave troubling the Land may speedily be destroyed out of the Land. And if you take courage in this, God will bless you;

and good men will stand by you; and God will have glory, and the Land will have happiness by you in despite of all your enemies. Which shall be the prayer of,

Your most humble and faithful servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Postscript. We have not, in all this, lost a considerable Officer but Colonel Thornhaugh; and not many soldiers, considering the service: but many are wounded, and our horse much wearied. I humbly crave that some course may be taken to dispose of the Prisoners. The trouble, and extreme charge of the Country where they lie, is more than the danger of their escape. I think they would not go home if they might, without a convoy; they are so fearful of the Country, from whom they have deserved so ill. Ten men will keep a thousand from running away.§

Commons Journals, *Wednesday* 23*d August* 1648: "*Ordered*, "That the sum of Two-hundred Pounds be bestowed upon "Major Berry, and the sum of One-hundred Pounds upon "Edward Sexby, who brought the very good news of the very "great Success obtained, by the great mercy of God, against "the whole Scots Army in Lancashire, and That the said "respective sums shall be" — in short, paid directly. Of Major Berry, Richard Baxter's friend, we have already heard. Captain Edward Sexby, here known to us as Captain for the first time, — did we not once see him in another character? One of Three Troopers with a Letter, in the Honourable House, in the time of the Army Troubles?* He will again turn up, little to his advantage, by and by. A Day of universal Thanksgiving for this "wonderful great Success" is likewise ordered; and a printed schedule of items to be thankful for, is despatched, "to the number of 10,000," into all places."**

§ Chetham-Society Book, *ut supra*, pp. 259-267.

* Antea, p. 223; and Ludlow, i. 189. ** Commons Journals, v. 685.

LETTER LXV.

LET the following hasty Letter, of the same date with that more deliberate one to Lenthall, followed by another as hasty, terminate the Preston Business. Letter of hot Haste, of Hue-and-Cry; two remaining out of many such, written "to all the Countries," in that posture of affairs; — the fruit of which we shall soon see. Colonels "Cholmely, White, Hatcher, Rhodes," Country Colonels of more or less celebrity, need not detain us at present.

For the Honourable the Committee at York: These.

'GENTLEMEN,' Warrington, 20th August 1648.

We have quite tired our horses in pursuit of the Enemy: we have killed, taken and disabled all their Foot; and left them only some Horse, with whom the Duke is fled into Delamere Forest, having neither Foot nor Dragooners. They have taken Five-hundred of them, — I mean the Country Forces 'have,' as they send me word this day.

They* are so tired, and in such confusion, that if my Horse could but trot after them, I could take them all. But we are so weary, we can scarce be able to do more than walk after them. I beseech you therefore, let Sir Henry Cholmely, Sir Edward Rhodes, Colonel Hatcher, and Colonel White, and all the Countries about you, be sent to, to rise with you and follow them. For they are the miserablest party that ever was: I durst engage myself, with Five-hundred fresh Horse, and Five-hundred nimble Foot, to destroy them all. My Horse are miserably beaten out; — and I have Ten-thousand of them Prisoners.

We have killed we know not what; but a very

* The Scots.

great number; having done execution upon them above thirty miles together, — besides what we killed in the Two great Fights, the one at Preston, the other at Warrington 'or Winwick Pass.' The Enemy was Twenty-four-thousand horse and foot; whereof Eighteen-thousand foot and Six-thousand horse: and our number about Six-thousand foot and Three-thousand horse at the utmost.

This is a glorious Day: — God help England to answer His mercies! — I have no more; but beseech you in all your parts to gather into bodies, and pursue. I rest,

Your most humble servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.

'P.S.' The greatest part, by far, of the Nobility of Scotland are with Duke Hamilton. §

LETTER LXVI.

'*For the Honourable the Committee at York: These.*'

GENTLEMEN, Wigan, 23d August 1648.

I have intelligence even now come to my hands, That Duke Hamilton with a wearied Body of Horse is drawing towards Pontefract; where probably he may lodge himself, and rest his Horse; — as not daring to continue in those Countries whence we have driven him; the Country-people rising in such numbers, and stopping his passage at every bridge.

Major-General Lambert, with a very considerable force, pursues him at the heels. I desire you that you would get together what force you can, to put a stop to any further designs they may have; and so be ready to join with Major-General Lambert, if there

§ Copy in the possession of W. Beaumont, Esq., Warrington.

shall be need. I am marching Northward with the greatest part of the Army; where I shall be glad to hear from you. I rest,

Your very affectionate friend and servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

I could wish you would draw out whatever force you have; either to be in his rear or to impede his march. For I am persuaded if he, or the greatest part of those that are with him be taken, it would make an end of the Business of Scotland. §

This Letter, carelessly printed in the old Newspaper, is without address; but we learn that it "came to my hands this present afternoon," "at York," 26th August 1648; — whither also truer rumours, truer news, as to Hamilton and his affairs, are on the road.

On Friday 25th, at Uttoxeter in Staffordshire, the poor Duke of Hamilton, begirt with enemies, distracted with mutinies and internal discords, surrenders and ceases; "very ill, and unable to march." "My Lord Duke and Calendar," says Dalgetty, "fell out and were at very high words at supper, where I was," the night before; "each blaming the other for the misfortune and miscarriage of our affairs:" a sad employment! Dalgetty himself went prisoner to Hull; lay long with Colonel Robert Overton, an acquaintance of ours there. "As "we rode from Uttoxeter, we made a stand at the Duke's "window; and he looking out with some kind words, we took "our eternal farewell of him,"—never saw him more. He died on the scaffold for this business; being Earl of Cambridge, and an *English* Peer as well as Scotch: — the unhappiest of men; one of those "singularly able men" who, with all their

§ Newspaper, *Packets of Letters from Scotland and the North*, no. 24 (London, printed by Robert Ibbitson in Smithfield, 29th August 1648). — See, in Appendix, no. 11, Letter of same date to Derby-House Committee, requesting supplies (*Note of* 1857).

"ability," have never succeeded in any enterprise whatever!—

Colchester Siege, one of the most desperate defences, being now plainly without object, terminates, on Monday next.* Surrender, "on quarter" for the inferior parties, "at discretion" for the superior. Two of the latter, Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle, gallant Officers both, are sentenced and shot on the place. "By Ireton's instigation" say some: yes, or without any special instigation; merely by the nature of the case! They who, contrary to Law and Treaty, have again involved this Nation in blood, do they deserve nothing? — Two more, Goring and Lord Capel, stood trial at Westminster; of whom Lord Capel lost his head. He was "the first man that rose to complain of Grievances" in November 1640; being then Mr. Capel, and Member for Hertfordshire.

The Prince with his Fleet in the Downs, too, so soon as these Lancashire tidings reached him, made off for Holland; "entered the Hague in thirty coaches," and gave up his military pursuits. The Second Civil War, its back once broken here at Preston, rapidly dies everywhere; is already as good as dead.

In Scotland itself there is no farther resistance. The oppressed Kirk Party rise rather, and almost thank the conquerors. "Sir George Monro," says Turner, "following constantly a whole day's march to the rear of us," finding himself, by this unhappy Battle, cut asunder from my Lord Duke, and brought into contact with Cromwell instead, — "marched straight back to Scotland and joined with Earl Lanark's forces," my Lord Duke's brother. "*Straight* back," as we shall find, is not the word for this march.

"But so soon as the news of our Defeat came to Scotland," continues Turner, "Argyle and the Kirk Party rose in arms; every mother's son; and this was called the '*Whiggamore* Raid:'" 1648, — first appearance of the Whig Party on the

* 28th August, Rushworth, vii. 1242.

page of History, I think! "David Lesley was at their head, and old Leven," the Fieldmarshal of 1639, "in the Castle of "Edinburgh; who *cannonaded* the Royal" Hamilton "troops "whenever they came in view of him!"*

Cromwell proceeds northward, goes at last to Edinburgh itself, to compose this strange state of matters.

LETTERS LXVII.—LXXIX.

Monro with the rearward of Hamilton's beaten Army did not march "*straight* back' to Scotland as Turner told us, but very obliquely back; lingering for several weeks on the South side of the Border; collecting remnants of English, Scotch, and even Irish Malignants, not without hopes of raising a new Army from them, — cruelly spoiling those Northern Counties in the interim. Cromwell, waiting first till Lambert with the forces sent in pursuit of Hamilton can rejoin the main Army, moves Northward, to deal with these broken parties, and with broken Scotland generally. The following Thirteen Letters bring him as far as Edinburgh: whither let us now attend him with such lights as they yield.

LETTER LXVII.

Oliver St. John, a private friend, and always officially an important man, always on the Committee of Both Kingdoms, Derby-House Committee, or whatever the governing Authority might be, — finds here a private Note for himself; one part of which is very strange to us. Does the reader look with any intelligence into that poor old prophetic, symbolic Deathbed-scene at Preston? Any intelligence of Prophecy and Symbol, in general; of the symbolic Man-child *Mahershalal-hashbaz* at Jerusalem, or the handful of Cut Grass at Preston; — of the opening Portals of Eternity, and what last departing gleams there are in the Soul of the pure and just? — Mahershalal hashbaz ("Hasten-to-the-spoil," so called), and the bundle of

* Turner, *ubi supra*; Guthry's Memoirs (Glasgow, 1748), p. 285.

Cut Grass are grown somewhat strange to us! Read; and having sneered duly, — consider:

For my worthy Friend Oliver St. John, Esquire, Solicitor-General: These, at Lincoln's Inn.

DEAR SIR, Knaresborough, 1st Sept. '1648.'

I can say nothing; but surely the Lord our God is a great and glorious God. He only is worthy to be feared and trusted, and His appearances particularly to be waited for. He will not fail His People. Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord! —

Remember my love to my dear brother H. Vane: I pray he make not too little, nor I too much, of outward dispensations: — God preserve us all, that we, in simplicity of our spirits, may patiently attend upon them. Let us all be not careful what men will make of these actings. They, will they, nill they, shall fulfil the good pleasure of God; and we — shall serve our generations. Our rest we expect elsewhere: that will be durable. Care we not for tomorrow, nor for anything. This Scripture has been of great stay to me: read *Isaiah* Eighth, 10, 11, 14; — read all the Chapter.*

I am informed from good hands, that a poor godly man died in Preston, the day before the Fight; and being sick, near the hour of his death, he desired the woman that cooked to him, To fetch him a handful of

* Yes, the indignant symbolic "Chapter," about Mahershalal-hashbaz, and the vain desires of the wicked, is all worth reading; here are the Three Verses referred to, more especially: "Take counsel together," ye unjust, "and it shall come to naught; speak the word, and it shall not stand. For "God is with us — Sanctify the Lord of Hosts; and let Him be your fear, "and let Him be your dread. And He shall be for a sanctuary: — but for "a stone of stumbling and for a rock of offence to both the Houses of Israel; "for a gin and for a snare to the inhabitants of Jerusalem! And many "among them shall stumble and fall, and be broken, and be snared, and be "taken." This last verse, we find, is often in the thoughts of Oliver.

Grass. She did so; and when he received it, he asked Whether it would wither or not, now it was cut? The woman said, "Yea." He replied, "So should this Army of the Scots do, and come to nothing, so soon as ours did but appear," or words to this effect; and so immediately died. — —

My service to Mr. W. P., Sir J. E., and the rest of our good friends. I hope I do often remember you.

Yours,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

My service to Frank Russel and Sir Gilbert Pickering. §

"Sir J. E," when he received this salutation, was palpable enough; but has now melted away to the Outline of a Shadow! I guess him to be Sir John Evelyn of Wilts; and, with greater confidence, "Mr. W. P." to be William Pierpoint, Earl of Kingston's Son, a man of superior faculty, of various destiny and business, "called in the Family traditions, *Wise William;*" Ancestor of the Dukes of Kingston (Great-grandfather of that *Lady Mary*, whom as *Wortley Montagu* all readers still know); and much a friend of Oliver, as we shall transiently see.

LETTER LXVIII.

ANOTHER private Letter: to my Lord Wharton; to congratulate him on some "particular mercy," seemingly the birth of an heir, and to pour out his sense of these great general mercies. This Philip Lord Wharton is also of the Committee of Derby House, the Executive in those months; it is probable* Cromwell had been sending despatches to them, and had hastily enclosed these private Letters in the Packet.

Philip Lord Wharton seems to have been a zealous Puritan, much concerned with Preachers, Chaplains &c. in his domestic

§ Ayscough mss. 4107, f. 94; a Copy by Birch.
* Commons Journals, vi. 6, 5th September.

establishment; and full of Parliamentary and Politico-religious business in public. He had a regiment of his own raising at Edgehill Fight; but it was one of those that ran away; whereupon the unhappy Colonel took refuge "in a sawpit," — says Royalism confidently, crowing over it without end.* A quarrel between him and Sir Henry Mildmay, Member for Malden, about Sir Henry's saying, 'He Wharton had made his peace at Oxford' in November 1643, is noted in the Commons Journals, iii. 300. It was to him, about the time of this Cromwell Letter, that one Osborne, a distracted King's flunkey, had written, accusing Major Rolf, a soldier under Hammond, of attempting to poison Charles in the Isle of Wight.** — This Philip's patrimonial estate, *Wharton*, still a Manorhouse of somebody, lies among the Hills on the southwest side of Westmoreland; near the sources of the Eden, the Swale rising on the other watershed not far off. He seems, however, to have dwelt at Upper Winchington, Bucks, "a seat near Great Wycomb." He lived to be a Privy Councillor to William of Orange.*** He died in 1696. Take this other anecdote, once a very famous one:

"James Stewart of Blantyre in Scotland, son of a Treasurer "Stewart, and himself a great favourite of King James, was a "gallant youth; came up to London with great hopes: but a "discord falling out between him and the young Lord Whar- "ton, they went out to single combat each against the other; "and at the first thrust each of them killed the other, and they "fell dead in one another's arms on the place."† The "place" was Islington fields; the date 8th November 1609. The tragedy gave rise to much balladsinging and other rumour.†† Our Philip is that slain Wharton's Nephew.

This Letter has been preserved by Thurloe; four blank spaces ornamented with due asterisks occur in it, — Editor Birch does not inform us whether from tearing off the Seal, or

* Wood's Athenæ, iii. 177, and in all manner of Pamphlets elsewhere.
** Wood, iii. 501; Pamphlets; Commons Journals, &c.
*** Wood, iv. 407, 542; Fasti, i. 335; Nicolas's Synopsis of the Peerage.
† Scotstarvet's Staggering State (Edinburgh, 1754, a very curious little Book), p. 32.
†† Bibliotheca Topographica, no. xlix.

why. In these blank spaces the conjectural sense, which I distinguish here as usual by commas, is occasionally somewhat questionable.

For the Right Honourable the Lord Wharton: These.

MY LORD, 'Knaresborough,' 2d Sept. 1648.

You know how untoward I am at this business of writing; yet a word. I beseech the Lord make us sensible of this great mercy here, which surely was much more than 'the sense of it' the House expresseth.* I trust 'to have, through' the goodness of our God, time and opportunity to speak of it to you face to face. When we think of our God, what are we! Oh, His mercy to the whole society of saints,—despised, jeered saints! Let them mock on. Would we were all saints! The best of us are, God knows, poor weak saints; — yet saints; if not sheep, yet lambs; and must be fed. We have daily bread,** and shall have it, in despite of all enemies. There's enough in our Father's house, and He dispenseth it.*** I think, through these outward mercies, as we call them, Faith, Patience, Love Hope are exercised and perfected,—yea, Christ formed, and grows to a perfect man within us. I know not well how to distinguish: the difference is only in the subject, 'not in the object;' to a worldly man they are outward, to a saint Christian; — but I dispute not.

* The House calls it "a wonderful great mercy and success," this Preston victory (Commons Journals, v. 680); — and then passes on to other matters, not quite adequately conscious that its life had been saved hereby! What fire was blazing, and how high, in Wales, and then in Lancashire, is known only in perfection to those that trampled it out.

** Spiritual food, encouragement of merciful Providence, from day to day.

*** There follows here in the Birch edition: "As our eyes" [seven stars] "behinde, then wee can" [seven stars] "we for him:" words totally unintelligible; and not worth guessing at, the original not being here, but only Birch's questionable reading of it.

My Lord, I rejoice in your particular mercy. I hope that it is so to you. If so, it shall not hurt you; not make you plot or shift for the young Baron to make him great. You will say, "He is God's to dispose of, and guide for;" and there you will leave him.

My love to the dear little Lady, better 'to me' than the child. The Lord bless you both. My love and service to all Friends high and low; if you will, to my Lord and Lady Mulgrave and Will Hill. I am truly,

Your faithful friend and humblest servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL. §

During these very days, perhaps it was exactly two days after, "on Monday last," if that mean 4th September,* — Monro, lying about Appleby, has a party of horse "sent into the Bishopric;" firing "divers houses" thereabouts, and not forgetting to plunder "the Lord Wharton's tenants" by the road: Cromwell penetrating towards Berwick, yet still at a good distance, scatters this and other predatory parties rapidly enough to Appleby, — as it were by the very wind of him; like a coming mastiff smelt in the gale by vermin. They are swifter than he, and get to Scotland, by their dexterity and quick scent, unscathed. "Across to Kelso" about September 8th.**

Mulgrave in those years is a young Edmund Sheffield, of whom, except that he came afterwards to sit in the Council of State, and died a few days before the Protector, History knows not much. — "Will Hill" is perhaps Will Hill, a Puritan Merchant in London, ruined out of "a large estate" by lending for the public service; who, this Summer, and still in this very month, is dunning the Lords and Commons, the Lords with rather more effect, to try if they cannot give him some kind of payment, or shadow of an attempt at payment,

§ Thurloe, i. 99.
* Cromwelliana, p. 45.
** Rushworth, vii. 1250, 3, 9, 60.

— he having long lain in jail for want of his money. A zealous religious, and now destitute and insolvent man; known to Oliver; — and suggests himself along with the Mulgraves by the contrast of "Friends high and low." Poor Hill did, after infinite struggling, get some kind of snack at the Bishops' Lands by and by.*

The "young Baron" now born is father, I suppose, — he or his brother is father,**—of the far-famed high-gifted half-delirious Duke of Wharton.

On the 8th of September, Cromwell is at Durham,*** scaring the Monro fraternity before him; and publishes the following

DECLARATION.

WHEREAS the Scottish Army, under the command of James Duke of Hamilton, which lately invaded this Nation of England, is, by the blessing of God upon the Parliament's Forces, defeated and overthrown; and some thousands of their soldiers and officers are now prisoners in our hands; so that, by reason of their great number, and want of sufficient guards and watches to keep them so carefully as need requires (the Army being employed upon other duty and service of the Kingdom), divers may escape away; and many, both since and upon the pursuit, do lie in private places in the country:

I thought it very just and necessary to give notice to all, and accordingly do declare, That if any Scottishmen, officers or soldiers, lately members of the said Scottish Army, and taken or escaped in or since the late Fight and pursuit, shall be found straggling in the

* Commons Journals, vi. 29, 243.

** He, Thomas, the one now born; subsequently Marquis, and a man otherwise of distinction; who "died, 12th April 1715, in the 67th year of his age:" Boyer's Political State of Great Britain (April 1715, London), p. 305. (*Note to Third Edition: communicated by Mr. T. Watts of the British Museum.*)

*** Commons Journals, vii. 1260.

countries, or running away from the places assigned them to remain in till the pleasure of the Parliament, or of his Excellency the Lord General be known, — It will be accounted a very good and acceptable service to the Country and Kingdom of England, for any person or persons to take and apprehend all such Scottishmen; and to carry them to any Officer having the charge of such prisoners; or, in defect of such Officer, to the Committee or Governor of the next Garrison for the Parliament within the County where they shall be so taken; there to be secured and kept in prison, as shall be found most convenient.

And the said Committee, Officer, or Governor respectively, are desired to secure such of the said prisoners as shall be so apprehended and brought unto them, accordingly. And if any of the said Scottish officers or soldiers shall make any resistance, and refuse to be taken or render themselves, all such persons well-affected to the service of the Parliament and Kingdom of England, may and are desired to fall upon, fight with, and slay such refusers: but if the said prisoners shall continue and remain within the places and guards assigned for the keeping of them, That then no violence, wrong, nor injury be offered to them by any means.

Provided also, and special care is to be taken, That no Scottishman residing within this Kingdom, and not having been a member of the said Army, and also, That none such of the said Scottish prisoners as shall have liberty given them, and sufficient passes to go to any place appointed, may be interrupted or troubled hereby. OLIVER CROMWELL. §

'Durham,' 8th September 1648.

§ Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 46).

LETTER LXIX.

FAIRFAX is still at Colchester, arranging the "ransoms," and confused wrecks of the Siege there; Cromwell has now reached Berwick,* at least his outposts have, — all the Monroes now fairly across the Tweed. "Lieutenant-Colonel Cowell," I conclude, was mortally wounded at Preston Battle; and here has the poor Widow been, soliciting and lamenting.

For his Excellency the Lord Fairfax, General of all the Parliament's Armies: These.

MY LORD, 'Alnwick,' 11th September 1648.

Since we lost Lieutenant-Colonel Cowell, his Wife came to me near Northallerton, much lamenting her loss, and the sad condition she and her children were left in.

He was an honest worthy man. He spent himself in your and the Kingdom's service. He being a great Trader in London, deserted it to serve the Kingdom. He lost much moneys to the State; and I believe few outdid him. He had a great arrear due to him. He left a Wife and three small children but meanly provided for. Upon his deathbed, he commended this desire to me, That I should befriend his to the Parliament or, to your Excellency. His Wife will attend you for Letters to the Parliament; which I beseech you to take into a tender consideration.

I beseech you to pardon this boldness to,

Your Excellency's most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL. §

On the 19th June 1649, "Widow Cowell" is ordered to be paid her Husband's Arrears by the Committee at Haber-

* Rushworth, vii. 125. § Lansdowne MSS. 1236, fol. 85.

dashers' Hall.* One hopes she received payment, poor woman! "Upon his deathbed her Husband commended this desire to *me*."

In the very hours while this Letter is a-writing, "Monday 11th September 1648," Monro, now joined with the Earl of Lanark, presents himself at Edinburgh: but the Whiggamore Raid, all the force of the West Country, 6,000 strong, is already there; "draws out on the crags be-east the Town," old Leven in the Castle ready to fire withal; and will not let him enter. Lanark and Monro, after sad survey of the inaccessible armed crags, bend westward, keeping well out of the range of Leven's guns, — to Stirling; meet Argyle and the Whiggamores, make some Treaty or Armistice, and admit *them* to be the real "Committee of Estates," the Hamilton Faction having ended.** Here are Three Letters, Two of one date, directly on the back of these occurrences.

LETTER LXX.

For the Governor of Berwick: These.

SIR, Alnwick, 15th September 1648.

Being come thus near, I thought fit to demand the Town of Berwick to be delivered into my hands, to the use of the Parliament and Kingdom of England, to whom of right it belongeth.

I need not use any arguments to convince you of the justice hereof. The witness that God hath borne against your Army, in their Invasion of those who desired to sit in peace by you, doth at once manifest His dislike of the injury done to a Nation that meant you no harm, but hath been all along desirous to keep amity and brotherly affection and agreement with you.

If you deny me in this, we must make a second appeal to God, putting ourselves upon Him, in endeav-

* Commons Journals, vi. 237. ** Guthry, pp. 288-97.

ouring to obtain our rights, and let Him be judge between us. And if our aim be anything beyond what we profess, He will requite it. If further trouble ensue upon your denial, we trust He will make our innocency to appear.

I expect your answer to this summons, this day, and rest, Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL. §

Ludovic Lesley, the Scotch Governor of Berwick, returns "a dilatory answer," not necessary for us to read. Here is a more important message:

LETTER LXXI.

For the Right Honourable the Lord Marquis of Argyle, and the rest of the well-affected Lords, Gentlemen, Ministers, and People now in arms in the Kingdom of Scotland: Present.

'Near Berwick,'
16th September 1648.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

Being (in prosecution of the common Enemy) advanced, with the Army under my command, to the borders of Scotland, I thought fit, to prevent any misapprehension or prejudice that might be raised thereupon, to send your Lordships these Gentlemen, Colonel Bright, Scoutmaster-General Rowe, and Mr. Stapylton, to acquaint you with the reasons thereof: concerning which I desire your Lordships to give them credence. I remain,

My Lords,
Your very humble servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL. §§

§ Lords Journals (in Parliamentary History, xvii. 485).
§§ Thurloe, i. 100.

Colonel Bright and Scoutmaster Rowe are persons that often occur, though somewhat undistinguishably, in the Old Pamphlets. Bright, in the end of this month, was sent over, "from Berwick" apparently, to take possession of Carlisle, now ready to surrender to us.* "Scoutmaster" is the Chief of the Corps of "Guides," as soldiers now call them. As to Stapylton or Stapleton, we have to remark that, besides Sir Philip Stapleton, the noted Member for Boroughbridge, and one of the Eleven, who is now banished and dead, there is a Bryan Stapleton now Member for Aldborough; he in January last** was Commissioner to Scotland: but this present Stapylton is still another. Apparently, one Robert Stapylton; a favourite Chaplain of Cromwell's; an Army-Preacher, a man of weight and eminence in that character. From his following in the rear of the Colonel and the Scoutmaster, instead of taking precedence in the Lieutenant-General's Letter, as an M. P. would have done, we may infer that this Reverend Robert Stapylton is the Cromwell Messenger, — sent to speak a word to the Clergy in particular.

Scoutmaster Rowe, William Rowe, appears with an enlarged sphere of influence, presiding over the Cromwell spy-world in a very diligent, expert and almost respectable manner, some years afterwards, in the *Milton State-Papers*. His counsel might be useful with Argyle; his experienced eye, at any rate, might take a glance of the Scottish Country, with advantage to an invading General.

Of the Reverend Mr. Stapylton's proceedings on this occasion we have no notice: but he will occur afterwards in these Letters; and two years hence, on Cromwell's second visit to those Northern parts, we find this recorded: "Last Lord's Day," 29th September 1650, "Mr. Stapylton preached in the High Church," of Edinburgh, while we were mining the Castle! — "forenoon and afternoon, before his Excellency "with his Officers; where was a great concourse of people; "many Scots expressing much affection at the doctrine, in

* Cromwelliana, p. 48.
** Commons Journals, v. 442; Whitlocke, p. 290.

"their usual way of groans."* In their usual way of groans, while Mr. Stapylton held forth: consider that! — Mr. Robert, "at 10 o'clock at night on the 3d September" next year, writes, "from the other side of Severn," a copious despatch concerning the Battle of Worcester,** and then disappears from History.

The following Letter, of the same date, was brought by the same Messengers for the Committee of Estates.

LETTER LXXII.

For the Right Honourable the Committee of Estates for the Kingdom of Scotland: These.

'Near Berwick,'
16th September 1648.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

Being upon my approach to the borders of the Kingdom of Scotland, I thought fit to acquaint you of the reason thereof.

It is well known how injuriously the Kingdom of England was lately invaded by the Army under Duke Hamilton; contrary to the Covenant and 'to' our leagues of amity, and against all the engagements of love and brotherhood between the two Nations. And notwithstanding the pretence of your late Declaration, *** published to take with the people of this Kingdom, the Commons of England in Parliament Assembled declared the said Army so entering, Enemies to the Kingdom; and those of England who should adhere to them, Traitors. And having † received command to march with a considerable part of their Army, to oppose so great a violation of faith and justice, — what a witness God,

* Cromwelliana, p. 92.
** Cromwelliana, p. 113.
*** To be found in Rushworth; read it not!
† The grammar requires "I having," but the physiognomy of the sentence requires nothing.

being appealed to,* hath borne, upon the engagement of the two Armies, against the unrighteousness of man, not only yourselves, but this Kingdom, yea and a great part of the known world will, I trust, acknowledge. How dangerous a thing is it to wage an unjust war; much more, to appeal to God the Righteous Judge therein! We trust He will persuade you better by this manifest token of His displeasure; lest His hand be stretched out yet more against you, and your poor People also, if they will be deceived.

That which I am to demand of you is, The restitution of the Garrisons of Berwick and Carlisle into my hands, for the use of the Parliament and Kingdom of England. If you deny me herein, I must make our appeal to God; and call upon Him for assistance, in what way He shall direct us; — wherein we are, and shall be, so far from seeking the harm of the well-affected people of the Kingdom of Scotland, that we profess as before the Lord, That (what difference an Army, necessitated in a hostile way to recover the ancient rights and inheritance of the Kingdom under which they serve, can make)** we shall use our endeavours to the utmost that the trouble may fall upon the contrivers and authors of this breach, and not upon the poor innocent people, who have been led and compelled into this action, as many poor souls now prisoners to us confess.

We thought ourselves bound in duty thus to expostulate with you, and thus to profess; to the end we may bear our integrity out before the world, and may

* on Preston Moor.

** Means: "so far as an Army, necessitated to vindicate its country by War, can make a discrimination." The "ancient rights and inheritance" are the right to choose our own King or No-King, and so forth.

have comfort in God, whatever the event be. Desiring your answer, I rest,

Your Lordships' humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.§

The troubles of Scotland are coming thick. The "Engagers," those that "engaged" with Hamilton are to be condemned; then, before long, come "Resolutioners" and "Protesters;" and in the wreck of the Hamilton-Argyle discussions, and general cunctations, — all men desiring to say Yes *and* No instead of Yes *or* No, — Royalism and Presbyterianism alike are disastrously sinking.

The Lordships here addressed as "Committee of Estates" can make no answer, for they do not now exist as *Committee of Estates;* — Argyle and Company are now assuming that character: the shifting of the dresses, which occasions some complexity in those old Letters, is just going on. From Argyle and Company, however, who see in Cromwell their one sure stay, there are already on the road conciliatory congratulatory messages, by Lairds and Majors, "from Falkirk," where the Whiggamore Raid and Lanark are making their Armistice or Treaty. Whereupon follows, with suitably vague Superscription, for Argyle and Company:

LETTER LXXIII.

To the Right Honourable the Earl of Loudon, Chancellor of the Kingdom of Scotland:

To be communicated to the Noblemen, Gentlemen, and Burgesses now in arms, who dissented in Parliament from the late Engagement against the Kingdom of England.*

RIGHT HONOURABLE, Cheswick,** 18th Sept. 1648.

We received yours from Falkirk of the 15th Sep-

§ Thurloe, i. 100.

* "The Whiggamore Raid," as Turner calls it, now making a Treaty with Lanark, Monro, and the other Assignees of the bankrupt Hamilton concern. Expressly addressed, in the next Letter, as "Committee of Estates," *they* now.

** Cheswick, still a Manorhouse "of the Family of Strangeways," lies three or four miles south of Berwick, on the great road to Newcastle and London.

tember instant. We have had also a sight of your Instructions given to the Laird of Greenhead and Major Strahan; as also other two Papers concerning the Treaty between your Lordships and the Enemy; wherein your care of the interest of the Kingdom of England, for the delivery of the Towns* unjustly taken from them, and 'your' desire to preserve the unity of both Nations, appears. By which also we understand the posture you are in to oppose the Enemies of the welfare and the peace of both Kingdoms; for which we bless God for His goodness to you; and rejoice to see the power of the Kingdom of Scotland in a hopeful way to be invested in the hands of those who, we trust, are taught of God to seek His honour, and the comfort of His people.

And give us leave to say, as before the Lord, who knows the secrets of all hearts, That, as we think one especial end of Providence in permitting the enemies of God and Goodness in both Kingdoms to rise to that height, and exercise such tyranny over His people, was to show the necessity of Unity amongst those of both Nations, so we hope and pray that the late glorious dispensation, in giving so happy success against your and our Enemies in our victories, may be the foundation of Union of the People of God in love and amity. Unto that end we shall, God assisting, to the utmost of our power endeavour to perform what may be behind on our part: and when we shall, through any wilfulness, fail therein, let this profession rise up in judgment against us, as having been made in hypocrisy, — a severe avenger of which God hath lately

* Berwick and Carlisle, which by agreement in 1646-7 were not to be garrisoned except by consent of *both* Kingdoms.

appeared, in His most righteous witnessing against the Army under Duke Hamilton, invading us under specious pretences of piety and justice. We may humbly say, we rejoice with more trembling* than to dare to do such a wicked thing.

Upon our advance to Alnwick, we thought fit to send a good body of our horse to the borders of Scotland, and thereby a summons to the Garrison of Berwick;** to which having received a dilatory answer, I desired a safe-convoy for Colonel Bright and the Scoutmaster-General of this Army to go to the Committee of Estates in Scotland; who, I hope, will have the opportunity to be with your Lordships before this come to your hands, — and, according as they are instructed, will let your Lordships in some measure, as well as we could in so much ignorance of your condition, know our affections to you. And understanding things more fully by yours, we now thought fit to make you this 'present' return.

The command we received, upon the defeat of Duke Hamilton, was, To prosecute this business until the Enemy were put out of a condition or hope of growing into a new Army, and the Garrisons of Berwick and Carlisle were reduced. Four regiments of our horse and some dragoons, who had followed the Enemy into the south parts,*** being now come up; and this country not able to bear us, the cattle and old corn thereof having been wasted by Monro and the forces with him; the Governor of Berwick also daily victu-

* "Join trembling with your mirth" (Second Psalm).
** Letter LXX.
*** Uttoxeter and thereabouts.

alling his Garrison from Scotland side; and the Enemy yet in so considerable a posture as by these Gentlemen and your Papers we understand, — still prosecuting their former design, having gotten the advantage of Stirling Bridge, and so much of Scotland at their backs to enable them thereunto; and your Lordships' condition not being such, at present, as may compel them to submit to the honest and necessary things you have proposed to them for the good of both the Kingdoms: we have thought fit, out of the sense of duty to the commands laid upon us by those who have sent us, and to the end we might be in a posture more ready to give you assistance, and not be wanting to what we have made so large professions of, — to advance into Scotland with the Army.* And we trust, by the blessing of God, the common Enemy will thereby the sooner be brought to a submission to you: and we thereby shall do what becomes us in order to the obtaining of our Garrisons; engaging ourselves that, so soon as we shall know from you that the Enemy will yield to the things you have proposed to them, and we have our Garrisons delivered to us, we shall forthwith depart out of your Kingdom; and in the meantime be 'even' more tender towards the Kingdom of Scotland, in the point of charge, than if we were in our own Kingdom.

If we shall receive from you any desire of a more speedy advance, we shall readily yield compliance therewith; — desiring also to hear from you how affairs stand. This being the result of a Council of War, I

* Neither does the sentence end even here! It is dreadfully bad composition; yet contains a vigorous clear sense in it.

present it to you as the expression of their affections and of my own; who am,

My Lords,
Your most humble servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL. §

Cheswick, where Oliver now has his head-quarter, lies, as we said, some three or four miles south of Berwick, on the English side of Tweed. Part of his forces crossed the River, I find, next day; a stray regiment had without order gone across, the day before. — The "Laird of Greenhead," Sir Andrew Ker, is known in the old Scotch Books; still better, Major Strahan, who makes a figure on his own footing by and by. The Anti-Hamilton or Whiggamore Party are all inclined, and yet averse: wishing to say "Yes *and* No:" if that were possible! —

The answer to this Letter immediately follows in *Thurloe;* but it is not worth giving. The intricate longwindedness of mere Loudons, Argyles and the like, on such subjects at this time of day, is not tolerable to either gods or men. "We, Loudon, Argyle, and Company, are very sensible how righteously 'God who judgeth the Earth' has dealt with Hamilton and his followers; an intolerable, unconscionable race of men, tending towards mere ruin of religion, and 'grievously oppressive' to us. We hope all things from you, respectable Lieutenant-General. We have sent influential persons to order the giving up of Berwick and Carlisle instantly; and hope these Garrisons will obey them. We rest, — Humbly devoted, — Argyle, Loudon, and Company."

Influential Persons: "Friday last, the 22d September, the "Marquis of Argyle, the Lord Elcho, Sir John Scot and others "came as Commissioners from the Honest Party in Scotland "to the Laird of Mordington's House at Mordington, to the "Lieutenant-General's quarters, two miles within Scotland.

§ Thurloe, i. 101.

"That night the Marquis of Argyle sent a trumpet to Ber-"wick,"* — Berwick made delays, needed to send to the Earl of Lanark first. Lanark, it is to be hoped, will consent. Meanwhile the Lieutenant-General opens his parallels, diligently prepares to besiege, if necessary. Among these influential Persons, a quick reader notices "Sir John Scot," — and rejoices to recognise him, in that dim transient way, for the "Director of the Chancery," and Laird of *Scotstarvet* in Fife, himself in rather a *staggering state*** at present, worthy old gentleman!

PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS we are marching with the Parliament's Army into the Kingdom of Scotland, in pursuance of the remaining part of the Enemy who lately invaded the Kingdom of England, and for the recovery of the Garrisons of Berwick and Carlisle:

These are to declare, That if any Officer or Soldier under my command shall take or demand any money; or shall violently take any horses, goods or victual, without order; or shall abuse the people in any sort, — he shall be tried by a Council of War: and the said person so offending shall be punished, according to the Articles of War made for the government of the Army in the Kingdom of England, which punishment is death.

Each Colonel, or other chief Officer in every regiment, is to transcribe a copy of this; and to cause the same to be delivered to each Captain in his regi-

* Rushworth, vii. 1282.

** *Scott of Scotstarvet's Staggering State of Scots Statesmen* is the strange Title of his strange little Book: not a Satire at all, but a Homily on Life's Nothingness, enforced by examples; gives in brief compass, not without a rude Laconic geniality, the cream of Scotch Biographic History in that age, and unconsciously a curious self-portrait of the Writer withal.

ment: and every said Captain of each respective troop and company is to publish the same to his troop or company; and to take a strict course that nothing be done contrary hereunto.

Given under my hand this 20th September 1648.

OLIVER CROMWELL. §

LETTER LXXIV.

For the Right Honourable the Committee of Estates of the Kingdom of Scotland, at Edinburgh: These.

RIGHT HONOURABLE, Norham, 21st Sept. 1648.

We perceive that there was, upon our advance to the Borders, the last Lord's Day,* a very disorderly carriage by some horse; who, without order, did steal over the Tweed, and plundered some places in the Kingdom of Scotland: and since that, some stragglers have been alike faulty; to the wrong of the inhabitants, and to our very great grief of heart.

I have been as diligent as I can to find out the men that have done the wrong, and I am still in the discovery thereof; and I trust there shall be nothing wanting on my part that may testify how much we abhor such things: and to the best of my information I cannot find the least guilt of the fact** to lie upon the regiments of this Army, but upon some of the Northern horse, who have not been under our discipline and government, until just that we came into these parts.

I have commanded those forces away back again into England; and I hope the exemplarity of justice will testify for us our great detestation of the fact.***

§ Newspapers in Cromwelliana, p. 46.
* 21st Sept. 1648 is Thursday; last Sunday is 17th. ** "fait."
*** "fait."

For the remaining regiments, which are of our old forces, we may engage for them their officers will keep them from doing any such things: and we are confident that, saving victual, they shall not take anything from the inhabitants; and in that also they shall be so far from being their own carvers, as that they shall submit to have provisions ordered and proportioned by the consent, and with the direction, of the Committees and Gentlemen of the Country, and not otherwise, if they* please to be assisting to us therein.

I thought fit, for the preventing of misunderstanding, to give your Lordships this account; and rest,

My Lords,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL. §

"Upon our entrance into Scotland, a regiment lately "raised in the Bishopric of Durham, under Colonel Wren, "behaved themselves rudely; which as soon as the Lieute- "nant-General of this Army" Cromwell "had notice of, he "caused it to rendezvous on Tweed banks; and the Scottish "people having challenged several horses taken from them by "that Regiment, the Lieutenant-General caused the said "horses to be restored back, and the plunderers to be ca- "shiered. A Lieutenant that countenanced such deeds was "delivered into the Marshal's hands; and the Colonel him- "self, conniving at them, and not doing justice upon the of- "fenders when complaints were brought in to him, was taken "from the head of his Regiment, and suspended from execu- "ting his place, until he had answered at a Council of War for "his negligence in the performance of his duty. This notable "and impartial piece of justice did take very much with the

* These Committees.

§ Thurloe, i. 103 (From the Public Records of Scotland, in the Laigh Parliament-House at Edinburgh).

"people; and the Regiment is ordered back into Northumber-"land,"* — as we see.

The answer of "Loudon *Cancellarius*" to this Letter from Norham is given in the old Newspapers.** The date is Edinburgh, 28th September 1648. Loudon of course is very thankful for such tenderness and kind civilities; thankful especially that the Honourable Lieutenant-General has come so near, and by the dread of him forced the Malignants at Stirling Bridge to come to terms, and leave the Well-affected at peace. A very great blessing to us "the near distance of your forces at this time," — though once (*you ken varry weel*, and Whitlocke kens,) we considered you an incendiary, and I, O honourable Lieutenant-General, would so fain have had you extinguished, — not knowing what I did!

Norham lies on the South shore of the Tweed, some seven miles above Berwick:

"Day set on Norham's castled steep."***

Cromwell went across to Mordington, and met the "Influential Persons," on the morrow. As the following Letter, taking a comprehensive survey of the matter, will abundantly manifest.

LETTER LXXV.

'*To the Honourable William Lenthall, Speaker of the House of Commons: These.*'

SIR, Berwick, 2d October 1648.

I have formerly represented to the Committee at Derby House,† how far I have prosecuted your business in relation to the Commands I did receive from them. To wit: That I have sent a party of horse with a Summons to Berwick; and a Letter to the Committee

* Perfect Diurnal, October 2d to 9th (in Cromwelliana, p. 47).
** Cromwelliana, p. 47.
*** Scott's *Marmion*.
† Long Letter, dated 20th September, recapitulating what is already known to us here. Appendix, No. 12.

of Estates, which I supposed did consist of the Earl of Lanark and his participants; and a Letter of kindness and affection to the Marquis of Argyle, and the Well-affected Party in arms at 'or about' Edinburgh, with credence to Colonel Bright and Mr. William Rowe, Scoutmaster of the Army, To let them know upon what grounds and with what intentions we came into their Kingdom: And how that, in the mean time, the Marquis of Argyle and the rest at Edinburgh had sent Sir Andrew Ker, Laird of Greenhead, and Major Strahan to me, with a Letter, and papers of Instructions, expressing their good affection to the Kingdom of England, and disclaiming the late Engagement; — together with my Answer to the said Letters and papers. Duplicates of all which I sent to the Committee at Derby House, and therefore forbear to trouble you with the things themselves. — I think now fit to give you an account, what further progress has been made in your business.

The two 'Scotch' Armies being drawn up, the one under Lanark and Monro at Stirling, and the other under the Earl of Leven and Lieutenant-General Lesley betwixt that and Edinburgh; the heads of these two Armies being upon treaties concerning their own affairs; and I having given, as I hoped, sufficient satisfaction concerning the justice of your Cause, and the clearness of my intentions in entering that Kingdom, — 'I' did, upon Thursday 21st September, and two days before, the Tweed being fordable, march over Tweed at Norham into Scotland, with four regiments of horse, and some dragoons, and six regiments of foot; and there quartered; my head-quarters being at the Lord Mordington's House.

Where hearing that the Marquis of Argyle, the Lord Elcho, and some others, were coming to me from the Committee of Estates assembled at Edinburgh, — I went, on Friday 22d September, some part of the way to wait upon his Lordship. Who, when he was come to his quarters, delivered me a Letter, of which the enclosed is a Copy,* signed by the Lord Chancellor, by warrant of the Committee of Estates. And after some time spent in giving and receiving mutual satisfaction concerning each other's integrity and clearness, — wherein I must be bold to testify, for that noble Lord the Marquis, the Lord Elcho, and the other gentlemen with him, that I have found nothing in them 'other' than what becomes Christians, and men of honour, — the next day it was resolved, that the command of the Committee of Estates to the Governor of Berwick, for rendering the Town, should be sent to him, by the Lord Elcho and Colonel Scot. Which accordingly was done. But he, pretending that he had not received the command of that place from those hands that now demanded it of him, desired liberty to send to the Earl of Lanark; engaging himself *then* to give his positive answer, and intimating it should be satisfactory.

Whilst these things were in transacting, I ordered Major-General Lambert to march towards Edinburgh, with six regiments of horse and a regiment of dragoons. Who accordingly did so; and quartered in East Lothian, within six miles of Edinburgh; the foot lying in his rear at Copperspath and thereabouts.**

* Conceivable by us here.

** What follows now, is published as a fragment in the Newspapers.

Upon Friday, 29th September, came an Order from the Earl of Lanark, and divers Lords of his Party, requiring the Governor of Berwick to march out of the Town; which accordingly he did, on Saturday the last of September;— at which time I entered; and have placed a Garrison there for your use. The Governor would fain have capitulated for the English 'who were with him;' but we, having the advantage upon him, would not hear of it: so that they are submitted to your mercy, and are under the consideration of Sir Arthur Haselrig; who, I believe, will give you a good account of them; and who hath already turned out the Malignant Mayor, and put an honest man in his room.

I have also received an Order for Carlisle; and have sent Colonel Bright, with horse and foot to receive it; Sir Andrew Ker and Colonel Scot being gone with him to require observance of the Order; there having been a Treaty and an agreement betwixt the two parties in Scotland, To disband all forces, except fifteen-hundred horse and foot under the Earl of Leven, which are to be kept to *see* all remaining forces disbanded.

Having some other things to desire from the Committee of Estates at Edinburgh for your service, I am myself going thitherward this day; and so soon as I shall be able to give you a further account thereof, I shall do it. In the mean time, I make it my desire that the Garrison of Berwick (into which I have placed a regiment of foot, which shall be attended also by a regiment of horse) may be provided for; and that Sir Arthur Haselrig may receive commands to supply it with guns and ammunition from Newcastle; and be

otherwise enabled by you to furnish this Garrison with all other necessaries, according as a place of that importance will require. Desiring that these mercies may beget trust and thankfulness to God the only author of them, and an improvement of them to His glory and the good of this poor Kingdom, I rest,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL. §

LETTER LXXVI.

FOLLOWS here a small Note, enclosing a duplicate of the above Letter, for Fairfax; written chiefly to enforce the request as to Haselrig and Berwick, — "Hasleridge" and "Barwick," as Oliver here spells. Haselrig is Governor of Newcastle, a man of chief authority in those Northern regions. — Fairfax, who has been surveying, regulating, and extensively dining in Townhalls, through the Eastern Counties, is now at St. Albans,* — the Army's head-quarters for some time to come.

For his Excellency the Lord General Fairfax, at St. Albans: These.

Berwick, 2d October 1648.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY,

I received your late Commissions, with your directions how they shall be disposed; which I hope I shall pursue to your satisfaction.

I having sent an account to the House of Commons, am bold (being straitened in time) to present you with a Duplicate thereof, which I trust will give you satisfaction. I hope there is a very good understanding betweén the Honest Party of Scotland and us here;

§ Tanner MSS. (in Cary's Memorials, ii. 18); Newspapers (Cromwelliana, p. 48).

* Since 16th September, Rushworth, vii. 1271.

better than some would have. — Sir, I beg of your Excellency to write to Sir A. Haselrig to take care of Berwick; he having at Newcastle all things necessary for the Garrison 'here,' which is left destitute of all, and may be lost if this be not 'done.' I beg of your Lordship a Commission to be speeded to him. I have no more at present; but rest,

My Lord,
Your most humble servant,
Oliver Cromwell. §

In these weeks, once more, there is an intensely interesting Treaty going on in the Isle of Wight; Treaty of Forty days with the King; solemn Parliamentary Commissioners on one hand, Majesty with due Assistants on the other, very solemnly debating and negotiating day after day, for forty days and longer, in the Town of Newport there.* The last hope of Presbyterian Royalism in this world. Not yet the last hope of his Majesty; who still, after all the sanguinary ruin of this year, feels himself a tower of strength; inexpugnable in his divine right, which no sane man can question; settlement of the Nation impossible without him. Happily, at any rate, it is the last of the Treaties with Charles Stuart, — for History begins to be weary of them. Treaty which came to nothing, as all the others had done. Which indeed could come only to nothing; his Majesty not having the smallest design to abide by it; his Majesty eagerly consulting about "escape" all the while, — escape to Ormond who is now in Ireland again, escape somewhither, anywhither; — and considering the Treaty mainly as a piece of Dramaturgy, which must be handsomely done in the interim, and leave a good impression on the Public.** Such is the Treaty of Forty Days; a mere

§ Sloane mss. 1519, f. 92.

* Warwick, pp. 321-9; Rushworth, vii. &c. &c. Began 18th September; was lengthened out by successive permissions to the 18th, 25th, and even 27th of November.

** His own Letters (in Wagstaff's *Vindication of the Royal Martyr*, in Carte's *Ormond*, &c.); see Godwin, ii. 608-23.

torpor on the page of History; which the reader shall conceive for himself *ad libitum*. The Army, from head-quarters at St. Albans, regards him and it with a sternly watchful eye; not participating in the hopes of Presbyterian Royalism at all; — and there begin to be Army Councils held again.

As for Cromwell, he is gone forward to Edinburgh; reaches Seaton, the Earl of Winton's House, which is the head-quarters of the horse, a few miles east of Edinburgh, on Tuesday evening. Next day, Wednesday 4th October 1648, come certain Dignitaries of the Argyle or Whiggamore Party, and escort him honourably into Edinburgh; "to the Earl of Murric's House in the Cannigate" (so, in good Edinburgh Scotch, do the old Pamphlets spell it); "where a strong guard," an English Guard, "is appointed to keep constant watch at the Gate;" and all manner of Earls and persons of Whiggamore quality come to visit the Lieutenant-General; and even certain Clergy come, who have a leaning that way.* — The Earl of Moray's House, Moray House, still stands in the Canongate of Edinburgh, well known to the inhabitants there. A solid spacious mansion, which, when all bright and new two-hundred years ago, must have been a very adequate lodging. There are remains of noble gardens; one of the noble state-rooms, when I last saw it, was an extensive Paper Warehouse. There is no doubt but the Lieutenant-General did lodge here; Guthry seeming to contradict this old Pamphlet, turns out to confirm it.**

The Lieutenant-General has received certain Votes of Parliament,*** sanctioning what he has done in reference to these Scotch Parties, and encouraging and authorising him to do more. Of which circumstance, in the following official Document, he fails not to avail himself, on the morrow after his arrival.

* True Account of the great Expressions of Love from the Noblemen &c. of Scotland unto Lieutenant-General Cromwell and his Officers; In a Letter to a Friend (London, 1648; King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 392, § 26, dated with the pen 23d October): Abridged in Rushworth, vii. 1295.

** Guthry's Memoirs, p. 297. For a description of the place, see Chambers's Edinburgh Journal, 21st January 1837.

*** Commons Journals, 28th September 1648.

LETTER LXXVII.

For the Right Honourable the Committee of Estates for the Kingdom of Scotland: These.

RIGHT HONOURABLE, Edinburgh, 5th October 1648.

I shall ever be ready to bear witness of your Lordships' forwardness to do right to the Kingdom of England, in restoring the Garrisons of Berwick and Carlisle; and having received so good a pledge of your resolutions to maintain amity and a good understanding between the Kingdoms of England and Scotland, it makes me not to doubt but that your Lordships will further grant what in justice and reason may be demanded.

I can assure your Lordships, That the Kingdom of England did foresee that wicked design of the Malignants in Scotland to break all engagements of faith and honesty between the Nations, and to take from the Kingdom of England the Towns of Berwick and Carlisle. And although they could have prevented the loss of those considerable Towns, without breach of the Treaty, by laying forces near unto them; yet such was the tenderness of the Parliament of England not to give the least suspicion of a breach with the Kingdom of Scotland, that they did forbear to do anything therein. And it is not unknown to your Lordships, when the Malignants had gotten the power of your Kingdom, how they protected and employed our English Malignants, though demanded by our Parliament; and possessed themselves of those Towns; — and with what violence and unheard-of cruelties they raised an Army, and began a War, and invaded the Kingdom of England; and endeavoured, to the uttermost of their power, to engage both Kingdoms in a perpetual Quarrel;

and what blood they have spilt in our Kingdom, and what great loss and prejudice was brought upon our Nation, even to the endangering the total ruin thereof.

And although God did, by a most mighty and strong hand, and that in a wonderful manner, destroy their designs; yet it is apparent that the same ill-affected spirit still remains; and that divers Persons of great quality and power, who were either the Contrivers, Actors, or Abettors of the late unjust War made upon the Kingdom of England, are now in Scotland; who undoubtedly do watch for all advantages and opportunities to raise dissensions and divisions between the Nations.

Now forasmuch as I am commanded, To prosecute the remaining part of the Army that invaded the Kingdom of England, wheresoever it should go, to prevent the like miseries: And considering that divers of that Army are retired into Scotland, and that some of the heads of those Malignants were raising new forces in Scotland to carry on the same design; and that they will certainly be ready to do the like upon all occasions of advantage: And forasmuch as the Kingdom of England hath lately received so great damage by the failing of the Kingdom of Scotland in not suppressing Malignants and Incendiaries as they ought to have done; and in suffering Persons to be put in places of great trust in the Kingdom, who by their interest in the Parliament and the Countries, brought the Kingdom of Scotland so far as they could, by an unjust Engagement, to invade and make War upon their Brethren of England:

'Therefore,' my Lords, I hold myself obliged, in

prosecution of my Duty and Instructions, to demand, That your Lordships will give assurance in the name of the Kingdom of Scotland, that you will not admit or suffer any that have been active in, or consenting to, the said Engagement against England, or have lately been in Arms at Stirling or elsewhere in the maintenance of that Engagement, to be employed in any public Place or Trust whatsoever. And this is the least security I can demand. I have received an Order from both Houses of the Parliament of England,* which I hold fit to communicate to your Lordships; whereby you will understand the readiness of the Kingdom of England to assist you who were dissenters from that Invasion; and I doubt not but your Lordships will be as ready to give such further satisfaction as they in their wisdoms shall find cause to desire.

Your Lordships' most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL. §

This was presented on Thursday to the Dignitaries sitting in the Laigh Parliament-House in the City of Edinburgh. During which same day came "the Lord Provost to pay his respects" at Moray House; came "old Sir William Dick," an old Provost nearly ruined by his well-affected Loans of Money in these Wars, "and made an oration in name of the rest;" — came many persons, and quality carriages, making Moray House a busy place that day; "of which I hope a good fruit will appear."

Loudon Cancellarius and Company, from the Laigh Parliament-House, respond with the amplest assent next day:** and on the morrow, Saturday, all business being adjusted, and Lambert left with two horse-regiments to protect

* Votes of September 28th; Commons Journals, vi. 37: "received the day we entered Edinburgh" (Rushworth, *ubi supra*).

§ King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 392, § 19: Printed by Order of Parliament.

** Ibid.

the Laigh Parliament-House from Lanarks and Malignants, — "when we were about to come away, several coaches were "sent to bring up the Lieutenant-General, the Earl of Leven" Governor of the Castle and Scotch Commander-in-Chief, "with Sir Arthur Haselrig and the rest of the Officers, to "Edinburgh Castle; where was provided a very sumptuous "Banquet," old Leven doing the honours, "my Lord Marquis "of Argyle and divers other Lords being present to grace the "entertainment. At our departure, many pieces of ordnance "and a volley of small shot was given us from the Castle; "and some Lords convoying us out of the City, we there "parted." The Lord Provost had defrayed us, all the while, in the handsomest manner. We proceeded to Dalhousie, the Seat of the Ramsays, near Dalkeith: on the road towards Carlisle and home, — by Selkirk and Hawick, I conclude. Here we stay till Monday morning, and leave orders, and write Letters.

LETTER LXXVIII.

A PRIVATE Note in behalf of "this Bearer, Colonel Robert Montgomery," now hastening up to Town; with whom we shall make some farther acquaintance, in another quarter, by and by. Doubtless the request was complied with.

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Honourable House of Commons: These.

SIR, Dalhousie, 8th October 1648.

Upon the desire of divers Noblemen and others of the Kingdom of Scotland, I am bold to become a suitor to you on the behalf of this Gentleman, the Bearer, Colonel Robert Montgomery; son-in-law* to the Earl of Eglinton. Whose faithfulness to you in the late troubles may render him worthy of a far greater favour than I shall, at this time, desire for him: for I can as-

* Mistake of the Lieutenant-General's for "son;" — "youngest son," say the Peerage Books.

sure you, that there is not a Gentleman of that Kingdom that appeared more active against the late Invaders of England than himself.

Sir, it's desired that you would please to grant him an Order for Two-thousand of the common Prisoners that were of Duke Hamilton's Army. You will have very good security that they shall not for the future trouble you: he will ease you of the charge of keeping them, as speedily as any other way you can dispose of them; besides their being in a friend's hands, so as there need be no fear of their being ever employed against you.

Sir, what favour you shall please to afford the Gentleman will very much oblige many of your friends of the Scottish Nation; and particularly

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL. §

LETTER LXXIX.

THE next, of Monday, is on public business; deliberately looking before and after.

To the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Honourable House of Commons: These.

SIR, Dalhousie, 9th October 1648.

In my last, wherein I gave you an account of my despatch of Colonel Bright to Carlisle, after the rendition of Berwick, I acquainted you with my intentions to go to the head-quarters of my horse at the Earl of Winton's, within six miles of Edinburgh; that from thence I might represent to the Committee of Estates what I had further to desire in your behalf.

§ Tanner MSS. (in Cary, ii. 32).

The next day after I came thither, I received an invitation from the Committee of Estates to come to Edinburgh; they sending to me the Lord Kirkcudbright and Major-General Holborn for that purpose; with whom I went the same day, being Wednesday 4th of this instant October. We fell into consideration, What was fit further to insist upon. And being sensible that the late Agreement between the Committee of Estates and the Earls of Crawford, Glencairn, and Lanark, did not sufficiently answer my instructions, which were, To disenable them from being in power to raise new troubles to England: — therefore I held it my duty, Not to be satisfied with the mere disbanding of them; but considering their power and interest, I thought it necessary to demand concerning them and all their abettors, according to the contents of the Paper* here enclosed.

Wherein, — having received that very day your Votes for giving further assistance "to the Well-affected in Scotland," I did in the close thereof acquaint them with the same; reserving such further satisfaction to be given by the Kingdom of Scotland, as the Parliament of England should in their wisdom see cause to desire. The Committee of Estates 'had' sent the Earl of Cassilis, Lord Warriston, and two Gentlemen more to me, To receive what I had to offer unto them; — which upon Thursday I delivered. Upon Friday I received by the said persons this enclosed Answer,** which is the Original itself.

Having proceeded thus far as a Soldier, and I trust by the blessing of God, not to your disservice; and having laid the business before you, I pray God direct

* Letter LXXVII. ** Already referred to; antea, p. 73.

you to do further as may be for His glory, the good of the Nation wherewith you are intrusted, and the comfort and encouragement of the Saints of God in both Kingdoms and all the World over. I do think the affairs of Scotland are in a thriving posture, as to the interest of honest men: and 'Scotland is' like to be a better neighbour to you now than when the great pretenders to the Covenant and Religion and Treaties, — I mean Duke Hamilton, the Earls of Lauderdale, Traquair, Carnegy, and their confederates, — had the power in their hands. I dare 'be bold to' say that that Party, with their pretences, had not only, through the treachery of some in England (who have cause to blush), endangered the whole State and Kingdom of England; but also 'had' brought Scotland into such a condition, as that no honest man who had the fear of God, or a conscience of Religion, 'and' the *just* ends of the Covenant and Treaties, could have a being in that Kingdom. But God, who is not to be mocked or deceived, and is very jealous when His Name and Religion are made use of to carry on impious designs, hath taken vengeance of such profanity, — even to astonishment and admiration. And I wish from the bottom of my heart, it may cause all to tremble and repent, who have practised the like, to the blasphemy of His Name, and the destruction of His People; so as they may never presume to do the like again! And I think it is not unseasonable for me to take the humble boldness to say thus much at this time.

All the Enemy's Forces in Scotland are now disbanded. The Committee of Estates have declared against all of that Party's sitting in Parliament.* Good

* The Scotch Parliament, which is now getting itself elected.

Elections are 'already' made in divers places; of such as dissented from and opposed the late wicked Engagement: and they are now raising a force of about 4,000 Horse and Foot; — which until they can complete, they have desired me to leave them two Regiments of Horse, and two Troops of Dragoons. Which accordingly I have resolved, conceiving I had warrant by your late Votes so to do; and have left Major-General Lambert to command them.

I have received, and so have the Officers with me, many honours and civilities from the Committee of Estates, the City of Edinburgh, and Ministers; with a noble entertainment; — which we may not own as done to us, but as 'done to' your servants. I am now marching towards Carlisle; and I shall give you such further accounts of your affairs as there shall be occasion.

I am, Sir,
Your humble servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL. §

Cromwell, at Carlisle on the 14th, has received delivery of the Castle there, for which good news let the Messenger have 100*l.** Leaving all in tolerable order in those regions, the Lieutenant-General hastens into Yorkshire to Pontefract or Pomfret Castle;** a strong place which had been surprised in the beginning of the year, and is stubbornly defended; — surrender being a very serious matter now; the War itself being contrary to Law and Treaty, and as good as Treason, think some.

§ King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 392, § 19; see Commons Journals, vi. 54.

* Commons Journals, 20th October 1648.

** Appendix, No. 13.

LETTERS LXXX.—LXXXVI.

THE Governor of Pontefract Castle is one Morris, once the Earl of Strafford's servant; a desperate man: this is the Lieutenant-General's summons to him.

LETTER LXXX.

For the Governor of Pontefract Castle.

SIR, 'Pontefract,' 9th November 1648.

Being come hither for the reduction of this place, I thought fit to summon you to deliver your Garrison to me, for the use of the Parliament. Those gentlemen and soldiers with you may have better terms than if you should hold it to extremity. I expect your answer this day, and rest,

Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL. §

Governor Morris stiffly refuses; holds out yet a good while, — and at last loses his head at York assizes by the business.* Royalism is getting desperate; has taken to highway robbery; is assassinating, and extensively attempting to assassinate.** Two weeks ago, Sunday 29th October, a Party sallied from this very Castle of Pontefract; rode into Doncaster in disguise, and there, about five in the afternoon, getting into Colonel Rainsborough's lodging, stabbed him dead: — murder, or a very questionable kind of homicide.

LETTER LXXXI.

As to Pontefract and Governor Morris, here are some pertinent suggestions, "propositions," the old Pamphlet calls them, sent "in a Letter from Lieutenant-General Cromwell

§ Newspapers (Cromwelliana, p. 48); Rushworth, vii. 1325.
* State Trials. ** Rushworth, vii. 1279 &c., 1315.

and his Officers;" which are "read in the House," and straightway acted upon, to a certain extent: — had they been acted upon in full, that business might have ended sooner.

For the Right Honourable the Committee of Lords and Commons sitting at Derby House: These present.

Knottingley, near Pontefract, 15th November 1648.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

So soon as I came into these parts, I met with an earnest desire from the Committee of this County to take upon me the charge here, for the reducing of the Garrison of Pontefract. I received also commands from my Lord General to the same effect. — I have had sight of a Letter to the House of Commons; wherein things are so represented, as if the Siege were at such a pass that the prize were already gained. In consideration whereof, I thought fit to let you know what the true state of this Garrison is; as also the condition of the country, that so you may not think demands for such things as would be necessary unreasonable.

My Lords, the Castle hath been victualled with Two-hundred and twenty or forty fat cattle, within these three weeks; and they have also gotten in, as I am credibly informed, salt enough for them and more. So that I apprehend they are victualled for a twelvemonth. The men within are resolved to endure to the utmost extremity; expecting no mercy, as indeed they deserve none. The place is very well known to be one of the strongest inland Garrisons in the Kingdom; well watered; situated upon a rock in every part of it, and therefore difficult to mine. The walls very thick and high, with strong towers; and if battered, very difficult of access, by reason of the depth and steepness

of the graft. The County is exceedingly impoverished; not able to bear free-quarter; nor well able to furnish provisions, if we had moneys. The work is like to be long, if materials be not furnished answerable. I therefore think it my duty to represent unto you as followeth: viz. —

That moneys be provided for Three complete regiments of Foot, and Two of Horse; — 'and indeed' that money be provided for all contingencies which are in view, too many to enumerate. That Five-hundred Barrels of powder, 'and' Six good Battering-guns, with Three-hundred shot to each Gun, be speedily sent down to Hull: — we desire none may be sent less than demi-cannons. We desire also some match and bullet. And if it may be, we should be glad that two or three of the biggest Mortar-pieces with shells may likewise be sent.

And although the desires of such proportions may seem costly, yet I hope you will judge it good thrift; especially if you consider that this place hath cost the Kingdom some hundred-thousands of pounds already. And for aught I know, it may cost you one more, if it be trifled withal; besides the dishonour of it, and what other danger may be emergent, by its being in such hands. It's true, here are some two or three great Guns in Hull, and hereabouts; but they are unserviceable: and your Garrisons in Yorkshire are very much unsupplied at this time.

I have not as yet drawn any of our Foot to this place; only I make use of Colonel Fairfax's and Colonel Malevrier's Foot regiments; and keep the rest of the guards with the Horse; — purposing to bring-on some

of our Foot tomorrow. The rest, — these parts being not well able to bear them, — are a little dispersed in Lincoln and Nottingham Shires, for some refreshment; which after so much duty they need, and a little expect.

And indeed I would not satisfy myself nor my duty to you and them, To put the poor men, at this season of the year, to lie in the field: before we be furnished with shoes, stockings and clothes, for them to cover their nakedness, — which we hear are in preparation, and would* be speeded: — and until we have deal-boards to make them courts-of-guard, and tools to cast up works to secure them.

These things I have humbly represented to you; and waiting for your resolution and command, I rest,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL. §

Due *Orders* of the House in consequence, dated Saturday 18th November, can be read in the same old Pamphlet;** — most prompt *Orders*, giving if not "Five-hundred Barrels of powder," yet "Two-hundred-and-fifty;" a middle term, or compliance halfway, which perhaps is as much as one could expect! Pontefract did not surrender till the end of March next.***

Meanwhile, the Royal Treaty in Newport comes to no good issue, and the Forty Days are now done; the Parliament by small and smaller instalments prolongs it, still hoping beyond hope for a good issue. The Army, sternly watchful of it from St. Albans, is presenting a Remonstrance, That a good issue lies not in it; that a good issue must be sought elsewhere than in *it*. By bringing Delinquents to justice;

* Old for "should."

§ King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 394, § 24.

** See also Commons Journals, vi. 81.

*** "22d March" (Commons Journals, vi. 174).

and the CHIEF DELINQUENT, who has again involved this Nation in blood! To which doctrine, various petitioning Counties and Parties, and a definite minority in Parliament and England generally, testify their stern adherence, at all risks and hazards whatsoever.

LETTER LXXXII.

JENNER Member for Cricklade, and Ashe Member for Westbury; these two, sitting I think in the Delinquents' Committee at Goldsmiths' Hall, — seem inclined for a milder course. Wherein the Lieutenant-General does by no means agree with the said Jenner and Ashe; having had a somewhat closer experience of the matter than they!

"Colonel Owen" is a Welsh Delinquent; I find he is a Sir John Owen, — the same Sir John who seized my Lord Archbishop's Castle of Conway, in that violent manner long since.* A violent man, now got into trouble enough; of whom there arises life-and-death question by and by. "The Governor of Nottingham" is Colonel Hutchinson, whom we know. Sir Marmaduke Langdale we also know, — and "presume you have heard what is become of him?" Sir Marmaduke, it was rigorously voted on the 6th of this month, is one of the "Seven that shall be excepted from pardon;" whom the King himself, if he bargain with us, shall never forgive.** He escaped afterwards from Nottingham Castle, by industry of his own.

To the Honourable my honoured Friends Robert Jenner and John Ashe, Esquires, at London: These.

Knottingley, near Pontefract,
20th November 1648.

GENTLEMEN,

I received an Order from the Governor of Nottingham, directed to him from you, To bring up Colonel Owen, or take bail for his coming up to make his com-

* Antea, Letter xlv.
** Commons Journals, vi. 70.

position, he having made an humble Petition to the Parliament for the same.

If I be not mistaken, the House of Commons did vote all those 'persons' Traitors that did adhere to, or bring in, the Scots in their late Invading of this Kingdom under Duke Hamilton. And not without very clear justice; this being a more prodigious Treason than any that had been perfected before; because the former quarrel was that Englishmen might rule over one another; this to vassalise us to a foreign Nation. And their fault who have appeared in this Summer's business is certainly double to theirs who were in the first, because it is the repetition of the same offence against all the witnesses that God has borne,* by making and abetting a Second War.

And if this be their justice,** and upon so good grounds, I wonder how it comes to pass that so eminent actors should so easily be received to compound. You will pardon me if I tell you how contrary this is to some of your judgments at the rendition of Oxford: though we had the Town in consideration,*** and 'our' blood saved to boot; yet Two Years perhaps was thought too little to expiate their offence.† But now, when

* From Naseby downwards, God, in the battle-whirlwind, seemed to speak and witness very audibly.

** House of Commons's.

*** Town as some recompense.

† Sentence unintelligible to the careless reader, so hasty is it, and over-crowded with meaning in the original. "Give me leave to tell you "that, if it were contrary to some of your judgments, that at the rendition "of Oxford, though we had the Town in consideration, and blood saved to "boot; yet Two Years perhaps," &c. — Oxford was surrendered 20th-24th June 1646 (antea, Letter xxxv; the Malignants found there were to have a composition, not exceeding Two Years revenue for estates of inheritance (Rushworth, vi. 280, 5), — which the victorious Presbyterian Party, belike Jenner and Ashe among the rest, had exclaimed against as too lenient a procedure. Very different now when the new Malignants, though a *doubly* criminal set, are bone of their own bone!

you have such men in your hands, and it will cost you nothing to do justice; now after all this trouble and the hazard of a Second War, — for a little more money* all offences shall be pardoned!

This Gentleman was taken with Sir Marmaduke Langdale, in their flight together: — I presume you have heard what is become of *him*. Let me remember you that out of the 'same' Garrison was fetched not long since (I believe while we were in heat of action) Colonel Humphrey Mathews, than whom this Cause we have fought for has not had a more dangerous enemy; — and he not guilty only of being an enemy, but he apostatised from your Cause and Quarrel; having been a Colonel, if not more, under you, and 'then' the desperatest promoter of the Welsh Rebellion amongst them all! And how near you were brought to ruin thereby, all men that know anything can tell;** and this man was taken away by composition, by what order I know not.

Gentlemen, though my sense does appear more severe than perhaps you would have it, yet give me leave to tell you I find a sense among the Officers concerning such things as 'the treatment of' those men, to amazement; — which truly is not so much to see their blood made so cheap, as to see such manifest witnessings of God, so terrible and so just, no more reverenced.

I have directed the Governor to acquaint the Lord-General herewith; and rest,

Gentlemen,
Your most obedient servant,
'Oliver Cromwell.' §

* Goldsmiths' Hall has a true feeling for Money; a dimmer one for Justice, it seems!

** Witness Chepstow, St. Fagan's, Pembroke: — "this man" is Mathews.

§ Sloane MSS. 1519, fol. 94.

Here is a sour morsel for Jenner and Ashe; different from what they were expecting! It is to be hoped they will digest this piece of admonition, and come forth on the morrow two sadder and two wiser men. For Colonel Owen, at all events, there is clearly no outlook, at present, but sitting reflective in the strong-room of Nottingham Castle, whither his bad Genius has led him. May escape beheading on this occasion; but very narrowly. He "was taken with Sir Marmaduke in their flight together:" one of the confused Welshmen discomfited in June and July last, who had fled to join Hamilton, and be worse discomfited a second time. The House some days ago had voted that "Sir John Owen," our "Colonel Owen," should get off with "banishment;" likewise that Lord Capel, the Earl of Holland, and other capital Delinquents should be "banished;" and even that James Earl of Cambridge (James Duke of Hamilton) should be "*fined* 100,000*l.*" Such votes are not unlikely to produce "a sense amongst the Officers," who had to grapple with these men, as with devouring dragons lately, life to life. Such votes — will need to be rescinded.* Such, and some others! For indeed the Presbyterian Party has rallied in the House during the late high blaze of Royalism; and got a Treaty set on foot as we saw, and even got the Eleven brought back again. —

Jenner and Ashe are old stagers, having entered Parliament at the beginning. They are frequently seen in public business; assiduous subalterns. Ashe sat afterwards in Oliver's Parliaments.** Of this Ashe I will remember another thing: once, some years ago, when the House was about thanking some Monthly-fast Preacher, Ashe said pertinently, "What is the use of thanking a Preacher who spoke so low that nobody could hear him?" ***

Colonel Humphrey Mathews, we are glad to discover,† was one of the persons taken in Pembroke Castle by Oliver himself in July last: brought along with him, on the march

* Passed, 10th November 1648 (Commons Journals, vi. 3); repealed 13th December (with a Declaration; Somers Tracts, v. 167).

** Parliamentary History, xxi. 3. *** D'Ewes MSS. p. 414.

† Cromwelliana, pp. 41, 42.

towards Preston, and left, as the other Welsh Prisoners were, at Nottingham; — out of which most just durance some pragmatical official, Ashe, Jenner, or another, "by what order I know not," has seen good to deliver him; him, "the desperatest promoter of the Welsh Rebellion amongst them all." Such is red-tape even in a Heroic Puritanic Age! No wonder "the Officers have a sense of it," amounting even "to amazement." Our blood that we have shed in the Quarrel, this you shall account as nothing, since you so please; but these "manifest witnessings of God, so terrible and so just," — are they not witnessings of God; are they mere sports of chance? Ye wretched infidel red-tape mortals, what will or can become of you? By and by, if this course hold, it will appear that "you are no Parliament;" that you are a nameless unbelieving rabble, with the mere title of Parliament, who must go about your business elsewhither, with soldiers' pikes in your rearward! —

This Lieutenant-General is not without temper, says Mr. Maidston: "temper exceeding fiery, as I have known; yet the "flame of it kept down for most part, or soon allayed; — and "naturally compassionate towards objects in distress, even to "an effeminate measure. Though God had made him a heart "wherein was left little room for any fear but what was due to "God Himself, yet did he exceed in tenderness towards sufferers,"* — yes, and in rigour against infidel quacks and godless detestable persons, which is the opposite phasis of that, he was by no means wanting!

LETTER LXXXIII.

"All the Regiments here have petitioned my Lord General "against the Treaty" at Newport, "and for Justice and a "Settlement of the Kingdom. They desired the Lieutenant-"General to recommend their Petition; which he hath done in "the Letter following;" — which is of the same date, and goes in the same bag with that to Jenner and Ashe, just given.

* Maidston's Letter to Winthrop (Thurloe, i. 766).

For his Excellency the Lord General Fairfax, 'at St. Albans: These.'

MY LORD, Knottingley, 20th November 1648.

I find in the Officers of the Regiments a very great sense of the sufferings of this poor Kingdom; and in them all a very great zeal to have impartial Justice done upon Offenders. And I must confess, I do in all, from my heart, concur with them; and I verily think and am persuaded they are things which God puts into our hearts.

I shall not need to offer anything to your Excellency: I know, God teaches you; and that He hath manifested His presence so to you as that you will give glory to Him in the eyes of all the world. I held it my duty, having received these Petitions and Letters, and being 'so' desired by the framers thereof, — to present them to you. The good Lord work His will upon your heart, enabling you to it; and the presence of Almighty God go along with you. Thus prays,

My Lord,
Your most humble and faithful servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL. §

This same day, Monday 20th November 1648, the Army from St. Albans, by Colonel Ewer and a Deputation, presents its humble unanimous "Remonstrance" to the House; craving that the same be taken "into speedy and serious considera-"tion."* It is indeed a most serious Document; tending to the dread Unknown! Whereupon ensue "high debates," Whether we shall take it into consideration? Debates to be resumed this day week. The Army, before this day week,

§ Rushworth, vii. 1339.

* Commons Journals, vi. 81; Remonstrance itself in Rushworth, vii. 1330.

moves up to Windsor; will see a little what consideration there is. Newport Treaty is just expiring; Presbyterian Royalism, on the brink of desperate crisis, adds still two days of life to it.

LETTER LXXXIV.

The Army came to Windsor on Saturday the 25th; on which same day Oliver, from Knottingley, is writing a remarkable Letter, the last of the series, to Hammond in the Isle of Wight, who seems to be in much strait about "that Person" and futile Treaty now under his keeping there.

First, however, read this Note, of like date, on a local matter: one of many Notes which a vigilant Lieutenant-General, be where he may, has to importune the Governing Powers with. Hull Garrison and Governor Overton, like most garrisons and persons, are short of pay. Grocers' Hall, Haberdashers' Hall, or some section of the Finance Department, ought absolutely to take thought of it.

For my noble Friend Thomas St. Nicholas, Esquire: 'These, at London.'

Sir, Knottingley, 25th November 1648.

I suppose it's not unknown to you how much the Country is in arrear to the Garrison of Hull; — as likewise how probable it is that the Garrison will break, unless some speedy course be taken to get them money; the soldiers at the present being ready to mutiny, as not having money to buy them bread; and without money the stubborn Townspeople will not trust them for the worth of a penny.

Sir, I must beg of you that, as you tender the good of the Country, so far as the security of that Garrison is motioned, you would give your assistance to the helping of them to their money which the

Country owes them. The Governor will apply himself to you, either in person or by letter. I pray you do for him herein as in a business of very high consequence. I am the more earnest with you, as having a very deep sense how dangerous the event may be, of their being neglected in the matter of their pay. I rest upon your favour herein; — and subscribe myself,

Sir,

Your very humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL. §

Hull Garrison does not "break:" doubtless St. Nicholas, a chief Clerk, of weight in his department, did what he could. A Kentish man this St. Nicholas, if any one could be supposed to care what he was; came to be Recorder of Canterbury, and even refractory Member for Canterbury;* has his seat, for the present, in the Grocers'-Hall region, among the budgets or "bottomless bags," as Independency Walker calls them. And now for the remarkable Letter contemporaneous with this:

LETTER LXXXV.

To Colonel Robert Hammond: These.

'Knottingley, near Pontefract,'
25th November 1648.

DEAR ROBIN,

No man rejoiceth more to see a line from thee than myself. I know thou hast long been under trial. Thou shalt be no loser by it. All 'things' must work for the best.

Thou desirest to hear of my experiences. I can tell thee: I am such a one as thou didst formerly know, having a body of sin and death; but I thank

§ Kimber's (anonymous) Life of Cromwell (4th edition, London, 1741), p. 92: Not given in the 1st edition; no notice whence.

* Whitlocke, September 1656 (2d edition, p. 642); Parliamentary History, xxi. 8; and Commons Journals, vii. 650, 730.

God, through Jesus Christ our Lord there is no condemnation, though much infirmity; and I wait for the redemption. And in this poor condition I obtain mercy, and sweet consolation through the Spirit. And find abundant cause every day to exalt the Lord, and abase flesh, — and herein* I have some exercise.

As to outward dispensations, if we may so call them: we have not been without our share of beholding some remarkable providences, and appearances of the Lord. His presence hath been amongst us, and by the light of His countenance we have prevailed.** We are sure, the good-will of Him who dwelt in the Bush has shined upon us; and we can humbly say, We know in whom we have believed; who can and will perfect what remaineth, and us also in doing what is well-pleasing in His eyesight.

I find some trouble in your spirit; occasioned first, not only by the continuance of your sad and heavy burden, as you call it, but 'also' by the dissatisfaction you take at the ways of some good men whom you love with your heart, who through this principle, That it is lawful for a lesser part, if in the right, to force 'a numerical majority' &c.

To the first: Call not your burden sad or heavy. If your Father laid it upon you, He intended neither. He is the Father of lights, from whom comes every good and perfect gift; who of His own will begot us, and bade us count it all joy when such things befall us; they being for the exercise of faith and patience, *whereby in the end we shall be made perfect* (James i.).

Dear Robin, our fleshly reasonings ensnare us.

* "and in the latter respect at least." ** At Preston, &c.

These make us say, "heavy," "sad," "pleasant," "easy." Was there not a little of this when Robert Hammond, through dissatisfaction too, desired retirement from the Army, and thought of quiet in the Isle of Wight?* Did not God find him out there? I believe he will never forget this. — And now I perceive he is to seek again; partly through his sad and heavy burden, and partly through his dissatisfaction with friends' actings.

Dear Robin, thou and I were never worthy to be doorkeepers in this Service. If thou wilt seek, seek to know the mind of God in all that chain of Providence, whereby God brought thee thither, and that Person to thee; how, before and since, God has ordered him, and affairs concerning him: and then tell me, Whether there be not some glorious and high meaning in all this, above what thou hast yet attained? And, laying aside thy fleshly reason, seek of the Lord to teach thee what that is; and He will do it. I dare be positive to say, It is not that the wicked should be exalted, that God should so appear as indeed He hath done.** For there is no peace to *them*. No, it is set upon the hearts of such as fear the Lord, and we have witness upon witness, That it shall go ill with them and their partakers. I say again, seek that spirit to teach thee; which is the spirit of knowledge and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, of wisdom and of the fear of the Lord. That spirit will close thine eyes and stop thine ears, so that thou shalt not judge by them; but thou shalt judge for the meek of the Earth, and thou shalt be made able to do accord-

* 6th September of the foregoing Year.

** For other purposes that God has so manifested Himself as, in these transactions of ours, He has done.

ingly. The Lord direct thee to that which is well-pleasing in His eyesight.

As to thy dissatisfaction with friends' actings upon that supposed principle, I wonder not at that. If a man take not his own burden well, he shall hardly others'; especially if involved by so near a relation of love and Christian brotherhood as thou art. I shall not take upon me to satisfy; but I hold myself bound to lay my thoughts before so dear a friend. The Lord do His own will.

You say: "God hath appointed authorities among "the nations, to which active or passive obedience "is to be yielded. This resides in England in the "Parliament. Therefore active or passive resistance" &c.

Authorities and powers are the ordinance of God. This or that species is of human institution, and limited, some with larger, others with stricter bands, each one according to its constitution. 'But' I do not therefore think the Authorities may do *anything*,* and yet such obedience be due. All agree that there are cases in which it is lawful to resist. If so, your ground fails, and so likewise the inference. Indeed, dear Robin, not to multiply words, the query is, Whether ours be such a case? This ingenuously is the true question.

To this I shall say nothing, though I could say very much; but only desire thee to see what thou findest in thy own heart to two or three plain considerations. *First*, Whether *Salus Populi* be a sound position?** *Secondly*, Whether in the way in hand,*** really and

* Whatsoever they like.

** "The safety of the people the supreme law:" is that a true doctrine or a false one?

*** By this Parliamentary Treaty with the King.

before the Lord, before whom conscience has to stand, this be provided for; — or if the whole fruit of the War is not like to be frustrated, and all most like to turn to what it was, and worse? And this, contrary to Engagements, explicit Covenants with those* who ventured their lives upon those Covenants and Engagements, without whom perhaps, in equity, relaxation ought not to be? *Thirdly*, Whether this Army be not a lawful Power, called by God to oppose and fight against the King upon some stated grounds; and being in power to such ends, may not oppose one Name of Authority, for those ends, as well as another Name, — since it was not the outward Authority summoning them that by *its* power, made the quarrel lawful, but the quarrel was lawful in itself? If so, it may be, acting will be justified *in foro humano*. — But truly this kind of reasonings may be but fleshly, either with or against: only it is good to try what truth may be in them. And the Lord teach us.

My dear Friend, let us look into providences; surely they mean somewhat. They hang so together; have been so constant, so clear, unclouded. Malice, swoln malice against God's people, now called "Saints," to root out their name; — and yet they, 'these poor Saints,' getting arms, and therein blessed with defence and more! — I desire, he that is for a principle of suffering** would not too much slight this. I slight not him who is so minded: but let us beware lest fleshly reasoning see more safety in making use of this principle than in acting! Who acts, if he resolve not through God to be willing to part with all? Our hearts are very deceitful, on the right and on the left.

* Us soldiers. ** Passive obedience.

What think you of Providence disposing the hearts of so many of God's people this way, — especially in this poor Army, wherein the great God has vouchsafed to appear! I know not one Officer among us but is on the increasing hand.* And let me say, it is after much patience, — here in the North. We trust, the same Lord who hath framed our minds in our actings is with us in this also. And all contrary to a natural tendency, and to those comforts *our* hearts could wish to enjoy as well as others. And the difficulties probably to be encountered with, and the enemies: — not few; even all that is glorious in this world. Appearance of united names, titles and authorities 'all against us;' — and yet not terrified, 'we;' only desiring to fear our great God, that we do nothing against His will. Truly this is our condition.**

And to conclude. We in this Northern Army were in a waiting posture; desiring to see what the Lord would lead us to. And a Declaration*** is put out, at which many are shaken: — although we could perhaps have wished the stay of it till after the Treaty, yet seeing it is come out, we trust to rejoice in the will of the Lord, waiting His further pleasure. — Dear Robin, beware of men; look up to the Lord. Let Him be free to speak and command in thy heart. Take

* Come or coming over to this opinion.

** The incorrect original, rushing on in an eager ungrammatical manner, were it not that common readers might miss the meaning of it, would please me better; at any rate I subjoin it here as somewhat characteristic: "And let me say it is here in the North after much patience, we trust the "same Lord who hath framed our minds in our actings, is with us in this "also. And this contrary to a natural tendency, and to those comforts our "hearts could wish to enjoy with others. And the difficulties probably to "be encountered with, and the enemies, not few, even all that is glorious "in this world, with appearance of united names, titles and authorities, and "yet not terrified, only" &c.

*** Remonstrance of the Army, presented by Ewer on Monday last.

heed of the things I fear thou hast reasoned thyself into; and thou shalt be able through Him, without consulting flesh and blood, to do valiantly for Him and His people.

Thou mentionest somewhat as if, by acting against such opposition as is like to be, there will be a tempting of God. Dear Robin, tempting of God ordinarily is either by acting presumptuously in carnal confidence, or in unbelief through diffidence: both these ways Israel tempted God in the wilderness, and He was grieved by them. Not the encountering 'of' difficulties, therefore, makes us to tempt God; but the acting before and without faith.* If the Lord have in any measure persuaded His people, as generally He hath, of the lawfulness, nay of the *duty*, — this persuasion prevailing upon the heart is faith; and acting thereupon is acting in faith; and the more the difficulties are, the more the faith. And it is most sweet that he who is not persuaded have patience towards them that are, and judge not: and this will free thee from the trouble of others' actings, which, thou sayest, adds to thy grief. Only let me offer two or three things, and I have done.

Dost thou not think this fear of the Levellers (of whom there is no fear) "that they would destroy Nobility," '&c.' has caused some to take up corruption, and find it lawful to make this ruining hypocritical Agreement, on one part?** Hath not this biased even some good men? I will not say, the thing they fear will come upon them; but if it do, they will themselves bring it upon themselves. Have not some of our friends, by their passive principle (which I judge

* Very true, my Lord General, — then, now, and always!
** Hollow Treaty at Newport.

not, only I think it liable to temptation as well as the active, and neither of them good but as we are led into them of God, and neither of them to be reasoned into, because the heart is deceitful), — been occasioned to overlook what is just and honest, and to think the people of God may have as much or more good the one way than the other? Good by this Man, — against whom the Lord hath witnessed; and whom thou knowest! Is this so in their hearts; or is it reasoned, forced in?*

Robin, I have done. Ask we our hearts, Whether we think that, after all, these dispensations, the like to which many generations cannot afford, — should end in so corrupt reasonings of good men; and should so hit the designings of bad? Thinkest thou, in thy heart, that the glorious dispensations of God point out to this? Or to teach His people to trust in Him, and to wait for better things, — when, it may be, better are sealed to many of their spirits?** And I, as a poor looker-on, I had rather live in the hope of that spirit 'which believes that God doth so teach us,' and take my share with *them*, expecting a good issue, than be led away with the others.

This trouble I have been at, because my soul loves thee, and I would not have thee swerve, or lose any glorious opportunity the Lord puts into thy hand. The Lord be thy counsellor. Dear Robin, I rest thine,

OLIVER CROMWELL. §

* I think it is "reasoned" in, and by bad arguments too, my Lord General! The inner heart of the men, in real contact with the inner heart of the matter, had little to do with all that: — alas, *was* there ever any such "contact" with the real truth of any matter, on the part of such men, your Excellency!

** Already indubitably sure to many of them.

§ Birch, p. 101; ends the Volume.

Colonel Hammond, the ingenuous young man whom Oliver much loves, did not receive this Letter at the Isle of Wight whither it was directed; young Colonel Hammond is no longer there. On Monday the 27th, there came to him Colonel Ewer, he of the Remonstrance; Colonel Ewer with new force, with an Order from the Lord General and Army-Council that Colonel Hammond do straightway repair to Windsor, being wanted at head-quarters there. A young Colonel, with dubitations such as those of Hammond's, will not suit in that Isle at present. Ewer, on the Tuesday night, a night of storm and pouring rain, besets his Majesty's lodgings in the Town of Newport (for his Majesty is still on parole there), with strange soldiers, in a strange state of readiness, the smoke of their gun-matches poisoning the air of his Majesty's apartment itself; — and on the morrow morning at eight of the clock, calls out his Majesty's coach; moves off with his Majesty in grim reticence and rigorous military order, to Hurst Castle, a small solitary stronghold on the opposite beach yonder.*

For, at London, matters are coming rapidly to a crisis. The resumed Debate, "Shall the Army Remonstrance be taken into consideration?" does not come out affirmative; on the contrary, on Thursday the 30th, it comes out negative by a Majority of Ninety: "No, we will not take it into consideration." — "No?" The Army at Windsor, thereupon, spends again "a Day in Prayer." The Army at Windsor has decided on the morrow that it will march to London; — marches, arrives accordingly, on Saturday December 2d; quarters itself in Whitehall, in St. James's; "and other great vacant Houses in "the skirts of the City and Villages about, no offence being "given anywhere."** In the drama of Modern History one knows not any graver, more noteworthy scene; — earnest as very Death and Judgment. They have decided to have Justice, these men; to see God's Justice done, and His judgments executed on this Earth. The abysses where the thunders and the splendours are bred, — the reader sees them

* Colonel Cook's Narrative, in Rushworth, vii. 1344.
** Rushworth, vii. 1350.

again laid bare; and black Madness lying close to the Wisdom which is brightest and highest: — and owls and godless men who hate the lightning and the light, and love the mephitic dusk and darkness, are no judges of the actions of heroes! "Shedders of blood?" Yes, blood is occasionally shed. The healing Surgeon, the sacrificial Priest, the august Judge pronouncer of God's oracles to men, these and the atrocious Murderer, are alike shedders of blood; and it is an owl's eye that, except for the *dresses* they wear, discerns no difference in these! — Let us leave the owl to his hootings; let us get on with our Chronology and swift course of events.

On *Monday 4th December*, the House, for the last time, takes "into farther debate" the desperate question, Whether his Majesty's concessions in that Treaty of Newport are a ground of settlement? — debates it all Monday; has debated it all Friday and Saturday before. Debates it all Monday, "till five o'clock next morning;" at five o'clock next morning, decides it, Yea. By a Majority of Forty-six, One-hundred-and-twenty-nine to Eighty-three, it is at five o'clock on Tuesday morning decided, Yea, they are a ground of settlement. The Army Chiefs and the Minority consult together, in deep and deepest deliberation, through that day and night; not, I suppose, without Prayer; and on the morrow morning this is what we see:

Wednesday 6th December 1648, "Colonel Rich's regiment "of horse and Colonel Pride's regiment of foot were a guard "to the Parliament; and the City Trainbands were discharged" from that employment.** Yes, they were! Colonel Rich's horse stand ranked in Palace-yard, Colonel Pride's foot in Westminster Hall and at all entrances to the Commons House, this day: and in Colonel Pride's hand is a written list of names, names of the chief among the Hundred-and-twenty-nine; and at his side is my Lord Grey of Groby, who, as this Member after that comes up, whispers or beckons, "He is one of them: he cannot enter!" And Pride gives the word, "To the

** Rushworth, vii. 1358: — see Whitlocke (2d edition, p. 360), Walker's Independency, &c.

Queen's Court;" and Member after Member is marched thither, Forty-one of them this day; and kept there in a state bordering on rabidity, asking, By what Law? and ever again, By what Law? Is there a colour or faintest shadow of Law, to be found in any of the Books, Yearbooks, Rolls of Parliament, Bractons, Fletas, Cokes upon Lyttleton, for this? Hugh Peters visits them; has little comfort, no light as to the Law; confesses, "It is by the Law of Necessity; truly, by the Power of the Sword."

It must be owned the Constable's baton is fairly down, this day; overborne by the Power of the Sword, and a Law not to be found in any of the Books. At evening the distracted Forty-one are marched to Mr. Duke's Tavern hard-by, a "Tavern called Hell;" and very imperfectly accommodated for the night. Sir Symonds D'Ewes, who has ceased taking notes long since; Mr. William Prynne, louder than any in the question of Law; Waller, Massey, Harley, and other remnants of the old Eleven, are of this unlucky Forty-one; among whom too we count little Clement Walker "in his gray suit with his little stick,"* — asking in the voice of the indomitablest terrier or Blenheim cocker, "By what Law? I ask again, By what Law?" Whom no mortal will ever be able to answer. Such is the far-famed Purging of the House by Colonel Pride.

This evening, while the Forty-one are getting lodged in Mr. Duke's, Lieutenant-General Cromwell came to Town. Pontefract Castle is not taken; he has left Lambert looking after that, and come up hither to look after more important things.

The Commons on Wednesday did send out to demand "the Members of this House" from Colonel Pride; but Pride made respectful evasive answer; — could not, for the moment, comply with the desires of the Honourable House. On the Thursday Lieutenant-General Cromwell is thanked; and *Pride's Purge* continues: new men of the Majority are seized; others scared away need no seizing;—above a Hundred in all;**

* List in Rushworth, p. 1355.

** List in Somers Tracts, vi. 37; — very incorrect, as all the Lists are.

who are sent into their countries, sent into the Tower; sent out of our way, and trouble us no farther. The Minority has now become Majority; there is now clear course for it, clear resolution there has for some time back been in it. What its resolution was, and its action that it did in pursuance thereof, "an action not done in a corner, but in sight of all the Nations," and of God who made the Nations, we know, and the whole world knows! —

LETTER LXXXVI.

DUTCH Dorislaus, the learned Doctor, late Judge-Advocate, employed in many weighty things, and soon to be employed in the weightiest, wants now a very small accommodation which is in the gift of certain Cambridge people. A busy Lieutenant-General, while the world-whirlwind is piping loud, has to write for him this small Note withal:

To the Right Worshipful the Master and Fellows of Trinity Hall in Cambridge: These.

GENTLEMEN, 'London,' 18th December 1648.

I am given to understand that by the late decease of Dr. Duck, his Chamber hath become vacant in the Doctors Commons 'here;' — to which Dr. Dorislaus now desireth to be your tenant: who hath done service unto the Parliament from the beginning of these Wars, and hath been constantly employed by the Parliament in many weighty affairs; and especially of late, beyond the seas, with the States General of the United Provinces.

If you please to prefer him before any other, paying rent and fine to your College, I shall take it as a courtesy at your hands; whereby you will oblige,

Your assured friend and servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.§

§ Trinity-Hall MSS.: in Cambridge Portfolio (London, 1840), ii. 390.

Whether Dorislaus got Duck's Chamber, we shall not ask; being, some three weeks hence, employed as Advocate in the King's Trial, and shortly after assassinated at the Hague for that work,* it proved to be of no importance to Dorislaus. The loud world-whirlwind pipes as before.

DEATH-WARRANT.

The Trial of Charles Stuart falls not to be described in this place; the deep meanings that lie in it cannot be so much as glanced at here. Oliver Cromwell attends in the High Court of Justice at every session except one; Fairfax sits only in the first. Ludlow, Whalley, Walton, names known to us, are also constant attendants in that High Court, during that long-memorable Month of January 1649. The King is thrice brought to the Bar; refuses to plead, comports himself with royal dignity, with royal haughtiness, strong in his divine right; "smiles" contemptuously, "looks with an austere countenance;" — does not seem, till the very last, to have fairly believed that they would dare to sentence him. But they were men sufficiently provided with daring; men, we are bound to see, who sat there as in the Presence of the Maker of all men, as executing the judgments of Heaven above, and had not the fear of any man or thing on the Earth below. Bradshaw said to the King, "Sir, you are not permitted to "issue out in these discoursings. This Court is satisfied of its "authority. No Court will bear to hear its authority questioned "in that manner." — "Clerk, read the Sentence!" —

And so, under date, Monday 29th January 1648-9, there is this stern Document to be introduced; not specifically of Oliver's composition; but expressing in every letter of it the conviction of Oliver's heart, in this, one of his most important appearances on the stage of earthly life.

* Antea, Vol. i. 292.; Wood, iii. 666-8.

To Colonel Francis Hacker, Colonel Huncks, and Lieutenant-Colonel Phayr, and to every of them.

At the High Court of Justice for the Trying and Judging of Charles Stuart, King of England, 29th January 1648.

WHEREAS Charles Stuart, King of England, is and standeth convicted, attainted and condemned of High Treason and other high Crimes; and Sentence upon Saturday last was pronounced against him by this Court, To be put to death by the severing of his head from his body; of which Sentence execution yet remaineth to be done:

These are therefore to will and require you to see the said Sentence executed, in the open Street before Whitehall, upon the morrow, being the Thirtieth day of this instant month of January, between the hours of Ten in the morning and Five in the afternoon, with full effect. And for so doing, this shall be your warrant.

And these are to require all Officers and Soldiers, and others the good People of this Nation of England, to be assisting unto you in this service.

Given under our hands and seals,

JOHN BRADSHAW.
THOMAS GREY, 'LORD GROBY.'
OLIVER CROMWELL.
('and Fifty-six others.') §

"*Tetræ belluæ, ac molossis suis ferociores*, Hideous monsters, more ferocious than their own mastiffs!" shrieks Saumaise;*

§ Rushworth, vii. 1426; Nalson's Trial of King Charles (London, 1684); Phelpes's Trial of &c. &c.

* Salmasii *Defensio Regia* (Sumptibus regiis, 1650), p. 6.

shrieks all the world, in unmelodious soul-confusing diapason of distraction, — happily at length grown very faint in our day. The truth is, no modern reader can conceive the then atrocity, ferocity, unspeakability of this fact. First, after long reading in the old dead Pamphlets does one see the magnitude of it. To be equalled, nay to be preferred think some, in point of horror, to "the Crucifixion of Christ." Alas, in these irreverent times of ours, if all the Kings of Europe were cut in pieces at one swoop, and flung in heaps in St. Margaret's Churchyard on the same day, the emotion would, in strict arithmetical truth, be small in comparison! We know it not, this atrocity of the English Regicides; shall never know it. I reckon it perhaps the most daring action any Body of Men to be met with in History ever, with clear consciousness, deliberately set themselves to. Dread Phantoms, glaring supernal on you, — when once they are quelled and their light snuffed out, none knows the terror of the Phantom! The Phantom is a poor paper-lantern with a candle-end in it, which any whipster dare now beard.

A certain Queen in some South-Sea Island, I have read in Missionary Books, had been converted to Christianity; did not any longer believe in the old gods. She assembled her people; said to them, "My faithful People, the gods do *not* dwell in that burning-mountain in the centre of our Isle. That is not God; no, that is a common burning-mountain, — mere culinary fire burning under peculiar circumstances. See, I will walk before you to that burning-mountain; will empty my wash-bowl into it, cast my slipper over it, defy it to the uttermost, and stand the consequences!" — She walked accordingly, this South-Sea Heroine, nerved to the sticking-place; her people following in pale horror and expectancy: she did her experiment; — and, I am told, they have truer notions of the gods in that Island ever since! Experiment which it is now very easy to *repeat*, and very needless. Honour to the Brave who deliver us from Phantom-dynasties, in South-Sea Islands and in North.

This action of the English Regicides did in effect strike a

damp like death through the heart of Flunkeyism universally in this world. Whereof Flunkeyism, Cant, Cloth-worship, or whatever ugly name it have, has gone about incurably sick ever since; and is now at length, in these generations, very rapidly dying. The like of which action will not be needed for a thousand years again. Needed, alas — not till a new genuine Hero-worship has arisen, has perfected itself; and had time to degenerate into a Flunkeyism and Cloth-worship again! Which I take to be a very long date indeed.

Thus ends the Second Civil War. In Regicide, in a Commonwealth and Keepers of the Liberties of England. In punishment of Delinquents, in abolition of Cobwebs; — if it be possible, in a Government of Heroism and Veracity; at lowest, of Anti-Flunkeyism, Anti-Cant, and the *endeavour* after Heroism and Veracity.

PART V.

CAMPAIGN IN IRELAND.

1649.

LETTERS LXXXVII.—XCVI.

On *Tuesday 30th January* 1648—9, it is ordered in the Commons House, "That the Post be stayed until tomorrow morning, ten of the clock;" and the same afternoon, the King's Execution having now taken place, Edward Dendy Sergeant-at-Arms, with due trumpeters, pursuivants and horse-troops, notifies, loud as he can blow, at Cheapside and elsewhere, openly to all men, That whosoever shall proclaim a new King, Charles Second or another, without authority of Parliament, in this Nation of England, shall be a Traitor and suffer death. For which service, on the morrow, each trumpeter receives "ten shillings" of the public money, and Sergeant Dendy himself — shall see what he will receive.* And all Sheriffs, Mayors of Towns and such like are to do the same in their respective localities, that the fact be known to every one.

After which follow, in Parliament and out of it, such debatings, committee-ings, consultings towards a Settlement of this Nation, as the reader can in a dim way sufficiently fancy for himself on considering the two following facts.

First, That on *February 13th*, Major Thomas Scott, an honourable Member whom we shall afterwards know better, brings in his Report or Ordinance for a Council of State, to be henceforth the Executive among us; which Council, to the number of Forty-one Persons, is thereupon nominated by

* Commons Journals, vi. 126; Scobell's Acts and Ordinances (London, 1658, 1657), ii. 3.

Parliament; and begins its Sessions at Derby House on the 17th. Bradshaw, Fairfax, Cromwell, Whitlocke, Harry Marten, Ludlow, Vane the Younger, and others whom we know, are of this Council.

Second, That, after much adjustment and new-modelling, new Great Seals, new Judges, Sergeants-maces, there comes out, on *May 19th*, an emphatic Act, brief as Sparta, in these words: "Be it declared and enacted by this present Parliament, "and by the authority of the same: That the People of Eng- "land, and of all the dominions and territories thereunto be- "longing, are and shall be, and are hereby constituted, made, "established and confirmed to be A COMMONWEALTH OR FREE- "STATE; and shall from henceforth be governed as a Common- "wealth and Free-State, — by the Supreme Authority of this "Nation the Representatives of the People in Parliament, "and by such as they shall appoint and constitute officers and "ministers under them for the good of the People; and that "without any King or House of Lords." * — What modelling and consulting has been needed in the interim, the reader shall conceive.

Strangely enough, among which great national transactions the following small family-matters again turn up; asserting that they too had right to happen in this world, and keep memory of themselves, — and show how a Lieutenant-General's mind, busy pulling down Idolatrous Kingships, and setting up Religious Commonwealths, has withal an idle eldest Son to marry! —

There occurred "a stick" as we saw some time ago,** in this Marriage-treaty: but now it gathers life again; — and, not to agitate the reader's sympathies overmuch, we will say at once that it took effect this time; that Richard Cromwell was actually wedded to Dorothy Mayor, at Hursley, on May-day 1649; *** and, one point fairly settled at last! — But now

* Scobell, ii. 80; Commons Journals, 19th May.
** Letter LVI. vol. i. p. 313.
*** Noble, i. 188.

mark farther how Anne, second daughter of the House of Hursley, came to be married not long after to "John Dunch of Pusey in Berkshire;" which Dunch of Pusey had a turn for collecting Letters. How Dunch, groping about Hursley in subsequent years, found "Seventeen Letters of Cromwell," and collected them, and laid them up at Pusey; how, after a century or so, Horace Walpole, likewise a collector of Letters, got his eye upon them; transcribed them, imparted them to dull Harris.* From whom, accordingly, here they still are and continue. This present fascicle of Ten is drawn principally from the Pusey stock; the remainder will introduce themselves in due course.

LETTER LXXXVII.

Colonel Norton, "dear Dick," was purged out by Pride; lazy Dick and lazy Frank Russel were both purged out, or scared away, and are in the lists of the Excluded. Dick, we infer, is now somewhat estranged from Cromwell; probably both Dick and Frank: Frank returned; Dick too, though in a fitful manner. And so, there being now no "dear Norton" on the spot, the Lieutenant-General applies to Mr. Robinson, the pious Preacher at Southampton, of whom we transiently heard already; — a priest and counsellor, and acting as such, to all parties.

For my very loving Friend Mr. Robinson, Preacher at Southampton: These.

Sir, 'London,' 1st February 1648.

I thank you for your kind Letter. As to the business you mention, I desire to use this plainness with you.

When the last overture was, between me and Mr. Mayor, by the kindness of Colonel Norton, — after the meeting I had with Mr. Mayor at Farnham, I desired

* Harris, p. 504.

the Colonel (finding, as I thought, some scruples in Mr. Mayor), To know of him whether his mind was free to the thing or not. Colonel Norton gave me this account, That Mr. Mayor, by reason of some matters as they then stood, was not very free thereunto. Whereupon I did acquiesce, submitting to the providence of God.

Upon your reviving of the business to me, and your Letter, I think fit to return you this answer, and to say in plainness of spirit to you: That, upon your testimony of the Gentlewoman's worth, and the common report of the piety of the Family, I shall be willing to entertain the renewing of the motion, upon such conditions as may be to mutual satisfaction. Only I think that a speedy resolution will be very convenient to both parties. The Lord direct all to His glory.

I desire your prayers therein; and rest,

Your very affectionate friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL. §

"February 1st," — it is Thursday; the King was executed on Tuesday: Robinson at Southampton, I think, must have been writing at the very time.

On Tuesday night last, a few hours after the King's Execution, Marquis Hamilton had escaped from Windsor, and been retaken in Southwark next morning, Wednesday morning. "Knocking at a door," he was noticed by three troopers; who questioned him, detected him; * and bringing him to the Parliament Authorities, made 40*l.* apiece by him. He will be tried speedily, by a new High Court of Justice; he and others.

§ Harris, p. 504; one of the seventeen Letters found at Pusey.
* Cromwelliana, p. 51.

PASS.

To all Officers and Soldiers, and all Persons whom these may concern.

WHEREAS John Stanley of Dalegarth, in the county of Cumberland, Esquire, hath subscribed to his Composition, and paid and secured his Fine, according to the direction of Parliament:

These are to require you to permit and suffer him and his servants quietly to pass into Dalegarth abovesaid, with their horses and swords, and to forbear to molest or trouble him or any of his Family there; without seizing or taking away any of his horses, or other goods or estate whatsoever; and to permit and suffer him or any of his Family, at any time, to pass to any place, about his or their occasions; without offering any injury to him or any of his Family, either at Dalegarth, or in his or their travels: As you will answer your contempt at your utmost perils.

Given under my hand and seal this 2d of February 1648.

OLIVER CROMWELL. §

Oliver's seal of "six quarterings" is at the top. Of course only the seal and signature are specially his: but this one Pass may stand here as the sample of many that were then circulating, — emblem of a time of war, distress, uncertainty and danger, which then was.

The 2d of February is Friday. Yesterday, Thursday, there was question in the House of "many Gentlemen from the Northern Counties, who do attend about Town to make their compositions," and of what is to be done with them. *

§ Jefferson's History and Antiquities of Allerdale Ward, Cumberland (Carlisle, 1842), p. 284.

* Commons Journals, *in die*.

The late business that ended in Preston Fight had made many new delinquents in those parts; whom now we see painfully with pale faces dancing attendance in Goldsmiths' Hall, — not to say knocking importunately at doors in the gray of the morning, in danger of their life! Stanley of Dalegarth has happily got his composition finished, his Pass signed by the Lieutenant-General; and may go home, with subdued thankfulness, in a whole skin. Dalegarth Hall is still an estate or farm, in the southern extremity of Cumberland; on the Esk river, in the Ravenglass district: not far from that small Lake which Tourists go to see under the name of *Devock Water*. Quiet life to Stanley there!

LETTER LXXXVIII.

For my very worthy Friend Richard Mayor, Esquire: These.

SIR, 'London,' 12th February 1648.

I received some intimations formerly, and by the last return from Southampton a Letter from Mr. Robinson, concerning the reviving of the last year's motion touching my Son and your Daughter. Mr. Robinson was also pleased to send enclosed in his a Letter from you, bearing date the 5th of this instant February, wherein I find your willingness to entertain any good means for the completing of that business.

From whence I take encouragement to send my Son to wait upon you; and by him to let you know, That my desires are, if Providence so dispose, very full and free to the thing, — if, upon an interview, there prove also a freedom in the young persons thereunto. What liberty you will give herein, I wholly submit to you.

I thought fit in my Letter to Mr. Robinson, to mention somewhat of expedition; because indeed I know not how soon I may be called into the field, or other

occasions may remove me from hence; having for the present some liberty of stay in London. The Lord direct all to His glory. I rest,

Sir,

Your very humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL. §

Thomas Scott is big with the Council of State at present, he produces it in the House tomorrow morning, 13th February; and the list of actual Councillors, as we said, is voted the next day.

There is also frequent debate about Ireland * in these days, and what is to be done for relief of it; the Marquis of Ormond, furnished with a commission from the Prince, who now calls himself Charles II., reappeared there last year; has, with endless patience and difficulty, patched up some kind of alliance with the Papists, Nuncio Papists and Papists of the Pale; and so far as numbers go, looks very formidable. One does not know how soon one "may be called into the field." However, there will several things turn up to be settled first.

ORDER.

ON the Saturday 17th February 1648-9, more properly on Monday 19th, the Council of State first met, to constitute itself and begin despatch of business. ** Cromwell seems to have been their first President. At first it had been decided that they should have no constant President; but after a time, the inconveniences of such a method were seen into, and Bradshaw was appointed to the office.

The Minute-book of this Council of State, written in the clear old hand of Walter Frost, still lies complete in the State-Paper Office; as do the whole Records of the Committee of

§ Harris, p. 505; one of the Pusey seventeen.
* Cromwelliana, 14th February, &c.
** Commons Journals, vi. 146.

Both Kingdoms, of the Committee of Sequestrations in Goldsmiths' Hall, and many other Committees and officialities of the Period. By the long labour of Mr. Lemon, these waste Documents, now gathered into volumes, classed, indexed, methodised, have become singularly accessible. Well read, the thousandth or perhaps ten-thousandth part of them well excerpted, and the nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine parts well forgotten, much light for what is really English History might still be gathered there. Alas, if the Half million of money, or but the twentieth part of it, wasted in mere stupidities upon the old-parchment Record Commission, had been expended upon wise labours here! — But to our "*Order*."

Sir Oliver Fleming, a most gaseous but indisputable historical Figure, of uncertain genesis, uncertain habitat, glides through the old Books as "Master of the Ceremonies," — master of one knows not well what. In the end of 1643 he clearly is nominated "Master of the Ceremonies" by Parliament itself; * and glides out and in ever after, presiding over "Dutch Ambassadors," "Swedish Ambassadors" and such like, to the very end of the Protectorate. A Blessed Restoration, of course, relieved him from his labours. He, for the present, wants to see some Books in the late Royal Library of St. James's. This scrap of paper still lies in the British Museum.

To the Keeper of the Library of St. James's.

THESE are to will and require you, upon sight hereof, to deliver unto Sir Oliver Fleming, or to whom he shall appoint, two or three such Books as he shall choose, of which there is a double copy in the Library: to be by him disposed 'of' as there shall be direction given him by the Council. Of which you are not to fail, and for which this shall be your warrant.

* 2d November 1643, Commons Journals, iii. 299.

Given at the Council of State, this 22d day of February 1648.

In the name, and signed by Order of, the Council of State appointed by Authority of Parliament,

OLIVER CROMWELL,
(*Præses pro tempore*).§

There is already question of selling the late King's goods, crown-jewels, plate, and 'hangings,' under which latter title, we suppose, are included his Pictures, much regretted by the British connoisseur at present. They did not come actually to market till July next. *

LETTER LXXXIX.

REVEREND Mr. Stapylton, of whom we heard once before in Edinburgh, has been down at Hursley with Mr. Richard; Miss Dorothy received them with her blushes, with her smiles; the elder Mayors with "many civilities:" and the Marriage-treaty, as Mr. Stapylton reports, promises well.

For my very worthy Friend Richard Mayor, Esquire: These.

SIR, 'London,' 26th February 1648.

I received yours by Mr. Stapylton; together with an account of the kind reception and the many civilities afforded 'to' them, ** — especially to my Son, in the liberty given him to wait upon your worthy Daughter. The report of whose virtue and godliness has so great a place in my heart, that I think fit not to neglect anything, on my part, which may consummate a close of the business, if God please to dispose the young ones' hearts thereunto, and other suitable ordering 'of'

§ Additional Ayscough MSS. 12,098.
* Scobell, Part ii. 46, the immense Act of Parliament for sale of them.
** To Richard Cromwell and him.

affairs towards mutual satisfaction appear in the dispensation of Providence.

For which purpose, and to the end matters may be brought to as near an issue as they are capable of, — not being at liberty, by reason of public occasions, to wait upon you, nor your health, as I understand, permitting it, — I thought fit to send this Gentleman, Mr. Stapylton, instructed with my mind, to see how near we may come to an understanding one of another therein. And although I could have wished the consideration of things had been between us two, it being of so near concernment, — yet Providence for the present not allowing, I desire you to give him credence on my behalf.

Sir, all things which yourself and I had in conference, at Farnham, do not occur to my memory, through multiplicity of business intervening. I hope I shall with a very free heart testify my readiness to that which may be expected from me.

I have no more at present: but desiring the Lord to order this affair to His glory and the comfort of His servants, I rest,

Sir,
Your humble servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL. §

LETTER XC.

THIS Thursday 8th March 1648-9, they are voting and debating in a thin House, hardly above 60 there, Whether Duke Hamilton, Earl Holland, Lords Capel, Goring, and Sir John Owen, — our old friend "Colonel Owen" of Nottingham

§ Harris, p. 505; one of the Pusey seventeen: Signature only is in Cromwell's hand.

Castle, Jenner and Ashe's old friend,* — are to die or to live?

They have been tried in a new High Court of Justice, and all found guilty of treason, of levying war against the Supreme Authority of this Nation. Shall they be executed; shall they be respited? The House by small Majorities decides *against* the first three: decides in favour of the last; and as to Goring, the votes are equal, — the balance-tongue trembles, "Life or Death!" Speaker Lenthall says, Life. **

Meanwhile, small private matters also must be attended to.

For my very worthy Friend Richard Mayor, Esquire: These.

SIR, 'London,' 8th March 1648.

Yours I have received; and have given further instructions to this Bearer, Mr. Stapylton, to treat with you about the business in agitation between your Daughter and my Son.

I am engaged *** to you for all your civilities and respects already manifested. I trust there will be a right understanding between us, and a good conclusion: and though I cannot particularly remember the things spoken of at Farnham, to which your Letter seems to refer me, yet I doubt not but I have sent the offer of such things now as will give mutual satisfaction to us both. My attendance upon public affairs will not give me leave to come down unto you myself; I have sent unto you this Gentleman with my mind.

I salute Mrs. Mayor, though unknown, with the rest of your Family. I commit you, with the progress of the Business, to the Lord; and rest,

Sir,

Your assured friend to serve you,

OLIVER CROMWELL. §

* Letter LXXXII. vol. ii. p. 88. ** Commons Journals, vi. 159.
*** obliged. § Harris, p. 506; one of the seventeen.

On the morrow morning, poor versatile Hamilton, poor versatile Holland, with the Lord Capel who the first of all in this Parliament rose to complain of Grievances, meet their death in Palace-yard. The High Court was still sitting in Westminster Hall as they passed through "from Sir Robert Cotton's house." Hamilton lingered a little, or seemed to linger, in the Hall; still hopeful of reprieve and fine of 100,000*l.*: but the Earl of Denbigh, his brother-in-law, a Member of the Council of State, stept up to him; whispered in his ear; — the poor Duke walked on. That is the end of all his diplomacies; his Scotch Army of Forty-thousand, his painful ridings to Uttoxeter, and to many other places, have all issued here. The Earl of Lanark will now be Duke of Hamilton in Scotland: may a better fate await him!

The once gay Earl of Holland has been "converted" some days ago, as it were for the nonce, — poor Earl! With regard to my Lord Capel again, who followed last in order, he behaved, says Bulstrode, "much after the manner of a stout "Roman. He had no Minister with him, nor showed any "sense of death approaching; but carried himself all the time "he was upon the scaffold with that boldness and resolution "as was to be admired. He wore a sad-coloured suit, his hat "cocked up, and his cloak thrown under one arm; he looked "towards the people at his first coming up, and put off his hat "in manner of a salute; he had a little discourse with some "gentlemen, and passed up and down in a careless posture." * Thus died Lord Capel, the first who complained of Grievances: in seven years time there are such changes for a man; and the first acts of his Drama little know what the last will be! —

This new High Court of Justice is one of some Seven or Eight that sat in those years, and were greatly complained of by Constitutional persons. Nobody ever said that they decided contrary to evidence; but they were not the regular Judges. They took the Parliament's law as good, without consulting Fleta and Bracton about it. They consisted of

* Whitlocke, p. 380 (the *first* of the *two* pages 380 which there are).

learned Sergeants and other weighty persons nominated by the Parliament, usually in good numbers, for the occasion.

Some weeks hence, drunken Poyer of Pembroke and the confused Welsh Colonels are tried by Court Martial; Poyer, Powel, Laughern are found to merit death. Death however shall be executed only upon one of them; let the other two be pardoned: let them draw lots which two. "In two of the lots "was written, *Life given by God;* the third lot was "The Prisoners were not willing to draw their own destiny; "but a child drew the lots, and gave them: and the lot fell to "Colonel Poyer to die." * He was shot in Covent Garden; died like a soldier, poor confused Welshman; and so ended.

And with these executions, the chief Delinquents are now got punished. The Parliament lays up its axe again; willing to pardon the smaller multitude, if they will keep quiet henceforth.

LETTER XCI.

For my worthy Friend Dr. Love, Master of Benet College, 'Cambridge:' These.

SIR, 'London,' 14th March 1648.

I understand one Mrs. Nutting is a suitor unto you, on the right of her Son, about the renewing of a Lease which holds of your College. The old interest I have had makes me presume upon your favour. I desire nothing but what is just; leaving that to your judgment; and beyond which I neither now nor at any time shall move. If I do, denial shall be most welcome and accepted by,

Sir,
Your affectionate servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL. §

* Whitlocke, 21st April 1649. § Lansdown mss. 1236, fol. 83.

This is not the Christopher Love who preached at Uxbridge, during the Treaty there in 1644; who is now a minister in London, and may again come before us; this is a Cambridge "Dr. Love," of whom I know nothing. Oliver, as we may gather, had befriended him in the old Cambridge days; nothing hard had befallen him during the reform of that University in 1644. Probably in Baker's Manuscripts it might be ascertained in what year he graduated, where he was born, where buried; but nothing substantial is ever likely to be known of him, — or is indeed necessary to be known. "Mrs. Nutting" and he were evidently children of Adam, breathing the vital air along with Oliver Cromwell; and Oliver, on occasion, endeavoured to promote justice and kindness between them; and they remain two "shadows of small Names." *

Yesterday, Tuesday 13th March, there was question in the Council of State about "modelling of the forces that are to go to Ireland;" and a suggestion was made, by Fairfax probably, who had the modelling to do, that they would model much better if they knew first under what Commander they were to go. ** It is thought Lieutenant-General Cromwell will be the man.

On which same evening, furthermore, one discerns in a faint but an authentic manner, certain dim gentlemen of the highest authority, young Sir Harry Vane to appearance one of them, repairing to the lodging of one Mr. Milton, "a small house in Holborn which opens backwards into Lincoln's Inn Fields;" to put an official question to him there! Not a doubt of it they saw Mr. John this evening. In the official Book this yet stands legible:

"*Die Martis*, 13° *Martii* 1648." "That it is referred to the "same Committee," Whitlocke, Vane, Lord Lisle, Earl of Denbigh, Harry Marten, Mr. Lisle, "or any two of them, to speak "with Mr. Milton, to know, Whether he will be employed as "Secretary for the Foreign Languages? and to report to the

* Cooper's Annals, iii. 491; Masters's History of Corpus-Christi College (Cambridge, 1753), pp. 143-54. — Mrs. Nutting, it appears, succeeded (Cambridge MS. *penes me*).

** Order-Book of the Council of State (in the State-Paper Office), i. 86

"Council." * I have authority to say that Mr. Milton, thus unexpectedly applied to, consents; is formally appointed on Thursday next; makes his proof-shot, "to the Senate of Hamburgh," ** about a week hence; — and gives, and continues to give, great satisfaction to that Council, to me, and to the whole Nation now, and to all Nations! Such romance lies in the State-Paper Office.

Here, however, is another Letter on the Hursley Business, of the same date as Letter XCI.; which must also be read. I do not expect many readers to take the trouble of representing before their minds the clear condition of "Mr. Ludlow's lease," of "the 250*l.*," "the 150*l.*," &c., in this abstruse affair: but such as please to do so, will find it all very straight at last. We observe, Mr. Mayor has a decided preference for "my ould land;" land that I inherited, or bought by common contract, instead of getting it from Parliament for Public Services! In fact, Mr. Mayor seems somewhat of a sharp man: but neither has he a dull man to deal with, — though a much *bigger* one.

LETTER XCII.

'*For my worthy Friend Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley: These.*'

SIR, 'London,' 14th March 1648.

I received your Paper by the hands of Mr. Stapylton. I desire your leave to return my dissatisfaction therewith. I shall not need to premise how much I have desired (I hope upon the best grounds) to match with you. The same desire still continues in me, if Providence see it fit. But I may not be so much wanting to myself nor family as not to have some equality of consideration towards it. ***

* Ibid.; Todd's Life of Milton (London, 1826), pp. 96, 108-123.

** *Senatus Populusque Anglicanus Amplissimo Civitatis Hamburgensis Senatui, Salutem.* (In Milton's *Literæ Senatus Anglicani*, this *first* Letter to the Hamburgers is not given.)

*** "it" is not the family, but the match.

I have two young Daughters to bestow, if God give them life and opportunity. According to your Offer, I have nothing for them; nothing at all in hand. If my Son die, what consideration is there to me? And yet a jointure parted with 'on my side.' If she die, there is 'on your side' little 'money' parted with;' 'even' if you have an heir male, 'there is' but 3,000*l.*, 'and' without time ascertained.*

As for these things, 'indeed,' I doubt not but, by one interview between you and myself, they might be accommodated to mutual satisfaction; and in relation to these, I think we should hardly part, or have many words, so much do I desire a closure with you. But to deal freely with you: the settling of the Manor of Hursley, as you propose it, sticks so much with me, that either I understand you not, or else it much fails my expectation. As you offer it, there is 400*l.* *per annum* charged upon it. For the 150*l.* to your Lady, for her life, as a jointure, I stick not at that: but the 250*l.* *per annum* until Mr. Ludlow's Lease expires, the tenor whereof I know not, and so much of the 250*l.* *per annum* as exceeds that Lease in annual value for some time also after the expiration of the said Lease,** — give such a maim to the Manor of Hursley as indeed renders the rest of the Manor very inconsiderable.

Sir, if I concur to deny myself in point of present moneys, as also in the other things mentioned, as afore-

* See Letter LVI. vol. i. p. 313.

** "Ludlow's Lease," &c. is not very plain. The "tenor of Ludlow's Lease" is still less known to us than it was to the Lieutensnt-General! Thus much is clear: 250+150=400 pounds are to be paid off Hursley Manor by Richard and his Wife, which gives a sad "maim" to it. When Ludlow's Lease falls in, there will be some increment of benefit to the Manor; but we are to derive no advantage from that, we are still to pay the surplus "for some time after."

said, I may and do expect the Manor of Hursley to be settled without any charge upon it, after your decease, saving your Lady's jointure of 150*l.* *per annum*, — which if you should think fit to increase, I should not stand upon it. Your own Estate is best known to you: but surely your personal Estate, being free for you to dispose, will, with some small matter of addition, beget a nearness of equality, — if I hear well from others. And if the difference were not very considerable, I should not insist upon it.

What you demand of me is very high in all points. I am willing to settle as you desire in everything; saving for maintenance 400*l.* *per annum*, 300*l.* *per annum*.* I would have somewhat free, to be thanked by them for. The 300*l.* *per annum* of my old land** for a jointure, after my Wife's decease, I shall settle; and in the mean time 'a like sum' out of other lands at your election: and truly, Sir, if that be not good, neither will any lands, I doubt. I do not much distrust, your principles in other things have acted*** you towards confidence. You demand in case my Son have none issue male but only daughters, then the 'Cromwell' Lands in Hantshire, Monmouth- and Gloucester-shire to descend to these daughters, or else 3,000*l.* apiece. The first would be most unequal; the latter 'also' is too high. They will be well provided for by being inheritrixes of their Mother; and I am willing 'that' 2,000*l.* apiece be charged upon those lands 'for them.'

* Means, in its desperate haste: "except that instead of 400*l.* per annum for maintenance, we must say 300*l.*"

** Better than Parliament-land, thinks Mayor! Oliver too prefers it for his Wife; but thinks all land will have a chance to go, if that go.

*** actuated or impelled.

Sir, I cannot but with very many thanks acknowledge your good opinion of me and of my Son; as also your great civilities towards him; and your Daughter's good respects, — whose goodness, though known to me only at a distance and by the report of others, I much value. And indeed that causeth me so cheerfully to deny myself as I do in the point of moneys, and so willingly to comply in other things. But if I should not insist as above, I should in a greater measure than were meet deny both my own reason and the advice of my friends; which I may not do. Indeed, Sir, I have not closed with a far greater Offer of estate; but chose rather to fix here: I hope I have not been wanting to Providence in this.

I have made myself plain to you. Desiring you will make my Son the messenger of your pleasure and resolution herein as speedily as with conveniency you may, I take leave,

And rest,

Your affectionate servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

I desire my service may be presented to your Lady and Daughters. §

On the morrow, which is Thursday the 15th, day also of John Milton's nomination to be Secretary, Lieutenant-General Cromwell was nominated Commander for Ireland; satisfactory appointments both.

§ Harris, p. 507; Dunch's Pusey seventeen.

LETTER XCIII.

The Lieutenant-General is in hot haste today; sends a brief Letter "by your Kinsman," consenting to almost everything. — Mayor, as we saw before, decidedly prefers "my ould land" to uncertain Parliamentary land. Oliver (see last Letter) offered to settle the 300*l.* of jointure upon his old land, after his Wife's decease; he now agrees that half of it, 150*l.*, shall be settled directly out of the old land, and the other half out of what Parliamentary land Mayor may like best. — The Letter breathes haste in every line; but hits, with a firm knock, in Cromwell's way, the essential nails on their head, as it hurries on.

"Your Kinsman," who carries this Letter, turns out by and by to be a Mr. Barton; a man somewhat particular in his ways of viewing matters; unknown otherwise to all men. The Lieutenant-General getting his Irish Appointment confirmed in Parliament, and the conditions of it settled, * is naturally very busy.

For my worthy Friend Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley: These.

Sir, 'London,' 25th March 1649.

You will pardon the brevity of these lines; the haste I am in, by reason of business, occasions it. To testify the earnest desire I have to see a happy period to this Treaty between us, I give you to understand,

That I agree to 150*l.* *per annum* out of the 300*l.* *per annum* of my *old* land for your Daughter's jointure, and the other 150*l.* where you please. 'Also' 400*l.* for present maintenance where you shall choose; either in Hantshire, Gloucester- or Monmouthshire. Those lands 'to be' settled upon my Son and his *heirs male*

* Cromwelliana, p. 54; Commons Journals, &c.

by your Daughter; and in case of *daughters*, only 2,000*l.* apiece to be charged upon those lands.

'On the other hand,' 400*l.* *per annum* free*, to raise portions for my two daughters. I expect the Manor of Hursley to be settled upon your Daughter and her heirs, the heirs of her body. Your Lady a jointure of 150*l.* *per annum* out of it. For compensation to your younger Daughter, I agree to leave it in your power, after your decease, to charge it with as much as will buy in the Lease of the Farm at Allington** by a just computation. I expect, so long as they 'the young couple' live with you, their diet, as you expressed; or in case of voluntary parting 'from you,' 150*l.* *per annum*. 'You are to give' 3,000*l.* in case you have a Son;*** to be paid in two years next following. In case your Daughter die without issue, — 1,000*l.* within six months 'of the marriage.'

Sir, if this satisfy, I desire a speedy resolution. I should the rather desire so because of what your Kinsman can satisfy you in. The Lord bless you and your Family, to whom I desire my affections and service may be presented. I rest,

Your humble servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.§

Your Kinsman can in part satisfy you what a multiplicity of business we are in: modelling the Army for Ireland; — which indeed is a most delicate dangerous operation, full of difficulties perhaps but partly known to your Kinsman!

* Means, "shall be settled on Richard and his Wife, that I may be left free."

** "Ludlow's Lease," I fancy. Anne Mayor, "your younger Daughter," married Dunch of Pusey; John Dunch, to whom we owe these seventeen Letters. See also Letter, 27th August 1657.

*** Grandson, *i. e.*: in the next sentence "die" means more properly *live*.

§ Harris, p. 508; one of the seventeen.

For, in these days, John Lilburn is again growing very noisy; bringing out Pamphlets, *England's New Chains Discovered*, in several Parts. As likewise, *The Hunting of the Foxes from Triploe Heath to Whitehall by Five Small Beagles*,* — the tracking out of Oliver Cromwell and his Grandees, onward from their rendezvous at Royston or Triploe, all the way to their present lodgment in Whitehall and the seat of authority. "Five small Beagles," Five vociferous petitionary Troopers, of the Levelling species, who for their high carriage and mutinous ways have been set to "ride the wooden horse" lately. Do military men of these times understand the wooden horse? He is a mere triangular ridge or roof of wood, set on four sticks, with absurd head and tail superadded; and you ride him bare-backed, in face of the world, frequently with muskets tied to your feet, — in a very uneasy manner! To Lieutenant-Colonel Lilburn and these small Beagles it is manifest we are getting into *New Chains*, not a jot better than the old; and certainly *Foxes* ought to be hunted and tracked. Three of the Beagles, the best nosed and loudest-toned, by names Richard Overton, William Walwyn, Thomas Prince, — these, with Lieutenant-Colonel Lilburn, huntsman of the pack, are shortly after this lodged in the Tower;** "committed to the Lieutenant," to be in mild but safe keeping with that officer. There is, in fact, a very dangerous leaven in the Army, and in the Levelling Public at present, which thinks with itself: God's enemies having been fought down, chief Delinquents all punished, and the Godly Party made triumphant, why does not some Millennium arrive?

LETTER XCIV.

"Compensation," here touched upon, is the "compensation to your younger Daughter" mentioned in last Letter; burden settled on Hursley Manor, "after your decease," "to buy-in the Lease of Allington Farm." Mayor wants it another way; which "seems truly inconvenient," and in brief cannot be.

* Given in Somers Tracts, vi. 44-60.

** 27th March, 11th April 1649 (Commons Journals, *in diebus*).

For my worthy Friend Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley: These.

SIR, 'London,' 30th March 1649.

I received yours of the 28th instant. I desire the matter of compensation may be as in my last to you. You propose another way; which seems to me truly inconvenient.

I have agreed to all other things, as you take me, and that rightly, repeating particulars in your Paper. The Lord dispose this great Business (great between you and me) for good.

You mention to send by the Post on Tuesday.* I shall speed things here as I may. I am designed for Ireland, which will be speedy. I should be very glad to see things settled before I go, if the Lord will. My service to all your Family. I rest,

Sir,
Your affectionate servant,
'OLIVER CROMWELL.'*

LETTER XCV.

WHO the Lawyer, or what the "arrest" of him is, which occasions new expense of time, I do not know. On the whole, one begins to wish Richard well wedded; but the settlements do still a little stick, and we must have patience.

For my worthy Friend Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley: These.

SIR, 'London,' 6th April 1649.

I received your Papers enclosed in your Letter; although I know not how to make so good use of them

* The 30th of March is Friday; Tuesday is the 3d of April.
§ Harris, p. 508.

as otherwise might have been, to have saved expense of time, if the arrest of your Lawyer had not fallen out at this time.

I conceive a draught, to your satisfaction, by your own Lawyer, would have saved much time; which to me is precious. I hope you will send some 'one' up, perfectly instructed. I shall endeavour to speed what is to be done on my part; not knowing how soon I may be sent down towards my charge for Ireland. And I hope to perform punctually with you.

Sir, my Son had a great desire to come down and wait upon your Daughter. I perceive he minds that more than to attend to business here.* I should be glad to see him settled, and all things finished before I go. I trust not to be wanting therein. The Lord direct all our hearts into His good pleasure. I rest,

Sir,

Your affectionate servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

My service to your Lady and Family. §

There is much to be settled before I can "be sent down to my charge for Ireland." The money is not yet got;—and the Army has ingredients difficult to model. Next week, a Parliamentary Committee, one of whom is the Lieutenant-General, and another is Sir Harry Vane, have to go to the City, and try if they will lend us 120,000*l.* for this business. Much speaking in the Guildhall there, in part by Cromwell.** The City will lend; and now if the Army were once modelled, and ready to march —?—

* The dog! § Harris, p. 509.
** 12th April 1649, Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 55).

LETTER XCVI.

HERE, at any rate, is the end of the Marriage-treaty, not even Mr. Barton, with his peculiar ways of viewing matters, shall now delay it long.

For my worthy Friend Richard Mayor, Esquire: These.

SIR, 'London,' 15th April 1649.

Your Kinsman Mr. Barton and myself, repairing to our Counsel, for the perfecting of this Business so much concerning us, did, upon Saturday this 15th of April, draw our Counsel to a meeting: where, upon consideration had of my Letter to yourself expressing my consent to particulars, which 'Letter' Mr. Barton brought to your Counsel Mr. Hales of Lincoln's Inn;* — upon the reading that which expresseth the way of your settling Hursley, your Kinsman expressed a sense of yours contrary to the Paper in my hand, as also to that under your hand of the 28th of March, which was the same as mine as to that particular.

In** that which I myself am to do, I know nothing of doubt, but do agree it all to your Kinsman's satisfaction. Nor is there much material difference 'between us,' save in this, — wherein both my Paper sent by you to your Counsel, and yours of the 28th, do in all literal and all equitable construction agree, *viz.*: To settle an Estate in fee-simple upon your Daughter, after your decease; which Mr. Barton affirms *not* to be your meaning, — although he has not (as to me) formerly made this any objection; nor can the words bear it; nor have I anything more considerable

* "Hales" is the future Judge Hale.

** A mere *comma* here, instead of new paragraph; greatly obscuring the sense: — "as to that particular, and I know nothing of doubt in that which I am to doe, but doe agree itt all," &c.

in lieu of what I part with than this. And I have appealed to yours or any Counsel in England, whether it be not just and equal that I insist thereupon.

And this misunderstanding, — if it be yours, as it is your Kinsman's, — put a stop to the Business; so that our Counsel could not proceed, until your pleasure herein were known. Wherefore it was thought fit to desire Mr. Barton to have recourse to you to know your mind; he alleging he had no authority to understand that expression so, but the contrary; — which was thought not a little strange, even by your own Counsel.

I confess I did apprehend we should be incident to mistakes, treating at such a distance; — although I may take the boldness to say, there is nothing expected from me but I agree to it to your Kinsman's sense to a tittle.

Sir, I desired to know what commission your Kinsman had to help this doubt by an expedient; — who denied to have any; but did think it were better for you to part with some money, and keep the power in your own hand as to the land, to dispose thereof as you should see cause. Whereupon an overture was made, and himself and your Counsel desired to draw it up; the effect whereof this enclosed Paper contains. And although I should not like change of agreements, yet to show how much I desire the perfecting of this Business, if you like thereof (though this be far the worse bargain), I shall submit thereunto; your Counsel thinking that things may be settled this way with more clearness and less intricacy. There is mention made of 900*l.* *per annum* to be reserved: but it comes to but about 800*l.*; my lands in Glamorganshire being

but little above 400*l.* *per annum;* and the 'other' 400*l.* *per annum* out of my Manor in Gloucester- and Monmouth-shire. I wish a clear understanding may be between us; truly I would not willingly mistake. Desiring to wait upon Providence in this Business, I rest,

Sir,
Your affectionate friend and servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.

I desire my service may be presented to your Lady and Daughters.§

This is the last of the Marriage-treaty. Mr. Barton, whom "no Counsel in England" could back, was of course disowned in his over-zeal; the match was concluded; solemnised, 1st May 1649.*

Richard died 12th July 1712, at Cheshunt, age 86;** his Wife died 5th January 1675-6, at Hursley, and is buried there, — where, ever after Richard's Deposition, and while he travelled on the Continent, she had continued to reside. In pulling down the old Hursley House, above a century since, when the Estate had passed into other hands, there was found in some crevice of the old walls a rusty lump of metal, evidently an antiquity; which was carried to the new Proprietor at Winchester; who sold it as "a Roman weight," for what it would bring. When scoured, it turned out, — or is said by vague Noble, quoting vague 'Vertue,' "Hughes's Letters," and '*Ant. Soc.*' (Antiquarian Society), to have turned out, — to be the Great Seal of the Commonwealth.*** If the Antiquaries still have it, let them be chary of it.

§ Harris, p. 509.
* Noble, i. 188. ** Ibid., i. 176, 188.
*** Ibid., i. 196. Bewildered Biography of the Mayors, "Majors or Maijors," ibid., ii. 436-40.

THE LEVELLERS.

While Miss Dorothy Mayor is choosing her wedding-dresses, and Richard Cromwell is looking forward to a life of Arcadian felicity now near at hand, there has turned up for Richard's Father and other parties interested, on the public side of things, a matter of very different complexion, requiring to be instantly dealt with in the interim. The matter of the class called Levellers; concerning which we must now say a few words.

In 1647, as we saw, there were Army Adjutators; and among some of them wild notions afloat, as to the swift attainability of Perfect Freedom civil and religious, and a practical Millennium on this Earth; notions which required, in the Rendezvous at Corkbushfield, "Rendezvous of Ware" as they oftenest call it, to be very resolutely trodden out. Eleven chief mutineers were ordered from the ranks in that Rendezvous; were condemned by swift Court-Martial to die; and Trooper Arnald, one of them, was accordingly shot there and then; which extinguished the mutiny for that time. War since, and Justice on Delinquents, England made a Free Commonwealth, and such like, have kept the Army busy: but a deep republican leaven, working all along among these men, breaks now again into very formidable development. As the following brief glimpses and excerpts may satisfy an attentive reader who will spread them out, to the due expansion, in his mind. Take first this glimpse into the civil province; and discern, with amazement, a whole submarine world of Calvinistic Sansculottism, Five-point Charter and the Rights of Man, threatening to emerge almost two centuries before its time!

"The Council of State," says Whitlocke,* just while Mr. Barton is boggling about the Hursley Marriage-settlements, "has intelligence of certain *Levellers* appearing at St. Mar-"garet's Hill, near Cobham in Surrey, and at St. George's

* 17th April 1649, p. 384.

"Hill," in the same quarter: "that they were digging the "ground, and sowing it with roots and beans. One Everard, "once of the Army, who terms himself a Prophet, is the chief "of them:" one Winstanley is another chief. "They were "Thirty men, and said that they should be shortly Four-"thousand. They invited all to come in and help them; and "promised them meat, drink, and clothes. They threaten to "pull down Park-pales, and to lay all open; and threaten the "neighbours that they will shortly make them all come up to "the hills and work." These infatuated persons, beginning a new era in this headlong manner on the chalk hills of Surrey, are laid hold of by certain Justices, "by the country-people," and also by "two troops of horse;" and complain loudly of such treatment; appealing to all men whether it be fair.* This is the account they give of themselves when brought before the General some days afterwards:

"*April*, 20*th*, 1649. Everard and Winstanley, the chief of "those that digged at St. George's Hill in Surrey, came to the "General and made a large declaration, to justify their pro-"ceedings. Everard said, He was of the race of the Jews," as most men, called Saxon and other, properly are; "That all "the Liberties of the People were lost by the coming in of "William the Conqueror; and that, ever since, the People of "God had lived under tyranny and oppression worse than "that of our Forefathers under the Egyptians. But now the "time of deliverance was at hand; and God would bring His "People out of this slavery, and restore them to their freedom "in enjoying the fruits and benefits of the Earth. And that "there had lately appeared to him, Everard, a vision; which "bade him, Arise and dig and plough the Earth, and receive "the fruits thereof. That their intent is to restore the Crea-"tion to its former condition. That as God had promised to "make the barren land fruitful, so now what they did, was to "restore the ancient Community of enjoying the Fruits of the

* King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 427, § 6 (Declaration of the bloody and unchristian Acting of William Star, &c. in opposition to those that dig upon George-Hill in Surrey); ib. no. 418, § 5, &c.

"Earth, and to distribute the benefit thereof to the poor and "needy, and to feed the hungry and clothe the naked. That "they intend not to meddle with any man's property, nor to "break down any pales or enclosures," in spite of reports to the contrary; "but only to meddle with what is common and "untilled, and to make it fruitful for the use of man. That "the time will suddenly be, when all men shall willingly "come in and give up their lands and estates, and submit to "this Community of Goods."

These are the principles of Everard, Winstanley, and the poor Brotherhood, seemingly Saxon, but properly of the race of the Jews, who were found dibbling beans on St. George's Hill, under the clear April skies in 1649, and hastily bringing in a new era in that manner. "And for all such as will come "in and work with them, they shall have meat, drink, and "clothes, which is all that is necessary to the life of man: and "as for money, there is not any need of it; nor of clothes "more than to cover nakedness." For the rest, "That they "will not defend themselves by arms, but will submit unto "authority, and wait till the promised opportunity be offered, "which they conceive to be at hand. And that as their fore-"fathers lived in tents, so it would be suitable to their condi-"tion, now to live in the same.

"While they were before the General, they stood with "their hats on; and being demanded the reason thereof, they "said, Because he was but their fellow-creature. Being "asked the meaning of that phrase, Give honour to whom "honour is due, — they said, Your mouths shall be stopped "that ask such a question." *

Dull Bulstrode hath "set down this the more largely because it was the beginning of the appearance" of an extensive levelling doctrine, much to be "avoided" by judicious persons, seeing it is "a weak persuasion." The germ of Quakerism and much else is curiously visible here. But let us look now at the military phasis of the matter; where "a

* Whitlocke, p. 384.

weak persuasion" mounted on cavalry horses, with sabres and fire-arms in its hand, may become a very perilous one.

Friday, 20*th April* 1649. The Lieutenant-General has consented to go to Ireland; the City also will lend money; and now this Friday the Council of the Army meets at Whitehall to decide what regiments shall go on that service. "After a solemn seeking of God by prayer," they agree that it shall be by lot: tickets are put into a hat, a child draws them: the regiments, fourteen of foot and fourteen of horse, are decided on in this manner. "The officers on whom the lot fell, in all the "twenty-eight regiments, expressed much cheerfulness at the "decision." The officers did: — but the common men are by no means all of that humour. The common men, blown upon by Lilburn and his five small Beagles, have notions about England's *new* Chains, about the Hunting of Foxes from Triploe Heath, and in fact ideas concerning the capability that lies in man and in a free Commonwealth, which are of the most alarming description.

Thursday, 26*th April*. This night at the Bull in Bishopsgate there has an alarming mutiny broken out in a troop of Whalley's regiment there. Whalley's men are not allotted for Ireland: but they refuse to quit London, as they are ordered; they want this and that first: they seize their colours from the Cornet, who is lodged at the Bull there: — the General and the Lieutenant-General have to hasten thither; quell them, pack them forth on their march; seizing fifteen of them first, to be tried by Court-Martial. Tried by instant Court-Martial, five of them are found guilty, doomed to die, but pardoned; and one of them, Trooper Lockyer, is doomed and not pardoned. Trooper Lockyer is shot, in Paul's Churchyard, on the morrow. A very brave young man, they say; though but three-and-twenty, "he has served seven years in these Wars," ever since the Wars began. "Religious" too, "of excellent parts and much beloved;" — but with hot notions as to human Freedom, and the rate at which the millenniums are attainable, poor Lockyer! He falls shot in Paul's Churchyard on Friday, amid the tears of men and women. Paul's

Cathedral, we remark, is now a Horseguard; horses stamp in the Canons' stalls there: and Paul's Cross itself, as smacking of Popery, where in fact Alablaster once preached flat Popery, is swept altogether away, and its leaden roof melted into bullets, or mixed with tin for culinary pewter. Lockyer's corpse is watched and wept over, not without prayer, in the eastern regions of the City, till a new week come; and on Monday, this is what we see advancing westward by way of funeral to him.

"'About one hundred went before the Corpse, five or six in "a file; the Corpse was then brought, with six trumpets "sounding a soldier's knell; then the Trooper's Horse came, "clothed all over in mourning, and led by a footman. The "Corpse was adorned with bundles of Rosemary, one half "stained in blood; and the Sword of the deceased along with "them. Some thousands followed in rank and file: all had "seagreen-and-black Ribbon tied on their hats, and to their "breasts: and the women brought up the rear. At the new "Churchyard in Westminster, some thousands more of the "better sort met them, who thought not fit to march through "the City. Many looked upon this funeral as an affront to "the Parliament and Army; others called these people "'Levellers;' but they took no notice of any one's sayings."*

That was the end of Trooper Lockyer: six trumpets wailing stern music through London streets; Rosemaries and Sword half-dipt in blood; funeral of many thousands in seagreen Ribbons and black: — testimony of a weak persuasion now looking somewhat perilous. Lieutenant-Colonel Lilburn and his five small Beagles, now in a kind of loose arrest under the Lieutenant of the Tower, make haste to profit by the general emotion; publish on the 1st of May** *their* "Agreement of the People," — their Bentham-Sieyes Constitution; Annual very exquisite Parliament, and other Lilburn apparatus; whereby the Perfection of Human Nature will with a maximum of rapidity be secured, and a millennium straightway arrive, sings the Lilburn Oracle.

* Whitlocke, p. 385. ** Whitlocke's date, p. 385.

May 9th. Richard Cromwell is safe wedded; Richard's Father is reviewing troops in Hyde Park, "seagreen colours in some of their hats." The Lieutenant-General speaks earnestly to them. Has not the Parliament been diligent, doing its best? It has punished Delinquents; it has voted, in these very days, resolutions for dissolving itself and assembling future Parliaments.* It has protected trade; got a good Navy afloat. You soldiers, there is exact payment provided for you. Martial Law? Death, or other punishment, of Mutineers? Well! Whoever cannot stand Martial Law is not fit to be a soldier: *his* best plan will be to lay down his arms; he shall have his ticket, and get his arrears as we others do, — we that still mean to fight against the enemies of England and this Cause.** — One trooper showed signs of insolence; the Lieutenant-General suppressed him by rigour and by clemency; the seagreen ribbons were torn from such hats as had them. The humour of the men is not the most perfect. This Review was on Wednesday: Lilburn and his five small Beagles are, on Saturday, committed close Prisoners to the Tower, each rigorously to a cell of his own.

It is high time. For now the flame has caught the ranks of the Army itself, in Oxfordshire, in Gloucestershire, at Salisbury where head-quarters are; and rapidly there is, on all hands, a dangerous conflagration blazing out. In Oxfordshire, one Captain Thompson, not known to us before, has burst from his quarters at Banbury, with a Party of Two-hundred, in these same days; has sent forth his *England's Standard Advanced;*** insisting passionately on the *New Chains* we are fettered with; indignantly demanding swift perfection of Human Freedom, justice on the murderers of Lockyer and Arnald; — threatening that if a hair of Lilburn and the five small Beagles be hurt, he will avenge it "seventy-and-seven fold." This Thompson's Party, swiftly attacked by his Colonel, is broken within the week; he himself escapes with a

* 15th April 1649, Commons Journals.
** Newspapers (in Cromweiliana, p. 56).
*** Given in Walker's History of Independency, part ii. 168; dated 6th May.

few, and still roves up and down. To join whom, or to communicate with Gloucestershire where help lies, there has, in the interim, open mutiny, "above a Thousand strong," with subalterns, with a Cornet Thompson brother of the Captain, but without any leader of mark, broken out at Salisbury: the General and Lieutenant-General, with what force can be raised, are hastening thitherward in all speed. Now were the time for Lieutenant-Colonel Lilburn; now or never might noisy John do some considerable injury to the Cause he has at heart: but he sits, in these critical hours, fast within stone walls!

Monday, 14*th May*. All Sunday the General and Lieutenant-General marched in full speed, by Alton, by Andover, towards Salisbury; the mutineers, hearing of them, start northward for Buckinghamshire, then for Berkshire; the General and Lieutenant-General turning also northward after them in hot chase. The mutineers arrive at Wantage; make for Oxfordshire by Newbridge; find the Bridge already seized; cross higher up by swimming; get to Burford, very weary, and "turn out their horses to grass;" — Fairfax and Cromwell still following in hot speed, "a march of near fifty miles" that Monday. What boots it; there is no leader, noisy John is sitting fast within stone walls! The mutineers lie asleep in Burford, their horses out at grass; the Lieutenant-General, having rested at a safe distance since dark, bursts into Burford as the clocks are striking midnight. He has beset some hundreds of the mutineers, "who could only fire some shots out of windows;" — has dissipated the mutiny, trodden down the Levelling Principle out of English affairs once more. Here is the last scene of the business; the rigorous Court-Martial having now sat; the decimated doomed Mutineers being placed on the leads of the Church to see:

Thursday, 17*th May*. "This day in Burford Churchyard, "Cornet Thompson, brother to Thompson the chief leader, "was brought to the place of execution; and expressed him-"self to this purpose, That it was just what did befall him;

"that God did not own the ways he went; that he had of-
"fended the General: he desired the prayers of the people;
"and told the soldiers who were appointed to shoot him, that
"when he held out his hands, they should do their duty. And
"accordingly he was immediately, after the sign given, shot
"to death. Next after him was a Corporal, brought to the
"same place of execution; where, looking upon his fellow-
"mutineers, he set his back against the wall; and bade them
"who were appointed to shoot, 'Shoot!' and died desperately.
"The third, being also a Corporal, was brought to the same
"place; and without the least acknowledgment of error, or
"show of fear, he pulled off his doublet, standing a pretty dis-
"tance from the wall; and bade the soldiers do their duty;
"looking them in the face till they gave fire, not showing the
"least kind of terror or fearfulness of spirit." — So die the Leveller Corporals; strong they, after their sort, for the Liberties of England; resolute to the very death. Misguided Corporals! But History, which has wept for a misguided Charles Stuart, and blubbered, in the most copious helpless manner, near two centuries now, whole floods of brine, enough to salt the Herringfishery, — will not refuse these poor Corporals also her tributary sigh. With Arnald of the Rendezvous at Ware, with Lockyer of the Bull in Bishopsgate, and other misguided martyrs to the Liberties of England then and since, may they sleep well!

Cornet Dean who now came forward, as the next to be shot, "expressed penitence;" got pardon from the General: and there was no more shooting. Lieutenant-General Cromwell went into the Church, called down the Decimated of the Mutineers; rebuked, admonished; said, The General in his mercy had forgiven them. Misguided men, would you ruin this Cause, which marvellous Providences have so confirmed to us to be the Cause of God? Go, repent; and rebel no more, lest a worse thing befall you! "They wept," says the old Newspaper; they retired to the Devizes for a time; were then restored to their regiments, and marched cheerfully for Ireland. — Captain Thompson, the Cornet's brother, the first

of all the Mutineers, he too, a few days afterwards, was fallen-in with in Northamptonshire, still mutinous: his men took quarter; he himself "fled to a wood;" fired and fenced there, and again desperately fired, declaring he would never yield alive; — whereupon "a Corporal with seven bullets in his carbine" ended Captain Thompson too; and this formidable conflagration, to the last glimmer of it, was extinct.

Sansculottism, as we said above, has to lie submerged for almost two centuries yet. Levelling, in the practical civil or military provinces of English things, is forbidden to be. In the spiritual provinces it cannot be forbidden; for there it everywhere already is. It ceases dibbling beans on St. George's Hill near Cobham; ceases galloping in mutiny across the Isis to Burford; — takes into Quakerisms, and kingdoms which are not of this world. My poor friend Dryasdust lamentably tears his hair over the "intolerance" of that old Time to Quakerism and such like: if Dryasdust had seen the dibbling on St. George's Hill, the threatened fall of "Park-pales," and the gallop to Burford, he would reflect that Conviction in an earnest age means, not lengthy Spouting in Exeter-Hall, but rapid silent Practice on the face of the Earth; and would perhaps leave his poor hair alone.

On Thursday night, 17th of the month, the General, Lieutenant-General, and chief Officers arrive at Oxford; lodge in All-Souls College; head-quarters are to be there for some days. Solemnly welcomed by the reformed University; bedinnered, bespeeched; made Doctors, Masters, Bachelors, or what was suitable to their ranks, and to the faculties of this reformed University. Of which high doings, degrees and convocation-dinners, and eloquence by Proctor Zanchy, we say nothing, — being in haste for Ireland. This small benefit we have from the business: Anthony Wood, in his crabbed but authentic way, has given us biographical sketches of all these Graduates; biographies, very lean, very perverse, but better than are commonly going then, and in the fatal scarcity not quite without value.*

* Wood's Athenæ, iv. (Fasti, ii. 127-155): the Graduates of Saturday,

Neither do we speak of the thanking in the House of Commons; or of the general Day of Thanksgiving for London, which is Thursday the 7th June (the day for England at large being Thursday 21st), — and of the illustrious Dinner which the City gave the Parliament and Officers, and all the Dignitaries of England, when Sermon was done. It was at Grocers' Hall, this City dinner; really illustrious. Dull Bulstrode, Keeper, or one of the Keepers, of the Commonwealth Great Seal, was there, — Keeper of that lump of dignified metal, found since all rusty in the wall at Hursley; and my Lord of Pembroke, an Earl and Member of the Council of State, "speaking very loud" as his manner was, insisted that illustrious Bulstrode should take place above him. I have given place to Bishop Williams when he was Keeper; and the Commonwealth Great Seal is as good as any King's ever was; — illustrious Bulstrode, take place above me: so!** "On almost "every dish was enamelled a bandrol with the word *Welcome.* "No music but that of drum and trumpet;" no balderdash, or almost none, of speech without meaning; "no drinking of healths or other incivility:" — drinking of healths; a kind of invocation or prayer, addressed surely not to God, in that humour; probably therefore to the Devil, or to the Heathen gods; which is offensive to the well-constituted mind. Four-hundred pounds were given to the Poor of London, that they also might dine.***—

And now for Bristol and the Campaign in Ireland.

19th May 1649, are, *Fairfax*, p. 148; *Cromwell*, p. 152; Colonels *Scrope*, Grosvenor, *Sir Hardress Waller*, *Ingoldsby*, *Harrison*, *Goff*, *Okey*; Adjutant-General Sedascue, Scoutmaster Rowe: and of Monday, 21st, Lieutenant-Colonel *Cobbet*, p. 140; John Rushworth, Cornet *Joyce*, p. 138: — of whom those marked here in Italics have biographies worth looking at for an instant.

* Commons Journals, 26th May 1649.

** Whitlocke, p. 391.

*** Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, pp. 59, 60).

LETTERS XCVII.—CII.

Tuesday, 10*th July* 1649. "This evening about five of the "clock, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland began his journey; by "the way of Windsor, and so to Bristol. He went forth in "that state and equipage as the like hath hardly been seen; "himself in a coach with six gallant Flanders mares, whitish "gray; divers coaches accompanying him; and very many "great Officers of the Army; his Lifeguard consisting of eighty "gallant men, the meanest whereof a Commander or Esquire, "in stately habit; — with trumpets sounding, almost to the "shaking of Charing Cross, had it been now standing. Of his "Lifeguard many are Colonels; and believe me, it's such a "guard as is hardly to be paralleled in the world. And now "have at you, my Lord of Ormond! You will have men of "gallantry to encounter; whom to overcome will be honour "sufficient, and to be beaten by them will be no great blemish "to your reputation. If you say, Cæsar or Nothing: they say, "A Republic or Nothing. The Lord Lieutenant's colours are white."*

Thus has Lord-Lieutenant Cromwell gone to the Wars in Ireland. But before going, and while just on the eve of going, he has had the following, among a multiplicity of other businesses, to attend to.

LETTER XCVII.

Barnabas O'Bryen, Sixth Earl of Thomond, Twentieth-and-odd *King* of Thomond, a very ancient Irish dignitary of the Limerick regions, whom it were still worth while to conciliate, has fallen into "straits," distresses; applies to the Lord Lieutenant to help him a little. The Lord Lieutenant thinks his case good; forwards it with recommendation to Harrington, of the Council of State, the proper official person in such matters. Note, this is by no means Harrington of the *Oceana*,

* Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 62).

this "Sir James;" this is Member ("recruiter") for Rutlandshire, and only a distant cousin of the Oceana's.

What the Earl of Thomond's case was, as we have not seen the "enclosed" statement of it, shall remain somewhat vague to us. Thomond had not joined the Irish Massacre, in 1641; but neither would he join against it; he apologised to the King's Lieutenant on that occasion, said he had no money, no force; retired with many apologetic bows into England to the King himself; leaving his unmonied Castle of Bunratty to the King's Lieutenant, — who straightway found some 2,000*l.* of good money lying hidden in it, and cheerfully appropriated the same. I incline to think, it may be for this Two-thousand-and-odd pounds, to have it acknowledged as a debt and allowed on the Earl of Peterborough's estate, that the poor Earl, "in the modesty of his desires," is now pleading. For he has been in active Royalist services since that passive one; in Ormond Wars, cessations, sequestrations, is a much-mulcted, impoverished man. And as for the Earl of Peterborough his son-in-law, he was one of poor Earl Holland's people in that fatal futile rising of St. Neot's, last year; and is now wandering in foreign parts, in a totally ruined condition. Readers who are curious may follow the indications in the note.* Earl Thomond's modest desire was allowed. Bunratty Castle, where that 2,000*l.* was found "buried in the walls," is now quite deserted by the Thomonds; is now "the largest Police-Barrack" in those Limerick regions.

'*For the Honourable Sir James Harrington, Knight, of the Council of State: These.*'

SIR, 'London,' 9th July 1649.

You see by this Enclosed, how great damage the Earl of Thomond hath sustained by these Troubles, and what straits he and his family are reduced unto by reason thereof. You see the modesty of his desires

* Ludlow, i. 21; Whitlocke (2d edit.), p. 420, see also p. 201; Commons Journals, vi. 279, 445 (15th August 1649, and 23d July 1650) Collins's Peerage, ii. 216; &c. &c.

to be such as may well merit consideration. I am confident, that which he seeks is not so much for advantage of himself, as out of a desire to preserve his son-in-law the Earl of Peterborough's fortune and family from ruin.

If the result of the favour of the House fall upon him, although but in this way, it's very probable it will oblige his Lordship to endeavour the peace and quiet of this Commonwealth. Which will be no disservice to the State; — perhaps of more advantage than the extremity of his Fine. Besides, you showing your readiness to do a good office herein will very much oblige,

Sir,
Your affectionate servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL. §

LETTER XCVIII.

HERE likewise is a Letter which the Lord Lieutenant, in still greater haste, now in the very act of departing, has had to write, — on behalf of his "Partner" or fellow Member for Cambridge; which likewise the reader is to glance at, before going:

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire.

SIR, 'London,' 10th July 1649.

I beseech you, upon that score of favour, if I be not too bold to call it friendship, which I have ever had from you, let me desire you to promote my Partner's humble suit to the House; and obtain, as far as possibly you may, some just satisfaction for him. I know his sufferings for the Public have been great,

§ Tanner MSS. (in Cary, ii. 150).

besides the loss of his calling by his attendance here. His affections have been true and constant; and, I believe, his decay great in his Estate. It will be justice and charity to him; and I shall acknowledge it as a favour to,

Your most humble servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL. §

John Lowry, Esquire, is Oliver's fellow Member for Cambridge. What Lowry's "losses," "estate," "calling," or history in general were remains undiscoverable. One might guess that he had been perhaps a lawyer, some call him a "chandler" or trader,* of Puritan principles, and fortune already easy. He did not sit in the short Parliament of 1640, as Oliver had done; Oliver's former "Partner" one Meautys as we mentioned already, gave place to Lowry when the new Election happened.

Lowry in 1645 was Mayor of Cambridge. Some controversy as to the Privileges of the University there, which was now reformed according to the Puritan scheme, had arisen with the Town of Cambridge: a deputation of Cambridge University men, with "Mr. Vines" at their head, comes up with a Petition to the House of Commons, on the 4th of August 1645; reporting that they are like to be aggrieved, that the "new Mayor of Cambridge will not take the customary oaths," in respect to certain privileges of the University; and praying the House, in a bland and flattering way, to protect them. The House answers: "Yours is the University which is under the protection of this House;" Oxford, still in the King's hands, being in a very unreformed state: "this House can see no learning now in the Kingdom but by your eyes;" — certainly you shall be protected! — Counter-Petitions come from Lowry and the Corporation; but we doubt not the University was protected in this controversy, and Gown made good against

§ Harris, p. 516; Harleian MSS. no. 6988 — collated, and *exact*.
* Cooper's Annals of Cambridge.

Town.* What the controversy specially was, or what became of it, let no living man inquire. Lowry here vanishes into thick night again; nowhere reappears till in this Letter of Cromwell's.

Letter written, as its date bears, on the very day when he set out towards Bristol, to take the command in Ireland, "10th July 1649, about five in the afternoon." In some Committee-room, or other such locality, in the thick press of business, Lowry had contrived to make his way to the Lord Lieutenant, and to get this Letter out of him. Which indeed proved very helpful. For on that day week, the 17th of July 1649, we find as follows: "The humble Petition of John Lowry, Esquire, was this "day read. *Ordered*, That the sum of Three-hundred pounds "be allowed unto the said Mr. John Lowry, for his losses in "the said Petition mentioned: and that the same be charged "upon the revenue: and the Committee of Revenue are "authorised and appointed to pay the same: and the same is "especially recommended to Sir Henry Vane, Senior, to take "care the same be paid accordingly,"**—which we can only hope it was, to the solace of poor Mr. Lowry, and the ending of these discussions.

Ten years later, in Protector Richard's time, on Friday 22d July 1659, a John Lowry, Esquire, now quite removed from Cambridge, turns up again; claiming to be continued "Cheque in Ward in the Port of London,"— which dignity is accordingly assured him till "the first day of October next."*** But whether this is our old friend the Mayor of Cambridge, and what kind of provision for his old age this same Chequeship in Ward might be, is unknown to the present Editor. Not the faintest echo or vestige henceforth of a John Lowry either real or even possible. The rest — gloomy Night compresses it, and we have no more to say.

* See Commons Journals, vi. 229, 241.
** Commons Journals, vi. 263.
*** Ibid. vii. 727.

LETTER XCIX.

Mayor of Hursley, with whom are the young Couple, is connected now with an important man: he has written in behalf of "Major Long;" for promotion as is likely. The important man does not promote on the score of connexion; and mildly signifies so much.

For my very loving Brother Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley: These.

Loving Brother, Bristol, 19th July 1649.

I received your Letter by Major Long; and do in answer thereunto according to my best understanding, with a due consideration to those gentlemen who have abid the brunt of the service.

I am very glad to hear of your welfare, and that our children have so good leisure to make a journey to eat cherries: — it's very excusable in my Daughter; I hope she may have a very good pretence for it! I assure you, Sir, I wish her very well; and I believe she knows it. I pray you tell her from me, I expect she writes often to me; by which I shall understand how all your Family doth, and she will be kept in some exercise. I have delivered my Son up to you; and I hope you will counsel him: he will need it; and indeed I believe he likes well what you say, and will be advised by you. I wish he may be serious; the times require it.

I hope my Sister* is in health; to whom I desire my very hearty affections and service may be presented; as also to my Cousin Ann,** to whom I wish a good husband. I desire my affections may be presented to all your Family, to which I wish a blessing from the

* Mrs. Mayor. ** Miss Mayor, afterwards Mrs. Dunch of Pusey.

Lord. I hope I shall have your prayers in the Business to which I am called. My Wife, I trust, will be with you before it be long, in her way towards Bristol. — Sir, discompose not your thoughts or Estate for what you are to pay me. Let me know wherein I may comply with your occasions and mind, and be confident you will find me to you as your own heart.

Wishing your prosperity and contentment very sincerely, with the remembrance of my love, I rest,

Your affectionate brother and servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL. §

Mayor has endorsed this Letter: "Received 27th July 1649, per Messenger express from Newbury." He has likewise, says Harris, jotted on it "some shorthand," and "an account of his cattle and sheep." — Who the "Major Long" was, we know not: Cromwell undertakes to "do" for him what may be right and reasonable, and nothing more.

Cromwell, leaving London as we saw on Tuesday evening July 10th, had arrived at Bristol on Saturday evening, which was the 14th. He had to continue here, making his preparations, gathering his forces, for several weeks. Mrs. Cromwell means seemingly to pass a little more time with him before he go. In the end of July, he quits Bristol; moving westward by Tenby* and Pembroke, where certain forces were to be taken up, — towards Milford Haven; where he dates his next Letters, just in the act of sailing.

LETTER C.

THE new Lord Lieutenant had at first designed for Munster, where it seemed his best chance lay. Already he has sent some regiments over, to reinforce our old acquaintance Colonel, now Lieutenant-General Michael Jones, at present besieged in

§ Harris, p. 510: no. 8 of the Pusey seventeen.
* At Tenby, 2d August, Commons Journals, vi. 277.

Dublin, and enable him to resist the Ormond Army there. But on the 2d of August an important Victory has turned up for Jones: surprisal, and striking into panic and total rout, of the said Ormond Army;* which fortunate event, warmly recognised in the following Letter, clears Dublin of siege, and opens new outlooks for the Lord Lieutenant there. He sails thitherward; from Milford Haven, Monday, August 13th. Ireton, who is Major-General, or third in command, Jones being second, follows with another division of the force, on Wednesday. Hugh Peters also went; and "Mr. Owen" also, for another chaplain.

The good ship John is still lying in Milford waters, we suppose, waiting for a wind, for a turn of the tide. "My Son" Richard Cromwell, and perhaps Richard's Mother, we may dimly surmise, had attended the Lord Lieutenant thus far, to wish him speed on his perilous enterprise?

'*For my loving Brother Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley: These.*'

LOVING BROTHER, 'Milford Haven,' From Aboard the John, 13th August 1649.

I could not satisfy myself to omit this opportunity by my Son of writing to you; especially there being so late and great an occasion of acquainting you with the happy news I received from Lieutenant-General Jones yesterday.

The Marquis of Ormond besieged Dublin with Nineteen-thousand men or thereabouts; Seven-thousand Scots and Three-thousand more were coming to 'join him in' that work. Jones issued out of Dublin with Four-thousand foot and Twelve-hundred horse; hath routed this whole Army; killed about Four-thousand upon the place; taken 2,517 prisoners, above Three-hundred 'of them' officers, some of great quality.**

* Rout at Rathmines or Bagatrath: Ormond's own Account of it, in Carte's Ormond Papers, ii. 403, 407-11: Jones's Account, in Cary's Memorials, ii. 159-62. Commons Journals, vi. 278 (14th August 1649).

** The round numbers of this account have, as is usual, come over greatly exaggerated (Carte, *ubi supra*).

This is an astonishing mercy; so great and seasonable that indeed we are like them that dreamed. What can we say! The Lord fill our souls with thankfulness, that our mouths may be full of His praise, — and our lives too; and grant we may never forget His goodness to us. These things seem to strengthen our faith and love, against more difficult times. Sir, pray for me, That I may walk worthy of the Lord in all that He hath called me unto! —

I have committed my Son to you; pray give him advice. I envy him not his contents; but I fear he should be swallowed up in them. I would have him mind and understand Business, read a little History, study the Mathematics and Cosmography: — these are good, with subordination to the things of God. Better than Idleness, or mere outward worldly contents. These fit for Public services,* for which a man is born.

Pardon this trouble. I am thus bold because I know you love me; as indeed I do you, and yours. My love to my dear Sister, and my Cousin Ann your Daughter, and all Friends. I rest,

Sir,
Your loving brother,
OLIVER CROMWELL.

'P. S.' Sir, I desire you not to discommodate yourself because of the money due to me. Your welfare is as mine: and therefore let me know, from time to time, what will convenience you in any forbearance; I shall answer you in it, and be ready to accommodate you. And therefore do your other business; let not this hinder. §

* Services useful to all men.

§ Forster's Statesmen of the Commonwealth, iv. 267: From certain mss. of Lord Nugent's.

Of Jones and his Victory, and services in Ireland, there was on the morrow much congratulating in Parliament: revival of an old Vote, which had rather fallen asleep, For settling Lands of a Thousand Pounds a-year on him; and straightway, more special speedy Vote of "Lands to the value of Five-hundred Pounds a-year for this last service;" — which latter Vote, we hope, will not fall asleep as the former had done.*

LETTER CI.

Same date, same conveyance.

To my beloved Daughter Dorothy Cromwell, at Hursley: These.

From Aboard the John, 13th August 1649.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER,

Your Letter was very welcome to me. I like to see anything from your hand; because indeed I stick not to say I do entirely love you. And therefore I hope a word of advice will not be unwelcome nor unacceptable to thee.

I desire you both to make it above all things your business to seek the Lord: to be frequently calling upon Him, that He would manifest Himself to you in His Son; and be listening what returns He makes to you, — for He will be speaking in your ear and in your heart, if you attend thereunto. I desire you to provoke your Husband likewise thereunto. As for the pleasures of this Life, and outward Business, let that be upon the bye. Be above all these things, by Faith in Christ; and then you shall have the true use and comfort of them, — and not otherwise.** I have much

* Commons Journals, vi. 278, 81 (14th, 18th August 1649).

** How true is this; equal, in its obsolete dialect, to the highest that man has yet attained to, in any dialect old or new!

satisfaction in hope your spirit is this way set; and I desire you may grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; and that I may hear thereof. The Lord is very near: which we see by His wonderful works: and therefore He looks that we of this generation draw near to Him. This late great Mercy of Ireland is a great manifestation thereof. Your Husband will acquaint you with it. We should be much stirred up in our spirits to thankfulness. We much need the spirit of Christ, to enable us to praise God for so admirable a mercy.

The Lord bless thee, my dear Daughter.

I rest,

Thy loving Father,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

'P. S.' I hear thou didst lately miscarry. Prithee take heed of a coach by all means; borrow thy Father's nag when thou intendest to go abroad. §

Is the last phrase ironical; or had the "coach," in those ancient roads, overset, and produced the disaster? Perhaps "thy Father's nag" is really safer? Oliver is not given to irony; nor in a tone for it at this moment. These gentle domesticities and pieties are strangely contrasted with the fiery savagery and iron grimness, stern as Doom, which meets us in the next set of Letters we have from him!

On the second day following, on the 15th of August,* Cromwell with a prosperous wind arrived in Dublin; "where," say the old Newspapers,** "he was received with all possible "demonstrations of joy; the great guns echoing forth their "welcome, and the acclamations of the people resounding in

§ Forster, iv. 268: From certain mss. of Lord Nugent's.
* Carte, ii. 83.
** In Kimber: Life of Cromwell (London, 1724), p. 126.

"every street. The Lord Lieutenant being come into the City, "— where the concourse of the people was very great, they "all flocking to see him of whom before they had heard so "much, — at a convenient place he made a stand," rising in his carriage we suppose, "and with his hat in his hand "made a speech to them." Speech unfortunately lost: it is to this effect; 'That as God had brought him thither in safety, 'so he doubted not but by Divine Providence to restore them 'all to their just liberties and properties,' much trodden down by those unblessed Papist-Royalist combinations, and the injuries of war: 'and that all persons whose hearts' affections 'were real for the carrying on of this great work against the 'barbarous and bloodthirsty Irish and their confederates and 'adherents, and for propagating of Christ's Gospel and establishing of Truth and Peace, and restoring of this bleeding 'Nation of Ireland to its former happiness and tranquillity, — 'should find favour and protection from the Parliament of 'England and him, and withal receive such rewards and 'gratuities as might be answerable to their merits.' "This "Speech," say the old Newspapers, "was entertained with "great applause by the people; who all cried out, 'We will "live and die with you!'"

LETTER CII.

Sir George Ayscough, now vigilantly cruising on those coasts, "Vice-Admiral of the Irish Seas," who has done good service more than once, — he ought not to suffer in his private economics by absence on the Public Service.

'*For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament: These.*'

Sir, Dublin, 22d August 1649.

Before my coming for Ireland, I was bold to move the House on behalf of Sir George Ayscough; who then I thought had merited the favour of the Parlia-

ment, but since, much more, by his very faithful and industrious carriage in this place.

It seems, whilst he is attending your service, a Lease he holds of the Deanery of Windsor had like to be purchased over his head, he not coming to buy it himself by the time limited. He holds a very considerable part of his estate in Church-leases; one or more being in Impropriate Tithes, which he and his ancestors have held for a good time: all which is like to determine, and go from him and his, by your Orders.

I found the Parliament well to resent the motion I made on his behalf at that time. I desire you please to revive the business; and to obtain the House's favour for him, which they intended and expressed. He will, I presume, herewith send his humble desires: for which I beg your furtherance; and rest,

Sir,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL. §

Ayscough is a Lincolnshire man. Last year, in the time of the Revolted Ships, he stood true to the Parliament; and brought his own ship off to them, in spite of perils. Serves now under Blake; is fast rising as a Sea-officer. The Lord Lieutenant's request in behalf of him has already been complied with.*

A DECLARATION BY THE LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.

MICHAEL JONES's Dublin Army, like all Armies hitherto in Ireland, is of a quite unsatisfactory structure, of habits and

§ Tanner MSS. (in Cary, ii. 163).

* Commons Journals, 8th August 1649 (vi. 276); — see *ib.* 9th July 1649 (on which day most probably, the day of Thomond's Letter too, Cromwell had been "moving the House" for him). Whitlocke (2d edition), p. 317.

practices quite unsatisfactory. The Lord Lieutenant is busy modelling it; rearranging it under new and more capable Officers; above all, clearing it of bad men: an Irish friend informs us, "There hath been an huge purge of the Army "which we found here: it was an Army made up of dissolute "and debauched men."* "The Officers reduced are not a "little discontented," writes another friend: but the public service so requires it. Officers and men, and all Ireland are to know that henceforth it is on a new footing we proceed. Here is a Declaration, legible on such market-crosses, church-doors, and the like, as we have access to; well worth attending to in a distracted seat of war.

This DECLARATION *is appointed to be printed, and published throughout all Ireland: By special direction from* — OLIVER CROMWELL.

WHEREAS I am informed that, upon the marching out of the Armies heretofore, or of parties from Garrisons, a liberty hath been taken by the Soldiery to abuse, rob and pillage, and too often to execute cruelties upon the Country People: Being resolved, by the grace of God, diligently and strictly to restrain such wickedness for the future,

I do hereby warn and require all Officers, Soldiers, and others under my command, henceforth To forbear all such evil practices as aforesaid; and Not to do any wrong or violence toward Country People, or persons whatsoever, unless they be actually in arms or office with the Enemy; and Not to meddle with the goods of such, without special order.

And I further declare, That it shall be free and lawful to and for all manner of persons dwelling in the country, as well gentlemen and soldiers, as farmers

* Newspaper Letter in King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 439, § 7; another, *ib.* § 22.

and other people (such as are in arms or office with or for the Enemy only excepted), to make their repair, and bring any provisions unto the Army, while in march or camp, or unto any Garrison under my command: Hereby assuring all such, That they shall not be molested or troubled in their persons or goods; but shall have the benefit of a free market, and receive ready money for goods or commodities they shall so bring and sell: And that they, behaving themselves peaceably and quietly; and paying such Contributions, proportionately with their neighbours, as have been, are, or shall be duly and orderly imposed upon them, for maintenance of the Parliament's forces and other public uses, — shall have free leave and liberty to live at home with their families and goods; and shall be protected in their persons and estates by virtue Hereof, until the 1st of January next: By or before which time, '1st of January next,' all such of them as are minded to reside, and plough and sow, in the 'Army's' quarters, — are to make their addresses, for now and further protections, to the Attorney-General, residing at Dublin, and to such other persons as shall be authorised for that purpose.

And hereof I require all Soldiers, and others under my command, diligently to take notice and observe the same: as they shall answer to the contrary at their utmost perils. Strictly charging and commanding all Officers and others, in their several places, carefully to see to it That no wrong or violence be done to any such person as aforesaid, contrary to the effect of the premises. Being resolved, through the grace of God, to punish all that shall offend contrary hereunto, very severely, according to Law or Articles of War; to dis-

place, and otherwise punish, all such Officers as shall be found negligent in their places, and not to see to the due observance hereof, or not to punish the offenders under their respective commands.

Given at Dublin, the 24th of August 1649.

OLIVER CROMWELL. §

IRISH WAR.

THE history of the Irish War is, and for the present must continue, very dark and indecipherable to us. Ireland, ever since the Irish Rebellion broke out and changed itself into an Irish Massacre, in the end of 1641, has been a scene of distracted controversies, plunderings, excommunications, treacheries, conflagrations, of universal misery and blood and bluster, such as the world before or since has never seen. The History of it does not form itself into a picture; but remains only as a huge blot, an indiscriminate blackness; which the human memory cannot willingly charge itself with! There are Parties on the back of Parties; at war with the world and with each other. There are Catholics of the Pale, demanding freedom of religion; under my Lord This and my Lord That. There are Old-Irish Catholics, under Pope's Nuncios, under Abbas O'Teague of the excommunications, and Owen Roe O'Neil; — demanding not religious freedom only, but what we now call "Repeal of the Union;" and unable to agree with the Catholics of the English Pale. Then there are Ormond Royalists, of the Episcopalian and mixed creeds, strong for King without Covenant: Ulster and other Presbyterians, strong for King *and* Covenant: lastly, Michael Jones and the Commonwealth of England, who want neither King nor Covenant. All these plunging and tumbling, in huge discord, for the last eight years, have made of Ireland and its affairs the black unutterable blot we speak of.

At the date of Oliver's arrival, all Irish Parties are united

§ King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 439, § 25.

in a combination very unusual with them; very dangerous for the incipient Commonwealth. Ormond, who had returned thither with new Commission, in hopes to cooperate with Scotch Hamilton during the Second Civil War, arrived too late for that object; but has succeeded in rallying Ireland into one mass of declared opposition to the Powers that now rule. Catholics of the Pale, and Old-Irish Catholics of the Massacre, will at length act together: Protestant English Royalism, which has fled hither for shelter; nay, now at last Royalist Presbyterianism, and the very Scots in Ulster, — have all joined with Ormond "against the Regicides." They are eagerly inviting the young Charles Second to come thither, and be crowned and made victorious. He as yet hesitates between that and Scotland; — may probably give Scotland the preference. But in all Ireland, when Cromwell sets foot on it, there remain only two Towns, Dublin and Derry, that hold for the Commonwealth; Dublin lately besieged, Derry still besieged. A very formidable combination. All Ireland kneaded together, by favourable accident and the incredible patience of Ormond, stands up in one great combination, resolute to resist the Commonwealth. Combination great in bulk; but made of iron and clay; — in meaning not so great. Oliver has taken survey and measure of it; Oliver descends on it like the hammer of Thor; smites it, as at one fell stroke, into dust and ruin, never to reunite against him more.

One could pity this poor Irish people; their case is pitiable enough! The claim they started with, in 1641, was for religious freedom. Their claim, we can now all see, was just: essentially just, though full of intricacy; difficult to render clear and concessible; — nay, at that date of the World's History, it was hardly recognisable to any Protestant man for just; and these frightful massacrings and sanguinary blusterings have rendered it, for the present, entirely unrecognisable. A just, though very intricate claim: but entered upon, and prosecuted, by such methods as were never yet available for asserting any claim in this world! Treachery

and massacre: what could come of it? Eight years of cruel fighting, of desperate violence and misery, have left matters worse a thousand-fold than they were at first. No want of daring, or of patriotism so-called; but a great want of other things! Numerous large masses of armed men have been on foot; full of fiery vehemence and audacity, but without worth as Armies! savage hordes rather; full of hatred and mutual hatred, of disobedience, falsity and noise. Undrilled, unpaid, — driving herds of plundered cattle before them for subsistence; rushing down from hillsides, from ambuscadoes, passes in the mountains; taking shelter always "in bogs whither the cavalry cannot follow them." Unveracious, violent, disobedient men. False in speech; — alas, false in thought, first of all; who have never let the Fact tell its own harsh story to them; who have said always to the harsh Fact, "Thou art not that way, thou art this way!" The Fact, of course, asserts that it *is* that way: the Irish Projects end in perpetual discomfiture; have to take shelter in bogs whither cavalry cannot follow! There has been no scene seen under the sun like Ireland for these eight years. Murder, pillage, conflagration, excommunication; wide-flowing blood, and bluster high as Heaven and St. Peter; — as if wolves or rabid dogs were in fight here; as if demons from the Pit had mounted up, to deface this fair green piece of God's Creation with *their* talkings and workings! It is, and shall remain, very dark to us. Conceive Ireland wasted, torn in pieces; black Controversy as of demons and rabid wolves rushing over the face of it so long; incurable, and very dim to us: till here at last, as in the torrent of Heaven's lightning descending liquid on it, we have clear and terrible view of its affairs for a time! —

Oliver's proceedings here have been the theme of much loud criticism and sibylline execration; into which it is not our plan to enter at present. We shall give these Irish Letters of his in their own natural figure, and without any commentary whatever. To those who think that a land overrun with Sanguinary Quacks can be healed by sprinkling it with rose-water, these Letters must be very horrible. Terrible Surgery

this: but *is* it Surgery and Judgment, or atrocious Murder merely? That is a question which should be asked; and answered. Oliver Cromwell did believe in God's Judgments; and did not believe in the rose-water plan of Surgery; — which, in fact, is this Editor's case too! Every idle lie and piece of empty bluster this Editor hears, he too, like Oliver, has to shudder at it; has to think: 'Thou, idle bluster, not true, thou also art shutting men's minds against the God's Fact; thou wilt issue as a cleft crown to some poor man some day; thou also wilt have to take shelter in bogs whither cavalry cannot follow!' — But in Oliver's time, as I say, there was still belief in the Judgments of God; in Oliver's time, there was yet no distracted jargon of "abolishing Capital Punishments," of Jean-Jacques Philanthropy, and universal rose-water in this world still so full of sin. Men's notion was, not for abolishing punishments, but for making laws just: God the Maker's Laws, they considered, had not yet got the Punishment abolished from them! Men had a notion, that the difference between Good and Evil was still considerable; — equal to the difference between Heaven and Hell. It was a true notion. Which all men yet saw, and felt in all fibres of their existence, to be true. Only in late decadent generations, fast hastening towards radical change or final perdition, can such indiscriminate mashing-up of Good and Evil into one universal patent-treacle, and most unmedical electuary, of Rousseau Sentimentalism, universal Pardon and Benevolence, with dinner and drink and one cheer more, take effect in our earth. Electuary very poisonous, as sweet as it is, and very nauseous; of which Oliver, happier than we, had not yet heard the slightest intimation even in dreams.

The reader of these Letters, who has swept all that very ominous twaddle out of his head and heart, and still looks with a recognising eye on the ways of the Supreme Powers with this world, will find here, in the rude practical state, a Phenomenon which he will account noteworthy. An armed Soldier, solemnly conscious to himself that he is the Soldier of God the Just, — a consciousness which it well beseems all

soldiers and all men to have always; — armed Soldier, terrible as Death, relentless as Doom; doing God's Judgments on the Enemies of God! It is a Phenomenon not of joyful nature; no, but of awful, to be looked at with pious terror and awe. Not a Phenomenon which you are called to recognise with bright smiles, and fall in love with at sight: — thou, art thou worthy to love such a thing; worthy to do other than hate it, and shriek over it? Darest thou wed the Heaven's lightning, then; and say to it, Godlike One? Is thy own life beautiful and terrible to thee; steeped in the eternal depths, in the eternal splendours? Thou also, art thou in thy sphere the minister of God's Justice; feeling that thou art here to do it, and to see it done, at thy soul's peril? Thou wilt then judge Oliver with increasing clearness; otherwise with increasing darkness, misjudge him.

In fact, Oliver's dialect is rude and obsolete; the phrases of Oliver, to him solemn on the perilous battlefield as voices of God, have become to us most mournful when spouted as frothy cant from Exeter Hall. The reader has, all along, to make steady allowance for that. And on the whole, clear recognition will be difficult for him. To a poor slumberous Canting Age, mumbling to itself everywhere, Peace, Peace, where there is no peace, — such a Phenomenon as Oliver, in Ireland or elsewhere, is not the most recognisable in all its meanings. But it waits there for recognition; and can wait an Age or two. The Memory of Oliver Cromwell, as I count, has a good many centuries in it yet; and Ages of very varied complexion to apply to, before all end. My reader, in this passage and others, shall make of it what he can.

But certainly, at lowest, here is a set of Military Despatches of the most unexampled nature! Most rough, unkempt; shaggy as the Numidian lion. A style rugged as crags; coarse, drossy: yet with a meaning in it, an energy, a depth; pouring on like a fire-torrent; perennial *fire* of it visible athwart all drosses and defacements: not uninteresting to see! This man has come into distracted Ireland with a God's Truth in the heart of him, though an unexpected one; the first such

man they have seen for a great while indeed. He carries Acts of Parliament, Laws of Earth and Heaven, in one hand; drawn sword in the other. He addresses the bewildered Irish populations, the black ravening coil of sanguinary blustering individuals at Tredah and elsewhere: 'Sanguinary blustering individuals, whose word is grown worthless as the barking of dogs; whose very thought is false, representing not fact, but the contrary of fact, — behold, I am come to speak and to do the truth among you. Here are Acts of Parliament, methods of regulation and veracity, emblems the nearest we poor Puritans could make them of God's Law-Book, to which it is and shall be our perpetual effort to make them correspond nearer and nearer. Obey them, help us to perfect them, be peaceable and true under them, it shall be well with you. Refuse to obey them, I will not let you continue living! As articulate-speaking veracious orderly men, not as a blustering murderous kennel of dogs run rabid, shall you continue in this Earth. Choose!' — They chose to disbelieve him; could not understand that he, more than the others, meant any truth or justice to them. They rejected his summons and terms at Tredah: he stormed the place; and according to his promise, put every man of the Garrison to death. His own soldiers are forbidden to plunder, by paper Proclamation; and in ropes of authentic hemp they are hanged when they do it.* To Wexford Garrison the like terms as at Tredah; and, failing these, the like storm. Here is a man whose word represents a thing! Not bluster this, and false jargon scattering itself to the winds: what this man speaks out of him comes to pass as a fact; speech with this man is accurately prophetic of deed. This is the first King's face poor Ireland ever saw; the first Friend's face, little as it recognises him, — poor Ireland!

But let us take the Letters themselves; and read them with various emotions, in which wonder will not fail. What a rage, wide-sweeping, inexorable as Death, dwells in that heart; —

* Two instances: King's Pamphlets, large 4to, no. 42, § 19, 6th-15th Sept. 1649.

close neighbour to pity, to trembling affection, and soft tears! Some readers know that softness *without* rigour, rigour as of adamant to rest upon, is but sloth and cowardly baseness; that without justice first, real pity is not possible, and only false pity and maudlin weakness is possible. Others, again, are not aware of that fact. — To our Irish friends we ought to say likewise that this Garrison of Tredah consisted, in good part, of Englishmen.* Perfectly certain this: — and therefore let "the bloody hoof of the Saxon," &c. forbear to continue itself on that matter. At its peril! Idle blustering, and untruth of every kind lead to the like terrible results in these days as they did in those.

LETTERS CIII.—CVI.

STORM OF TREDAH.

The first of this set, a Summons to Dundalk, will be fully understood so soon as the Two following it are read. The Two following it, on Tredah, or Drogheda as we now name it, contain in themselves, especially the Second and more deliberate of the two contains, materials for a pretty complete account of the Transaction there. It requires only to be added, what Cromwell himself has forborne to do, that on the repulse of the first attack, it was he, in person, who, "witnessing it from the batteries," hastened forward and led on the new attack: My pretty men, we must positively not be repulsed; we must enter here, we cannot do at all without entering! — The rest of these Irish Letters may, I hope, tell their own tale.

LETTER CIII.

For the Chief Officer commanding in Dundalk: These.

Sir, 'Tredah,' 12th September 1649.

I offered mercy to the Garrison of Tredah,** in sending the Governor a Summons before I attempted

* Ludlow. i. 301.

** "Treedagh," he writes.

the taking of it. Which being refused brought their evil upon them.

If you, being warned thereby, shall surrender your Garrison to the use of the Parliament of England, which by this I summon you to do, you may thereby prevent effusion of blood. If, upon refusing this Offer, that which you like not befalls you, you will know whom to blame. I rest,

Your servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL. §

The Chief Officer commanding in Dundalk never received this Letter, I believe! What, in the interim, had become of Dundalk and its Chief and other Officers, will shortly appear.

LETTER CIV.

'To the Honourable John Bradshaw, Esquire, President of the Council of State: These.'

SIR, 'Dublin,' 16th September 1649.

It hath pleased God to bless our endeavours at Tredah. After battery, we stormed it. The Enemy were about 3,000 strong in the Town. They made a stout resistance; and near 1,000 of our men being entered, the Enemy forced them out again. But God giving a new courage to our men, they attempted again, and entered; beating the Enemy from their defences.

The Enemy had made three retrenchments, both to the right and left 'of' where we entered; all which they were forced to quit. Being thus entered, we re-

§ Autograph, in the possession of the Earl of Shannon, at Castle-Martyr, in the County of Cork.

fused them quarter; having, the day before, summoned the Town. I believe we put to the sword the whole number of the defendants. I do not think Thirty of the whole number escaped with their lives. Those that did, are in safe custody for the Barbadoes. Since that time, the Enemy quitted to us Trim and Dundalk. In Trim they were in such haste that they left their guns behind them.

This hath been a marvellous great mercy. The Enemy, being not willing to put an issue upon a field-battle, had put into this Garrison almost all their prime soldiers, being about 3,000 horse and foot, under the command of their best officers; Sir Arthur Ashton being made Governor. There were some seven or eight regiments, Ormond's being one, under the command of Sir Edmund Varney. I do not believe, neither do I hear, that any officer escaped with his life, save only one Lieutenant, who, I hear, going to the Enemy said, That he was the only man that escaped of all the Garrison. The Enemy upon this were filled with much terror. And truly I believe this bitterness will save much effusion of blood, through the goodness of God.

I wish that all honest hearts may give the glory of this to God alone, to whom indeed the praise of this mercy belongs. 'As' for instruments, they were very inconsiderable the work throughout. * * * *

Captain Brandly did with forty or fifty of his men very gallantly storm the Tenalia; for which he deserves the thanks of the State. 'I rest,

Your most humble servant,'

OLIVER CROMWELL. §

§ Whitlocke, p. 412.

"*Tenalia*," I believe, is now called *Tenaille* by engineers; a kind of advanced defensive-work, which takes its name from resemblance, real or imaginary, to the lip of a pair of *pincers*.

The "Sir Edmund Varney" who perished here was the son of the Standard-bearer at Edgehill. For Sir Arthur Ashton see Clarendon. Poor Sir Arthur had a wooden leg which the soldiers were very eager for, unterstanding it to be full of gold coin; but it proved to be mere timber: all his gold, 200 broad pieces, was sewed into his belt, and scrambled for when that came to light.* There is in Wood's Life** an old-soldier's account of the Storm of Tredah, sufficiently emphatic, by Tom Wood, Anthony's brother, who had been there.

LETTER CV.

'*For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.*'

SIR, Dublin, 17th September 1649.

Your Army being safely arrived at Dublin; and the Enemy endeavouring to draw all his forces together about Trim and Tecroghan, as my intelligence gave me, — from whence endeavours were made by the Marquis of Ormond to draw Owen Roe O'Neil with his forces to his assistance, but with what success I cannot yet learn, — I resolved, after some refreshment taken for our weather-beaten men and horses, and accommodations for a march, to take the field. And accordingly, upon Friday the 30th of August*** last, rendezvoused with eight regiments of foot, six of horse and some troops of dragoons, three miles on the north side of Dublin. The design was, To endeavour the regaining of Tredah; or tempting the Enemy, upon his hazard of the loss of that place, to fight.

* Whitlocke, p. 412. ** Prefixed to the Athenæ Oxonienses.
*** Friday is 31st; this error as to the day of the month continues through the Letter.

Your Army came before the Town upon Monday following.* Where having pitched, as speedy course was taken as could be to frame our batteries; which took up the more time because divers of the battering guns were on shipboard. Upon Monday the 9th** of this instant, the batteries began to play. Whereupon I sent Sir Arthur Ashton, the then Governor, a summons, To deliver the Town to the use of the Parliament of England. To the which receiving no satisfactory answer, I proceeded that day to beat down the Steeple of the Church on the south side of the Town, and to beat down a Tower not far from the same place, which you will discern by the Chart enclosed.

Our guns not being able to do much that day, it was resolved to endeavour to do our utmost the next day to make breaches assaultable, and by the help of God to storm them. The place pitched upon was that part of the Town-wall next a Church called St. Mary's; which was the rather chosen because we did hope that if we did enter and possess that Church, we should be the better able to keep it against their horse and foot until we could make way for the entrance of our horse; and we did not conceive that any part of the Town would afford the like advantage for that purpose with this. The batteries planted were two: one was for that part of the Wall against the east end of the said Church; the other against the Wall on the south side. Being somewhat long in battering, the Enemy made six retrenchments: three of them from the said Church to Duleek Gate; and three of them from the east end of the Church to the Townwall and so backward. The guns, after some two or three hundred shot, beat down the

* 3d September. ** 10th.

corner Tower, and opened two reasonable good breaches in the east and south Wall.

Upon Tuesday the 10th of this instant, about five o'clock in the evening, we began the Storm: and after some hot dispute we entered, about seven or eight hundred men; the Enemy disputing it very stiffly with us. And indeed, through the advantages of the place, and the courage God was pleased to give the defenders, our men were forced to retreat quite out of the breach, not without some considerable loss; Colonel Castle being there shot in the head, whereof he presently died; and divers officers and soldiers doing their duty killed and wounded. There was a Tenalia to flanker the south Wall of the Town, between Duleek Gate and the corner Tower before mentioned; — which our men entered, wherein they found some forty or fifty of the Enemy, which they put to the sword. And this "Tenalia" they held: but it being without the Wall, and the sally-port through the Wall into that Tenalia being choked up with some of the Enemy which were killed in it, it proved of no use for an entrance into the Town that way.

Although our men that stormed the breaches were forced to recoil, as is before expressed; yet, being encouraged to recover their loss, they made a second attempt: wherein God was pleased so to animate them that they got ground of the Enemy, and by the goodness of God, forced him to quit his entrenchments. And after a very hot dispute, the Enemy having both horse and foot, and we only foot, within the Wall, — they gave ground, and our men became masters both of their retrenchments and 'of' the Church; which indeed, although they made our entrance the more diffi-

cult, yet they proved of excellent use to us; so that the Enemy could not 'now' annoy us with their horse, but thereby we had advantage to make good the ground, that so we might let in our own horse; which accordingly was done, though with much difficulty.

Divers of the Enemy retreated into the Mill-Mount: a place very strong and of difficult access; being exceedingly high, having a good graft, and strongly palisadoed. The Governor, Sir Arthur Ashton, and divers considerable Officers being there, our men getting up to them, were ordered by me to put them all to the sword. And indeed, being in the heat of action, I forbade them to spare any that were in arms in the Town: and, I think, that night they put to the sword about 2,000 men; — divers of the officers and soldiers being fled over the Bridge into the other part of the Town, where about 100 of them possessed St. Peter's Church-steeple, some the west Gate, and others a strong Round Tower next the Gate called St. Sunday's. These being summoned to yield to mercy, refused. Whereupon I ordered the steeple of St. Peter's Church to be fired, when one of them was heard to say in the midst of the flames: "God damn me, God confound me; I burn, I burn."

The next day, the other two Towers were summoned; in one of which was about six or seven score; but they refused to yield themselves: and we knowing that hunger must compel them, set only good guards to secure them from running away until their stomachs were come down. From one of the said Towers, notwithstanding their condition, they killed and wounded some of our men. When they submitted, their officers were knocked on the head; and every tenth man of

the soldiers killed; and the rest shipped for the Barbadoes. The soldiers in the other Tower were all spared, as to their lives only; and shipped likewise for the Barbadoes.

I am persuaded that this is a righteous judgment of God upon these barbarous wretches, who have imbrued their hands in so much innocent blood; and that it will tend to prevent the effusion of blood for the future. Which are the satisfactory grounds to such actions, which otherwise cannot but work remorse and regret. The officers and soldiers of this Garrison were the flower of their army. And their great expectation was, that our attempting this place would put fair to ruin us; they being confident of the resolution of their men, and the advantage of the place. If we had divided our force into two quarters to have besieged the North Town and the South Town, we could not have had such a correspondency between the two parts of our Army, but that they might have chosen to have brought their Army, and have fought with which part 'of ours' they pleased, — and at the same time have made a sally with 2,000 men upon us, and have left their walls manned; they having in the Town the number hereafter specified, but some say near 4,000.

Since this great mercy vouchsafed to us, I sent a party of horse and dragoons to Dundalk;* which the Enemy quitted, and we are possessed of, — as also 'of' another Castle they deserted, between Trim and Tredah, upon the Boyne. I sent a party of horse and dragoons to a House within five miles of Trim, there being then in Trim some Scots Companies, which the Lord of Ardes brought to assist the Lord of Ormond.

* Antea, Letter CIII.

But upon the news of Tredah, they ran away; leaving their great guns behind them, which also we have possessed.

And now give me leave to say how it comes to pass that this work is wrought. It was set upon some of our hearts, That a great thing should be done, not by power or might, but by the Spirit of God. And is it not so, clearly? That which caused your men to storm so courageously, it was the Spirit of God, who gave your men courage, and took it away again; and gave the Enemy courage, and took it away again; and gave your men courage again, and therewith this happy success. And therefore it is good that God alone have all the glory.

It is remarkable that these people, at the first, set up the Mass in some places of the Town that had been monasteries; but afterwards grew so insolent that, the last Lord's day before the storm, the Protestants were thrust out of the great Church called St. Peter's, and they had public Mass there: and in this very place near 1,000 of them were put to the sword, fleeing thither for safety. I believe all their friars were knocked on the head promiscuously but two; the one of which was Father Peter Taaff, brother to the Lord Taaff, whom the soldiers took, the next day, and made an end of. The other was taken in the Round Tower, under the repute of a Lieutenant, and when he understood that the officers in that Tower had no quarter, he confessed he was a Friar; but that did not save him.

A great deal of loss in this business fell upon Colonel Hewson's, Colonel Castle's, and Colonel Ewer's regiments. Colonel Ewer having two Field-Officers in

his regiment shot; Colonel Castle and a Captain of his regiment slain; Colonel Hewson's Captain-Lieutenant slain. I do not think we lost 100 men upon the place, though many be wounded.

I most humbly pray the Parliament may be pleased 'that' this Army may be maintained; and that a consideration may be had of them, and of the carrying on affairs here, 'such' as may give a speedy issue to this work. To which there seems to be a marvellous fair opportunity offered by God. And although it may seem very chargeable to the State of England to maintain so great a force; yet surely to stretch a little for the present, in following God's providence, in hope the charge will not be long—I trust it will not be thought by any (that have not irreconcilable or malicious principles) unfit for me to move, For a constant supply; which, in human probability as to outward things, is most likely to hasten and perfect this work. And indeed if God please to finish it here as He hath done in England, the War is like to pay itself.

We keep the field much; our tents sheltering us from the wet and cold. But yet the Country-sickness overtakes many: and therefore we desire recruits, and some fresh regiments of foot, may be sent us. For it's easily conceived by what the Garrisons already drink up, what our Field-Army will come to, if God shall give more Garrisons into our hands. Craving pardon for this great trouble, I rest,

Your most obedient servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

P. S. Since writing of my Letter, a Major who

brought off forty-three horse from the Enemy told me that it's reported in their camp that Owen Roe and they are agreed.

The defendants in Tredah consisted of: The Lord of Ormond's regiment (Sir Edmund Varney Lieutenant-Colonel), of 400; Colonel Byrn's, Colonel Warren's, and Colonel Wall's, of 2,000; the Lord of Westmeath's, of 200; Sir James Dillon's, of 200; and 200 horse. §

The report as to Owen Roe O'Neil is correct. Monk, who had lately in Ulster entered upon some negotiation with O'Neil and his Old-Irish Party, who, as often happened, were in quarrel with the others, found himself deserted by his very soldiers, and obliged to go to England; where this policy of his, very useful as Monk had thought, is indignantly disavowed by the Authorities, who will not hear of such a connexion.* Owen Roe O'Neil appears to have been a man of real ability: surely no able man, or son of Order, ever sank in a more dismal welter of confusions unconquerable by him! He did no more service or disservice henceforth; he died in some two months, of a disease in the foot, — poisoned, say some, by the gift of a "pair of russet-leather boots" which some traitor had bestowed on him.**

Such was the Storm of Tredah. A thing which, if one *wanted* good assurance as to the essential meaning of it, might well "work remorse and regret:" for indisputably the outer body of it is emphatic enough! Cromwell, not in a light or loose manner, but in a very solemn and deep one, takes charge for himself, at his own peril, That it *is* a Judgment of God: and that it did "save much effusion of blood," we and all spectators can very readily testify. "The execrable policy of that Regicide," says Jacobite Carte on the occasion, "had the effect "he proposed. It spread abroad the terror of his name; it cut"

§ Newspapers; in Parliamentary History (London, 1763), xix. 201.
* 10th August 1649 (Commons Journals, vi. 277).
** Carte, ii. 83.

— In fact, it cut through the heart of the Irish War. Wexford Storm followed (not by forethought, it would seem, but by chance of war) in the same stern fashion; and there was no other storm or slaughter needed in that Country. Rose-water Surgeons might have tried it otherwise; but that was not Oliver's execrable policy, not the Rose-water one. And so we leave it, standing on such basis as it has.

Ormond had sent orders to "burn" Dundalk and Trim before quitting them; but the Garrisons, looking at Tredah, were in too much haste to apply the coal. They marched away at double-quick time; the Lord Lieutenant got possession of both Towns unburnt. He has put Garrisons there, we see, which "drink up" some of his forces. He has also despatched Colonel Venables, of whom we shall hear again, with a regiment or two, to reduce Carlingford, Newry, — to raise what Siege there may be at Derry, and assist in settling distracted Ulster: of whose progress here are news.

LETTER CVI.

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

MR. SPEAKER, Dublin, 27th September 1649.

I had not received any account from Colonel Venables, — whom I sent from Tredah to endeavour the reducing of Carlingford, and so to march Northward towards a conjunction with Sir Charles Coote, — until the last night.

After he came to Carlingford, having summoned the place, both the three Castles and the Fort commanding the Harbour were rendered to him. Wherein were about Forty Barrels of Powder, Seven Pieces of Cannon; about a Thousand Muskets, and Five-hundred Pikes wanting twenty. In the entrance into the Harbour, Captain Fern, aboard your man-of-war, had

some danger; being much shot at from the Sea Fort, a bullet shooting through his main-mast. The Captain's entrance into that Harbour was a considerable adventure, and a good service; — as also was that of Captain Brandly,* who, with Forty seamen, stormed a very strong Tenalia at Tredah, and helped to take it; for which he deserves an owning by you.

Venables marched from Carlingford, with a party of Horse and Dragoons, to the Newry; leaving the Foot to come up after him. He summoned the place, and it was yielded before his Foot came up to him. Some other informations I have received from him, which promise well towards your Northern Interest; which, if well prosecuted, will, I trust God, render you a good account of those parts.

I have sent those things to be presented to the Council of State for their consideration. I pray God, as these mercies flow in upon you, He will give you an heart to improve them to His glory alone; because He alone is the author of them, and of all the goodness, patience and long-suffering extended towards you.

Your Army has marched; and I believe, this night lieth at Arklow, in the County of Wicklow, by the Sea-side, between thirty and forty miles from this place. I am this day, by God's blessing, going towards it.

I crave your pardon for this trouble; and rest,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

P.S. I desire the Supplies moved for may be has-

* Antea, p. 165.

tened. I am verily persuaded, though the burden be great, yet it is for your service. If the Garrisons we take swallow up your men, how shall we be able to keep the field? Who knows but the Lord may pity England's sufferings, and make a short work of this? It is in His hand to do it, and therein only your servants rejoice. I humbly present the condition of Captain George Jenkins's Widow. He died presently after Tredah Storm. His Widow is in great want.

The following Officers and Soldiers were slain at the storming of Tredah: — Sir Arthur Ashton, Governor; Sir Edmund Varney, Lieutenant-Colonel to Ormond's Regiment; Colonel Fleming, Lieutenant-Colonel Finglass, Major Fitzgerald, with eight Captains, eight Lieutenants, and eight Cornets, all of Horse; Colonels Warren, Wall, and Byrn, of Foot, with their Lieutenants, Majors, &c.; the Lord Taaff's Brother, an Augustine Friar; forty-four Captains, and all their Lieutenants, Ensigns, &c.; 220 Reformadoes and Troopers; 2,500 Foot-soldiers, besides Staff-Officers, Surgeons, &c.§

Venables went on, rapidly accomplishing his service in the North; without much hurt; though not without imminent peril once, — by a camisado, or surprisal in the night-time, which is afterwards alluded to in these Letters. The Lord Lieutenant, we observe, still dates from Dublin, but is to quit it "this day;" his "Army has already marched:" Southward now, on a new series of operations.

§ King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 441, art. 7, "Letters from Ireland, printed by Authority" (p. 13). Parliamentary History (xix. 207-9) has copied this Letter from the old Pamphlet (as usual, giving no reference); and after the concluding "Surgeons, &c.," has taken the liberty of adding these words, "*and many inhabitants*," of which there is no whisper in the old Pamphlets; — a very considerable liberty indeed!

LETTER CVII.

STORM OF WEXFORD.

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

SIR, Wexford, 14th October 1649.

The Army marched from Dublin, about the 23d of September, into the County of Wicklow, where the Enemy had a Garrison about fourteen miles from Dublin, called Killin-carrick; which they quitting, a Company of the Army was put therein. From thence the Army marched through almost a desolated country, until it came to a passage over the River Doro,* about a mile above the Castle of Arklow, which was the first seat and honour of the Marquis of Ormond's family. Which he had strongly fortified; but it was, upon the approach of the Army, quitted; wherein we left another Company of Foot.

From thence the Army marched towards Wexford; where in the way was a strong and large Castle, at a town called Limbrick, the ancient seat of the Esmonds; where the Enemy had a strong Garrison; which they burnt and quitted, the day before our coming thither. From thence we marched towards Ferns, an episcopal seat, where was a Castle; to which I sent Colonel Reynolds with a party to summon it. Which accordingly he did, and it was surrendered to him; where we having put a company, — advanced the Army to a passage over the River Slaney, which runs down to Wexford; and that night we marched into the fields of a Village called Enniscorthy, belonging to Mr. Robert

* River Darragh; — a branch of what is now called the Avoca; well known to musical persons.

Wallop;* where was a strong Castle very well manned and provided for by the Enemy; and, close under it, a very fair House belonging to the same worthy person, — a Monastery of Franciscan Friars, the considerablest in all Ireland: they ran away the night before we came. We summoned the Castle; and they refused to yield at the first; but upon better consideration, they were willing to deliver the place to us: which accordingly they did; leaving their great guns, arms, ammunition and provisions behind them.

Upon Monday the First of October, we came before Wexford. Into which the Enemy had put a Garrison, consisting of 'part of' their Army; this Town having, until then, been so confident of their own strength as that they would not, at any time, suffer a Garrison to be imposed upon them. The Commander that brought in those forces was Colonel David Sinnott; who took upon him the command of the place. To whom I sent a Summons, a Copy whereof is this enclosed; between whom and me there passed Answers and Replies, Copies whereof these also are:

1. "*To the Commander-in-Chief of the Town of Wexford.*

"SIR, "Before Wexford, 3d October 1649.

"Having brought the Army belonging to the Par-"liament of England before this place, to reduce it to "its due obedience: to the end effusion of blood may "be prevented, and the Town and country about it

* Wallop is Member ("recruiter") for Andover; a King's Judge; Member of the Council of State; now and afterwards a conspicuous rigorous republican man. He has advanced money, long since, we suppose, for the Public Service in Ireland; and obtained in payment this "fair House," and Superiority of Enniscorthy: properties the value or no-value of which will much depend on the Lord Lieutenant's success at present. — Wallop's representative, a Peer of the Realm, is still owner here, as it has proved.

"preserved from ruin, I thought fit to summon you to "deliver the same to me, to the use of the State of "England.

"By this offer, I hope it will clearly appear where "the guilt will lie, if innocent persons should come to "suffer with the nocent. I expect your speedy answer; "and rest,

"Sir,

"Your servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

"*For the Lord General Cromwell.*

"Wexford, 3d October 1649.

"SIR, — I received your Letter of Summons for the delivery "of this Town into your hands. Which standeth not with my "honour to do of myself; neither will I take it upon me, with-"out the advice of the rest of the Officers and Mayor of this "Corporation; this Town being of so great consequence to all "Ireland. Whom I will call together, and confer with; and "return my resolution to you, tomorrow by twelve of the clock.

"In the mean time, if you be so pleased, I am content to for-"bear all acts of hostility, so you permit no approach to be "made. Expecting your answer in that particular, I remain, "— my Lord, — your Lordship's servant,

"D. SINNOTT."

2. "*To the Commander-in-Chief of the Town of Wexford.*

"SIR, "Before Wexford, 3d October 1649.

"I am contented to expect your resolution by "twelve of the clock tomorrow morning. Because our "tents are not so good a covering as your houses, and "for other reasons, I cannot agree to a cessation. I "rest, — your servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

"*For the Lord General Cromwell.*

"Wexford, 4th October 1649.

"SIR, — I have advised with the Mayor and Officers, as I "promised, and thereupon am content that Four, whom I shall "employ, may have a Conference and Treaty with Four of "yours, to see if any agreement and understanding may be "begot between us. To this purpose I desire you to send mine "a Safe-conduct, as I do hereby promise to send unto yours "when you send me their names. And I pray that the meeting "may be had tomorrow at eight of the clock in the forenoon, "that they may have sufficient time to confer and debate "together, and determine the matter; and that the meeting "and place may be agreed upon, and the Safe-conduct mutually "sent for the said meeting this afternoon. Expecting your "answer hereto, I rest, — my Lord, — your servant,

"D. SINNOTT."

"Send me the names of your Agents, their qualities and de-"grees. Those I fix upon are: Major James Byrne, Major "Theobald Dillon, Alderman Nicholas Chevers, Mr. William "Stafford."

3. "*To the Commander-in-Chief of the Town of Wexford.*

"SIR, "Before Wexford, 4th October 1649.

"Having summoned you to deliver the Town of "Wexford into my hands, I might well expect the "delivery thereof, and not a formal Treaty; which is "seldom granted but where the things stand upon a "more equal foot.

"If therefore yourself or the Town have any desires "to offer, upon which you will surrender the place to "me, I shall be able to judge of the reasonableness of "them when they are made known to me. To which "end, if you shall think fit to send the Persons named

"in your last, entrusted by yourself and the Town, by "whom I may understand your desires, I shall give "you a speedy and fitting Answer. And I do hereby "engage myself, that they shall return in safety to "you.

"I expect your answer hereunto within an hour; "and rest,

"Your servant,
"OLIVER CROMWELL."

"*For the Lord General Cromwell.*

"Wexford, 4th October 1649.

"SIR, — I have returned you a civil Answer, to the best of "my judgment; and thereby, I find, you undervalue me and "this place so much, that you think to have it surrendered "without Capitulation or honourable Terms, — as appears by "the hour's limitation in your last.

"Sir, had I never a man in this Town but the Townsmen, "and Artillery here planted, I should conceive myself in a very "befitting condition to make honourable conditions. And "having a considerable party, 'along' with them, in the place, "I am resolved to die honourably, or make such conditions as "may secure my honour and life in the eyes of my own Party.

"To which reasonable terms if you hearken not, — or give "me 'not' time to send my Agents till eight of the clock in the "forenoon tomorrow, with my Propositions, with a further "Safe-conduct, — I leave you to your better judgment, and "myself to the assistance of the Almighty; and so conclude. — "Your servant,

"D. SINNOTT."

"*For the Lord General Cromwell.*

"Wexford, 5th October 1649.

"SIR, — My Propositions being now prepared, I am ready "to send my Agents with them unto you. And for their safe

"return, I pray you to send a Safe-conduct by the Bearer unto "me, — in hope an honourable agreement may thereupon arise "between your Lordship and, — my Lord, — your Lordship's "servant, "D. SINNOTT."

Whilst these papers were passing between us, I sent the Lieutenant-General* with a party of dragoons, horse and foot, to endeavour to reduce their Fort, which lay at the mouth of their harbour, about ten miles distant from us. To which he sent a troop of dragoons; but the Enemy quitted their Fort, leaving behind them about seven great guns; betook themselves, by the help of their boats, to a Frigate of twelve guns lying in the harbour, within cannon-shot of the Fort. The dragoons possessed the Fort: and some seamen belonging to your Fleet coming happily in at the same time, they bent their guns at the Frigate, and she immediately yielded to mercy, — both herself, the soldiers that had been in the Fort, and the seamen that manned her. And whilst our men were in her, the Town, not knowing what had happened, sent another small vessel to her; which our men also took.

The Governor of the Town having obtained from me a Safe-conduct for the four persons mentioned in one of the papers, to come and treat with me about the surrender of the Town, I expected they should have done so. But instead thereof, the Earl of Castlehaven brought to their relief, on the north side of the river,** about five-hundred foot. Which occasioned their refusal to send out any to treat; and caused me to revoke my Safe-conduct, not thinking it fit to leave it for them to make use of it when they pleased:

* Michael Jones. ** Carte, ii. 92.

"*For the Lord General Cromwell.*

"Wexford, 5th October 1649.'

"My Lord, — Even as I was ready to send out my Agents "unto you, the Lord General of the horse came hither with a "relief. Unto whom I communicated the proceedings between "your Lordship and me, and delivered him the Propositions I "intended to despatch unto your Lordship; — who hath desired "a small time to consider of them, and to speed them unto me. "Which, my Lord, I could not deny, he having a commanding "power over me.

"Pray, my Lord, believe that I do not do this to trifle out "time; but for his present consent; — and if I find any long "delay in his Lordship's returning them back unto me, I will "proceed of myself, according to my first intention. To which "I beseech your Lordship give credit; at the request, — my "Lord, — of your Lordship's ready servant,

'D. Sinnott.'

4. "*To the Commander-in-Chief of the Town of Wexford.*

"Sir, "Wexford, 6th October 1649.

"You might have spared your trouble in the ac- "count you give me of your transaction with the Lord "General of your horse, and of your resolution in case "he answer not your expectation in point of time. "These are your own concernments, and it behoves "you to improve the relief you mention to your best "advantage.

"All that I have to say is, To desire you to take "notice, that I do hereby revoke my Safe-conduct from "the persons mentioned therein. When you shall see "cause to treat, you may send for another. — I rest,

"Sir,

"Your servant,

"Oliver Cromwell."

Our cannon being landed,* and we having removed all our quarters to the south-east of the Town, next the Castle, 'which stands without the Walls,' — it was generally agreed that we should bend the whole strength of our artillery upon the Castle; being persuaded that if we got the Castle, the Town would easily follow.

Upon Thursday the 11th instant (our batteries being finished the night before), we began to play betimes in the morning; and having spent near a hundred shot, the Governor's stomach came down; and he sent to me to give leave for four persons, intrusted by him, to come unto me, and offer terms of surrender:

"*For the Lord General Cromwell.*

"Wexford, 11th October 1649.

"Sir, — In performance of my last, I desire your Lordship "to send me a Safe-conduct for Major Theobald Dillon, Major "James Byrne, Alderman Nicholas Chevers, and Captain "James Stafford, whom I will send to your Lordship instructed "with my desires. And so I rest, — my Lord, — your servant,

"D. Sinnott."

Which I condescending to, two Field-Officers with an Alderman of the Town, and the Captain of the Castle, brought out the Propositions enclosed, — which for their abominableness, manifesting also the impudency of the men, I thought fit to present to your view; — together with my Answer:

* 6th October (ib.).

"*The Propositions of Colonel David Sinnott, Governor of the "Town and Castle of Wexford, for and on the behalf of the "Officers and Soldiers and Inhabitants in the said Town and "Castle, unto General Cromwell.*

"1. *In primis*, That all and every the Inhabitants of the said "Town, from time to time and at all times hereafter, shall have "free and uninterrupted liberty publicly to use, exercise and "profess the Roman Catholic Religion, without restriction, "mulct or penalty, any law or statute to the contrary notwith-"standing.

"2. That the Regular and Secular Roman Catholic Clergy "now possessed of the Churches, Church-livings, Monasteries, "Religious-houses and Chapels in the said Town, and in the "suburbs and franchises thereof, and their successors, shall "have, hold and enjoy, to them and their successors forever, "the said churches, church-livings, monasteries, religious-"houses and chapels, and shall teach and preach in them "publicly, without any molestation, any law or statute to the "contrary notwithstanding.

"3. That Nicholas, now Lord Bishop of Ferns, and his suc-"cessors, shall use and exercise such jurisdiction over the Ca-"tholics of his Diocese as since his consecration hitherto he "used.

"4. That all the Officers and Soldiers, of what quality or "degree soever, in the said Town and Castle, and such of the "Inhabitants as are so pleased, shall march with flying colours, "and be conveyed safe, with their lives, artillery, ordnance, "ammunition, arms, goods of all sorts, horses, moneys and "what else belongs to them, to the Town of Ross, and there to "be left safe with their own party; allowing each musketeer, "towards their march, a pound of powder, four yards of match, "and twelve brace of bullets; and a strong Convoy to be sent "with the said soldiers, within four-and-twenty hours after the "yielding up of the said Town.

"5. That such of the Inhabitants of the said Town as will "desire to leave the same at any time hereafter, shall have free

"liberty to carry away out of the said Town all their frigates, "artillery, arms, powder, bullets, match, corn, malt, and other "provision which they have for their defence and sustenance, "and all their goods and chattels, of what quality or condition "soever, without any manner of disturbance whatsoever, and "have passes and safe-conducts and convoys for their lives and "said goods to Ross, or where else they shall think fit.

"6. That the Mayor, Bailiffs, Free Burgesses and Com- "mons of the said Town may have, hold and enjoy the said "Town and Suburbs, their commons, their franchises, their "liberties and immunities, which hitherto they enjoyed; and "that the Mayor, Bailiffs and Free Burgesses may have the "government of the said Town, as hitherto they enjoyed the "same from the Realm of England, and that they may have no "other government, they adhering to the State of England, "and observing their orders, and the orders of their Governors "in this Realm for the time being.

"7. That all and every the Burgesses and Inhabitants, "either native or strangers, of the said Town, who shall con- "tinue their abode therein, or come to live there within three "months, and their heirs, shall have, hold and enjoy all and "singular their several castles, messuages, houses, lands, tene- "ments and hereditaments within the land of Ireland, and all "their goods and chattels, of what nature, quality or condition "soever, to them and their heirs, to their own several uses for- "ever, without molestation.

"8. That such Burgess or Burgesses, or other Inhabitant "of the said Town, as shall at any time hereafter be desirous "to leave the said Town, shall have free leave to dispose of "their real and personal estates respectively to their best ad- "vantage; and further have full liberty and a safe-conduct "respectively to go into England or elsewhere, according to "their several pleasures who shall desire to depart the same.

"9. That all and singular the Inhabitants of the said Town, "either native or strangers, from time to time and at all times "hereafter, shall have, reap and enjoy the full liberty of free- "born English subjects, without the least incapacity or restric-

"tion therein; and that all the Freemen of the said Town, "from time to time, shall be as free in all the seaports, cities "and towns in England, as the Freemen of all and every the "said cities and towns; and all and every the Freemen of the "said cities and towns to be as free in the said Town of Wex- "ford as the Freemen thereof, for their greater encouragement "to trade and commerce together on all hands.

"10. That not memory remain of any hostility or distance "which was hitherto between the said Town and Castle on the "one part, and the Parliament or State of England on the "other part; but that all act and acts, transgressions, offences, "depredations and other crimes, of what nature or quality so- "ever, be they ever so transcendent, attempted or done, or "supposed to be attempted or done, by the Inhabitants of the "said Town or any other, heretofore or at present adhering to "the said Town, either native or stranger, and every of them, "— shall pass in oblivion; without chastisement, challenge, "recompense, demand or questioning for them, or any of "them, now or at any time hereafter. "D. SINNOTT."

"*For the Commander-in-Chief in the Town of Wexford.*

"SIR, , "'Before Wexford,' 11th October 1649.

"I have had the patience to peruse your Propo- "sitions; to which I might have returned an Answer "with some disdain. But, to be short, —

"I shall give the Soldiers and Noncommissioned "Officers quarter for life, and leave to go to their "several habitations with their wearing-clothes; — they "engaging themselves to live quietly there, and to "take up arms no more against the Parliament of "England. And the Commissioned Officers quarter "for their lives, but to render themselves Prisoners. "And as for the Inhabitants, I shall engage myself "That no violence shall be offered to their goods, and "that I shall protect the Town from plunder.

"I expect your positive Answer instantly; and if "you will upon these terms surrender and quit, 'and' "shall, in one hour, send forth to me Four Officers of "the quality of Field-Officers, and Two Aldermen, for "the performance thereof, — I shall thereupon forbear "all acts of hostility.

"Your servant,
"OLIVER CROMWELL."§

Which 'Answer' indeed had no effect. For whilst I was preparing of it; studying to preserve the Town from plunder, that it might be of the more use to you and your Army, — the Captain, who was one of the Commissioners, being fairly treated, yielded up the Castle to us. Upon the top of which our men no sooner appeared, but the Enemy quitted the Walls of the Town; which our men perceiving, ran violently upon the Town with their ladders, and stormed it. And when they were come into the market-place, the Enemy making a stiff resistance, our forces brake them; and then put all to the sword that came in their way. Two boatfuls of the Enemy attempting to escape, being overprest with numbers, sank; whereby were drowned near three-hundred of them. I believe, in all, there was lost of the Enemy not many less than Two-thousand; and I believe not Twenty of yours from first to last of the Siege. And indeed it hath, not without cause, been deeply set upon our hearts, That, we intending better to this place than so great a ruin,

§ The rest of the Wexford Correspondence is in *Tanner* and elsewhere; this which completes it, being considered hopelessly lost, must be taken as a very interesting little Document, now that it has turned up. Autograph (or Facsimile Copy? much interlined and very hastily written), now (March 1846) in the possession of Edward Crawford, Esq., Solicitor, Wellington Quay, Dublin.

hoping the Town might be of more use to you and your Army, yet God would not have it so; but, by an unexpected providence, in His righteous justice, brought a just judgment upon them; causing *them* to become a prey to the soldier who in their piracies had made preys of so many families, and now with their bloods to answer the cruelties which they had exercised upon the lives of divers poor Protestants! Two 'instances' of which I have been lately acquainted with. About seven or eight score poor Protestants were by them put into an old vessel; which being, as some say, bulged by them, the vessel sank, and they were all presently drowned in the Harbour. The other 'instance' was thus: They put divers poor Protestants into a Chapel (which, since, they have used for a Mass-house, and in which one or more of their priests were now killed), where they were famished to death.

The soldiers got a very good booty in this place; and had not they* had opportunity to carry their goods over the River, whilst we besieged it, it would have been much more: — I could have wished for their own good, and the good of the Garrison, they had been more moderate.** Some things which were not easily portable, we hope we shall make use of to your behoof. There are great quantities of iron, hides, tallow, salt, pipe- and barrel-staves; which are under commissioners' hands, to be secured. We believe there are near a hundred cannon in the Fort, and elsewhere in and about the Town. Here is likewise some very good shipping: here are three vessels, one of them of thirty-four guns, which a week's time would fit to sea; there is another of about twenty guns, very near ready

* The Townsfolk. ** Not forced us to storm them.

likewise. And one other Frigate of twenty guns, upon the stocks; made for sailing; which is built up to the uppermost deck: for her handsomeness' sake, I have appointed the workmen to finish her, here being materials to do it, if you or the Council of State shall approve thereof. The Frigate, also, taken beside the Fort, is a most excellent vessel for sailing. Besides divers other ships and vessels in the Harbour.

This Town is now so in your power, that of the former inhabitants, I believe scarce one in twenty can challenge any property in their houses. Most of them are run away, and many of them killed in this service. And it were to be wished, that an honest people would come and plant here; — where are very good houses, and other accommodations fitted to their hands, which may by your favour be made of encouragement to them. As also a seat of good trade, both inward and outward; — and of marvellous great advantage in the point of the herring and other fishing. The Town is pleasantly seated and strong, having a rampart of earth within the wall, near fifteen feet thick.

Thus it hath pleased God to give into your hands this other mercy. For which, as for all, we pray God may have all the glory. Indeed your instruments are poor and weak, and can do nothing but through believing, — and that is the gift of God also.

I humbly take leave, and rest,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

'P. S.' A day or two before our Battery was planted, Ormond, the Earl of Castlehaven, the Lord of Ardes and Clanneboyes were on the other side of the Water, with about 1,800 horse 'and' 1,500 foot; and

offered to put in four or five hundred foot more into the Town; which the Town refusing, he marched away in all haste. I sent the Lieutenant-General after him, with about 1,400 horse; but the Enemy made haste from him. §

Young Charles II., who has got to the Isle of Jersey, decidedly inclining towards Ireland as yet, will probably be staggered by these occurrences, when the news of them reaches him. Not good quarters Ireland at present! The Scots have proclaimed him King; but clogged it with such conditions about the Covenant, about Malignants, and what not, as nothing but the throat of an ostrich could swallow. The poor young King is much at a loss;* — must go somewhither, and if possible take some Mrs. Barlow with him! Laird Winram, Senator of the College of Justice, is off to deal with him;** to see if he cannot help him down with the Covenant: the Laird's best ally, I think, will be Oliver in Ireland. At Edinburgh these are the news from that quarter:

"In October and November this year there ran and were "spread frequent rumours that Lieutenant-General Oliver "Cromwell was routed in Ireland, yea killed; and again that "he bore all down before him like an impetuous torrent: how "that he had taken Tradaffe and Washeford," Tredah and Wexford; "and there, neither sparing sex nor age, had ex- "ercised all the cruelties of a merciless inhuman and bloody "butcher, even brutishly against Nature. On these rumours "Will Douglas," no great shakes at metre, "did write these "lines:

"Cromweli is dead, and risen; and dead again,
And risen the third time after he was slain:
No wonder! For he's messenger of Hell: —
And now he buffets us, now posts to tell
What's past; and for more game new counsel takes
Of his good friend the Devil, who keeps the stakes.'" ***

§ Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, pp. 65-7); completed by Tanner MSS. (in Cary, ii. 168-185), and the Dublin Autograph given above at p. 188.

* Carte's Ormond Papers, i. 316, &c.

** 11th October 1649, Balfour's Historical Works (Edinb. 1825), iii. 432.

*** Ibid. p. 433.

LETTERS CVIII. – CXII.

ROSS.

UNDER date 5th November 1649, we read in the old Newspapers: "Our affairs here have made this progress: Wexford "being settled under the command of Colonel Cooke, our Army "stayed not long there; but hasted further unto Ross. Which "is a walled Town, situated upon the river Barrow, a very "pleasant and commodious river, bearing vessels of a very "considerable burden. Upon Wednesday the 17th of this "instant October, we sat down before Ross; and my Lord "Lieutenant, the same day, sent in this following Summons."

LETTER CVIII.

For the Commander-in-Chief in Ross: These.

SIR, 'Before Ross,' 17th October 1649.

Since my coming into Ireland, I have this witness for myself, That I have endeavoured to avoid effusion of blood; having been before no place, to which such terms have not been first sent as might have turned to the good and preservation of those to whom they were offered; this being my principle, that the people and places where I come may not suffer, except through their own wilfulness.

To the end I may observe the like course with this place and people therein, I do hereby summon you to deliver the Town of Ross into my hands, to the use of the Parliament of England. Expecting your speedy answer, I rest,

Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL. §

"The trumpeter that carried this summons was denied "entrance into the Town. They received his paper at the

§ Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 67).

"gates; and told him that an answer should be returned there-
"unto by a drummer of their own. Hereupon we prepared our
"batteries, and made ready for a storm. Ormond himself,
"Ardes, and Castlehaven were on the other side of the River;
"and sent in supplies of 1,500 foot, the day before it was sur-
"rendered to us; 1,000 foot being in it before we came unto
"it. Castlehaven was in it that morning they delivered it,
"and Inchiquin too had been there not above two or three
"days before our advance thither. They boated over their
"men into the Town in our sight; and yet that did not dis-
"courage us in making ready all provisions fitting for a storm.
"On Friday the 19th of this instant, our great pieces began to
"play, and early in the morning the Governor sent out his
"Answer to my Lord Lieutenant's Summons:

"*For General Cromwell, or, in his absence, For the Commander-*
"in-Chief of the Army now encamped before Ross.

"Ross, 19th October 1649.

"Sir, — I received a Summons from you, the first day you
"appeared before this place; which should have been answered
"ere now, had not other occasions interrupted me. And al-
"though I am now in far better condition to defend this place
"than I was at that time, yet am I, upon the considerations
"offered in your Summons, content to entertain a Treaty; and
"to receive from you those conditions that may be safe and
"honourable for me to accept of. Which if you listen to, I
"desire that pledges on both sides may be sent, for perform-
"ance of such Articles as shall be agreed upon; and that all
"acts of hostility may cease on both sides, and each party
"keep within their distance. To this your immediate resolu-
"tion is expected by, — Sir, your servant,

"Lucas Taaff."

"Hereunto my Lord immediately returned this Answer,"
— which counts here as our Hundred-and-ninth Letter:

LETTER CIX.

For the Governor of Ross: These.

SIR, 'Before Ross,' 19th October 1649.

If you like to march away with those under your command, with their arms, bag and baggage, and with drums and colours, and shall deliver up the Town to me, — I shall give caution to perform these conditions; expecting the like from you. As to the inhabitants, they shall be permitted to live peaceably, free from the injury and violence of the soldiers.

If you like hereof, you can tell how to let me know your mind, notwithstanding my *refusal* of a cessation. By these you will see the reality of my intentions to save blood, and to preserve the place from ruin. I rest,

Your servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL. §

"Our batteries still continued, and made a great breach in "the Wall. Our men were drawn out in a readiness to storm, "Lieutenant-Colonel Ingoldsby being by lot chosen to lead "them; but the Governor being willing to embrace conditions, "sent out this his Reply:

"*For General Cromwell: These.*

"Ross, 19th October 1649.

"SIR, — There wants but little of what I would propose; "— which is, That such Townsmen as have a desire to depart "may have liberty within a convenient time to carry away "themselves and goods; and liberty of conscience to such as "shall stay: and that I may carry away such artillery and "ammunition as I have in my command. If you be inclined to

§ Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 68).

"this, I will send, upon your honour as a safe-conduct, an "Officer to conclude with you. To which your immediate "answer is expected by, — Sir, your servant,

"LUCAS TAAFF."

"Hereunto my Lord gave this return," — our Hundred-and-tenth Letter:

LETTER CX.

For the Governor of Ross: These.

SIR, 'Before Ross,' 19th October 1649.

To what I formerly offered, I shall make good. As for your carrying away any artillery or ammunition, that you brought not with you, or 'that' hath not come to you since you had the command of that place, — I must deny you that; expecting you to leave it as you found it.

'As' for that which you mention concerning liberty of conscience, I meddle not with any man's conscience. But if by liberty of conscience, you mean a liberty to exercise the Mass, I judge it best to use plain dealing, and to let you know, Where the Parliament of England have power, *that* will not be allowed of. As for such of the Townsmen who desire to depart, and carry away themselves and goods (as you express), I engage myself they shall have three months time so to do; and in the mean time shall be protected from violence in their persons and goods, as others under the obedience of the Parliament.

If you accept of this offer, I engage my honour for a punctual performance hereof. I rest,

Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL. §

§ Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 68).

"The Governor returned this Answer."

"*For General Cromwell: These.*

"19th October 1649.

"SIR, — I am content to yield up this place upon the terms "offered in your last and first Letters. And if you please to "send your safe-conduct to such as I shall appoint to perfect "these conditions, I shall on receipt thereof send them to you. "In the interval, — To cease all acts of hostility, and that all "parties keep their own ground, until matters receive a full "end. And so remains, — Sir, your servant,

"LUCAS TAAFF."

"Hereunto my Lord replied thus:"

LETTER CXI.

For the Governor of Ross: These.

SIR, 19th October 1649.

You have my hand and honour engaged to perform what I offered in my first and last Letters; which I shall inviolably observe. I expect you to send me immediately four persons of such quality as may be hostages for your performance; for whom you have this Safe-conduct enclosed, into which you may insert their names. Without which I shall not cease acts of hostility. If any thing happen by your delay, to your prejudice, it will not be my fault. Those you send may see the conditions perfected. Whilst I forbear acts of hostility, I expect you forbear all actings within. I rest,

Your servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL. §

"This," says the old Newspaper, "was the last message "between them: the Governor sending out his four hostages

§ Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 69.)

"to compose and perfect the Agreement, our batteries ceased; "and our intentions to storm the Town were disappointed. "Thus within three days we had possession of this place with- "out the effusion of blood. A very considerable place, and a "very good quarter for the refreshment of our soldiers. The "Enemy marched over to the other side of the River, and did "not come out of that side of the Town where we had "encamped," — which I think was a judicious movement of theirs. What English were in the Garrison, some Five or Six hundred here, do, as their common custom is, "join us." Munster Royalist Forces, poor Ormond men, they had rather live, than be slain in such a Cause as this has grown.

LETTER CXII.

HERE is Cromwell's official account of the same business, in a Letter to Lenthall.

'*For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.*'

SIR, Ross, 25th October 1649.

Since my last from Wexford, we marched to Ross; a walled Town, situated upon the Barrow; a port-town, up to which a ship of seven or eight hundred tons may come.

We came before it upon Wednesday the 17th instant, with three pieces of cannon. That evening I sent a Summons; Major-General Taaff, being Governor, refused to admit my Trumpet into the Town; but took the Summons in, returning me no answer. I did hear that near 1,000 foot had been put into this place some few days before my coming to it. The next day was spent in making preparations for our battery; and in our view there were boated over from the other side of the river, of English, Scots, and Irish, 1,500 more,

Ormond, Castlehaven, and the Lord of Ardes, being on the other side of the water to cause it to be done.

That night we planted our battery; which began to play very early the next morning. The Governor immediately sent forth an Answer to my Summons; copies of all which I make bold herewith to trouble you 'with;'* the rather because you may see how God pulls down proud stomachs. The Governor desired commissioners might treat, and that in the mean time there might be a ceasing of acts of hostility on both sides. Which I refused; sending in word, That if he would march away with arms, bag and baggage, and give me hostages for performance, he should. Indeed he might have done it without my leave, by the advantage of the River. He insisted upon having the cannon with him; which I would not yield unto, but required the leaving the artillery and ammunition; which he was content to do, and marched away, leaving the great artillery and the ammunition in the stores to me. — When they marched away, at least 500 English, many of them of the Munster forces, came to us.

Ormond is at Kilkenny, Inchiquin in Munster, Henry O'Neil, Owen Roe's son, is come up to Kilkenny, with near 2,000 horse and foot, with whom and Ormond there is now a perfect conjunction. So that now, I trust, some angry friends will think it high time to take off their jealousy** from those to whom they ought to exercise more charity.

The rendition of this Garrison was a seasonable

* We have just read them.

** Jealousy of the Parliament's having countenanced Monk in his negotiations with Owen Roe and the Old-Irish of the Massacre.

mercy, as giving us an opportunity towards Munster; and is for the present a very good refreshment for our men. We are able to say nothing as to all this, but that the Lord is still pleased to own a company of poor worthless creatures; for which we desire His name to be magnified, and 'that' the hearts of all concerned may be provoked to walk worthy of such continued favours. This is the earnest desire of

Your most humble servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.

P.S. Colonel Horton is lately dead of the Country-disease, leaving a Son behind him. He was a person of great integrity and courage. His former services, especially that of the last summer, I hope will be had in remembrance. §

Poor Horton; he beat the Welsh at St. Fagan's, and did good service "last summer;" and now he is dead of the "Country-disease," — a pestilence, raging in the rear of Famine and the Spoil of War. Famine has long reigned. When the War ended, Ludlow tells us, it was found necessary to issue a Proclamation that "no lambs or calves should be killed for one year," the stock of cattle being exhausted. Such waste had there been, continues he, in burning the possessions of the English, many of the Natives themselves were driven to starvation; "and I have been informed by persons "deserving credit, that the same calamity fell upon them even "in the first year of the Rebellion, through the depredations "of the Irish; and that they roasted men, and ate them, to "supply their necessities.*" Such a War is worth ending at some cost! — In the Lord Lieutenant's Army, we learn elsewhere, there was an abundant supply, the country crowding in as to a good market, where sure prices were given, and fair

§ Newspapers (in Parl. History, xix. 224-6).
* Ludlow, i. 338, 9.

dealing enforced; all manner of depredators being, according to the paper Proclamation, hanged in very authentic hemp. "Much better supplied than any of the Irish Armies had ever been.*"

LETTERS CXIII.—CXVIII.

THE stroke that fell on Tredah, repeated at Wexford, at Ross not needing to be repeated, has, as we say, broken the brain of the Irish War; the body of which, over Ireland generally, here over the Southwest more especially, everywhere staggers falling, or already lies fallen, writhing in paralytic convulsions, making haste to die. Of its final spasms, widespread confused death-agonies, and general swift death, over this Munster region, through the winter months, and of the Lord Lieutenant's demeanour therein, these Six Letters give us indication such as may suffice.

LETTER CXIII.

HERE is a small glimpse of domesticity again, due to the Pusey Seventeen; very welcome to us in these wild scenes. Mayor has endorsed it at Hursley, "Received 12th December 1649." "Cousin Barton," I suppose, is the Barton who boggled at some things in the Marriage-Contracts; a respectable man, though he has his crotchets now and then.

For my beloved Brother Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley: These.

DEAR BROTHER, Ross, 13th November 1649.

I am not often at leisure, nor now, to salute my friends; yet unwilling to lose this opportunity. I take it, only to let you know that you and your Family are often in my prayers. As for Dick, I do not much expect it from him, knowing his idleness; but I am angry with my Daughter as a promise-breaker. Pray tell her so; — but I hope she will redeem herself.

* Carte, ii. 90.

It has pleased the Lord to give us (since the taking of Wexford and Ross) a good interest in Munster, by the accession* of Cork and Youghal, which are both submitted; their Commanders are now with me. Divers other lesser Garrisons are come in also. The Lord is wonderful in these things; it's His hand alone does them: oh, that all the praise might be ascribed to Him!

I have been crazy in my health; but the Lord is pleased to sustain me. I beg your prayers. I desire you to call upon my Son to mind the things of God more and more: alas, what profit is there in the things of this world! — except they be enjoyed in Christ, they are snares. I wish he may enjoy his Wife so, and she him; I wish I may enjoy them both so.

My service to my dear Sister 'and' Cousin Ann; my blessing to my Children, and love to my Cousin Barton and the rest.

Sir, I am,
Your affectionate brother and servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.§

LETTER CXIV.

THE opportune Victory at Rathmines produced the revival of an old Vote, produced also a new special Vote, in favour of Lieutenant-General Jones;** which new Vote ought not to fall asleep again, as the old one had done. Thomas Scott, of the Council of State, whom we have already seen; "peppery Thomas," is not yet to vanish from this History. Of Broghil, "Munster Business," and the rest, there will be farther notice in next Letter, which is of the same date with this.

* "access," *orig.*

§ Harris, p. 511; one of the Pusey set, preserved by Dunch, as intimated above.

** Antea, ii. 148-151.

'*For the Hon. Thomas Scott, of the Council of State: These.*'

SIR, Ross, 14th November 1649.

I hope you will excuse this trouble. I understand the House did vote Lieutenant-General Jones Five-hundred pounds *per annum* of lands of inheritance from Irish Lands, upon the news of the Defeat given to the Enemy before Dublin, immediately before my coming over. I think it will be a very acceptable work, and very well taken at your hands, to move the House for an immediate settlement thereof: it will be very convenient at this time.

Another thing is this. The Lord Broghil is now in Munster; where he, I hope, will do very good offices: all his suit is for Two-hundred pounds to bring his Wife over: such a sum would not be cast away. He hath a great interest in the men that come from Inchiquin.* I have made him and Sir William Fenton, Colonel Blake, and Colonel Deane, — who I believe, 'at least' one of them, will be frequently in Cork Harbour; making that a victualling place for the Irish Fleet, instead of Milford Haven, — 'I have made them' and Colonel Phayr, Commissioners for a temporary management of affairs there.

This Business of Munster will empty your Treasury: therefore you have need to hasten our money allotted us; lest you put us to stand with our fingers in our mouths! — I rest,

Sir,

Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL. §

* That desert to us from Lord Inchiquin, the Ormond Chief in Munster.
§ Tanner MSS. (in Cary, ii. 188).

LETTER CXV.

THE "General Blake" of this Letter, "Colonel Blake" of the last, is Admiral Blake; he, with Ayscough, Deane and vigilant Sea-officers, cooperating with Oliver on land, now dominates these waters. Prince Rupert, with the residue of the Revolted Ships, is lying close, for shelter from him, under the guns of Kinsale; — verging, poor Prince, to a fugitive roaming sea-life, very like Piracy in some of its features. He abandoned it as desperate, before long. Poor Prince Maurice, sea-roving in like fashion, went to the bottom; sank, in the West Indies, mouse and man; and ended, none knows exactly where, when, or how. Rupert invented, or helped to invent, 'pinchbeck' in subsequent years, and did no other service to the public that I know of.

The defection of Cork and Youghal, full of English influences and complex distractions, followed naturally on Cromwell's successes. In *Lady Fanshawe's Memoirs* is a vivid account of the universal hurlyburly that took place at Cork, on the verge of this occurrence there: tremulous instant decision what you will do, which side you will join; swift packing in the dead of night; swift riding off, in any carriage, cart, or ass-cart you can bargain with for love or money! Poor Lady Fanshawe got to Galway, there to try it yet a little longer.

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

SIR, Ross, 14th November 1649.

About a fortnight since, I had some good assurance that Cork was returned to its obedience; and had refused Inchiquin, who did strongly endeavour to redintegrate himself there, but without success.* I did hear also that Colonel Townsend was coming to me with their submission and desires, but was interrupted

* See Carte, ii. 91.

by a Fort at the mouth of Cork Harbour. But having sufficient grounds upon the former information, and other confirmation out of the Enemy's camp that it was true, I desired General Blake, who was here with me, that he would repair thither in Captain Mildmay's Frigate, called the Nonsuch. Who, when they came thither, received such entertainment as these enclosed will let you see.

In the mean time the Garland, one of your third-rate Ships, coming happily into Waterford Bay, I ordered her, and a great Prize lately taken in that Bay, to transport Colonel Phayr* to Cork; whitherward he went, having along with him near Five-hundred foot, which I spared him out of this poor Army, and 1,500*l.* in money; giving him such instructions as were proper for the promoting of your interest there. As they went with an intention for Cork, it pleased God the wind coming cross, they were forced to ride off from Dungarvan. Where they met Captain Mildmay *returning* with the Nonsuch Frigate, with Colonel Townsend aboard, coming to me; who advertised them that Youghal had also declared for the Parliament of England. Whereupon they steered their course thither; and sent for Colonel Gifford, Colonel Warden, Major Purden (who with Colonel Townsend have been very active instruments for the return both of Cork and Youghal to their obedience, having some of them ventured their lives twice or thrice to effect it), and the Mayor of Youghal aboard them; who, accordingly, immediately came and made tender of some propositions to be offered to me. But my Lord Broghil being on board the Ship, assuring them it would be more for their

* He of the King's Death-Warrant.

honour and advantage to desire no conditions, they said they would submit. Whereupon my Lord Broghil, Sir William Fenton, and Colonel Phayr, went to the Town; and were received, — I shall give you my Lord Broghil's own words, — "*with all the real demonstrations of gladness an overjoyed people were capable of.*"

Not long after, Colonel Phayr landed his foot. And by the endeavours of the noble person* afore mentioned, and the rest of the gentlemen, the Garrison is put in good order; and the Munster officers and soldiers in that Garrison in a way of settlement. Colonel Phayr intends, as I hear, to leave Two-hundred men there, and to march with the rest overland to Cork. I hear by Colonel Townsend, and the rest of the gentlemen that were employed to me, that Baltimore, Castlehaven, Cappoquin, and some other places of hard names, are come in, — I wish Foot come over seasonably to man them; — as also that there are hopes of other places.

From Sir Charles Coote, Lord President of Connaught, I had a Letter, about three or four days since, That he is come over the Bann, and hath taken Coleraine by storm; and that he is in conjunction with Colonel Venables, — who I hear hath besieged Carrickfergus; which if through the mercy of God it be taken, I know nothing considerable in the North of Ireland, but Charlemont, that is not in your hands.

We lie with the Army at Ross; where we have

* Lord Broghil. The somewhat romantic story of Cromwell's first visit to him, and chivalrous conquest of him, at his lodgings in London, "in the dusk of the evening," is in Collins's Peerage (London 1741), iv. 253; and in many other Books; — copied from Morrice's *Life of Orrery*.

been making a bridge over the Barrow, and 'have' hardly yet accomplished 'it' as we could wish. The Enemy lies upon the Nore, on the land between the Barrow and it; having gathered together all the force they can get. Owen Roe's men, as they report them, are Six-thousand foot, and about Four-thousand horse, beside their own Army 'in this quarter;' and they give out they will have a day for it: — which we hope the Lord of His mercy will enable us to give them, in His own good time. In whom we desire our only trust and confidence may be.

Whilst we have lain here, we have not been without some sweet taste of the goodness of God. Your ships have taken some good prizes. The last was thus: There came-in a Dunkirk man-of-war with 32 guns; who brought-in a Turkish man-of-war whom she had taken, and another ship of 10 guns laden with poor-john and oil. These two your ships took. But the man-of-war whose prizes these two were, put herself under the Fort of Duncannon, so that your ships could not come near her. It pleased God we had two demi-cannon with the foot, on the shore; which being planted, raked her through, killing and wounding her men: so that after ten shot she weighed anchor, and ran into your Fleet, with a flag of submission, surrendering herself. She was well manned, the prisoners taken being Two-hundred-and-thirty. — I doubt the taking prisoners of this sort will cause the wicked trade of Piracy to be endless. They were landed here before I was aware: and a hundred of them, as I hear, are gotten into Duncannon, and have taken up arms there; and I doubt the rest, that are gone to Waterford, will do us no good. The seamen, being so full of prizes and un-

provided of victual, knew not how otherwise to dispose of them.

Another 'mercy' was this. We, having left divers sick men, both horse and foot, at Dublin, — hearing many of them were recovered, sent them orders to march up to us: which accordingly they did. Coming to Arklow, on Monday the first of this instant, being about 350 horse and about 800 foot, — the Enemy, hearing of them (through the great advantage they have in point of intelligence), drew together a body of horse and foot near 3,000, which Inchiquin commanded. There went also, with this party, Sir Thomas Armstrong, Colonel Trevor, and most of their great ranters.* We sent fifteen or sixteen troops to their rescue, near eight hours too late. It pleased God we sent them word by a nearer way, To march close, and be circumspect, and to make what haste they could to Wexford, by the sea-side. They had marched near eighteen miles, and were come within seven miles of Wexford (the foot being miserably wearied), when the Enemy gave the scouts of the rearguard an alarm. Whereupon they immediately drew up in the best order they could upon the sands, the sea on the one hand, and the rocks on the other; where the Enemy made a very furious charge: 'and' overbearing our horse with their numbers, which, as some of their prisoners confess, were Fifteen-hundred of their best horse, forced them in some disorder back to the foot. Our foot stood;

* Braggarts, great guns. Trevor had given Venables, as above hinted, a dangerous camisado in the North lately; and was not far from ruining him, had the end corresponded with the beginning (see Carte, ii. 89). To which Cromwell alludes, by and by, in this Letter. Lord Inchiquin, a man of Royalist-Presbyterian tendencies, has fought long, on various sides. The name Armstrong is not yet much of a "ranter;" but a new Sir Thomas will become famous under Titus Oates. — Ludlow gives a curious account of this same running-fight on the sea-beach of Arklow (i. 309).

forbearing their firing till the Enemy was come almost within pistol-shot, and then let fly very full in the faces of them: whereby some of them began to tumble; the rest running off in a very great disorder; — and 'they' faced not about until they got above musket-shot off. Upon this our horse took encouragement; drawing up again; bringing up some foot to flank them. And a gentleman of ours, that had charged through before, being amongst them undiscerned, having put his signal into his hat as they did, — took his opportunity and came off; letting our men know, That the Enemy was in great confusion and disorder, and that if they could attempt another charge, he was confident good might be done on them. It pleased God to give our men courage: they advanced; and, falling upon the Enemy, totally routed them; took two colours and divers prisoners, and killed divers upon the place and in the pursuit. I do not hear that we have two men killed; and but one mortally wounded, and not five that are taken prisoners.

The quick march of our party made Inchiquin that he could reach them with nothing but his horse, hoping to put them to a stand until his foot came up; which if he had done, there had probably been no saving of a man of this party. Without doubt Inchiquin, Trevor, and the rest of those people, who are very good at this work, had swallowed up this party! And indeed it was, in human probability, lost; but God, that defeated Trevor in his attempt upon Venables (which Trevor, as I hear this night from the Enemy's camp, was shot through the belly in this service, and is carried to Kilkenny, — and Sir Thomas Armstrong is also wounded), hath disappointed them, and poured shame

upon them in this defeat; giving us the lives of a company of our dear friends, which I hope will be improved to His glory and their Country's good.

Sir, having given you this account, I shall not trouble you much with particular desires. Those I shall humbly present to the Council of State. Only, in the general, give me leave humbly to offer what in my judgment I conceive to be for your service, with a full submission to you. We desire recruits may be speeded to us. It is not fit to tell you how your Garrisons will be unsupplied, and no Field marching Army considerable, if but three Garrisons more were in our hands.* It is not well not to follow providences.** Your recruits, and the forces desired will not raise your charge, if your assignments already for the forces here do come to our hands in time. I should not doubt 'but' by the addition of assessments here, to have your charge in some reasonable measure borne; and the soldier upheld, without too much neglect or discouragement, — which sickness, in this country so ill agreeing with their bodies, puts upon them; and 'which' this Winter's-action, I believe not heretofore known by English in this country, subjects them to. To the praise of God I speak it, I scarce know one officer of forty amongst us that hath not been sick. And how many considerable ones we have lost, is no little thought of heart to us.***

Wherefore I humbly beg, that the moneys desired may be seasonably sent over; and those other necessaries, clothes, shoes and stockings, formerly desired; that so poor creatures may be encouraged: and, through

* Sentence omitted in the Newspaper.
** Beckonings of Providence.
*** Sentence omitted in the Newspaper.

the same blessed Presence that has gone along with us, I hope, before it be long, to see Ireland no burden to England, but a profitable part of its Commonwealth. And certainly the extending your help in this way, at this time, is the most profitable means speedily to effect it. And if I did not think it your best thrift, I would not trouble you at all with it.

I have sent Sir Arthur Loftus with these Letters. He hath gone along with us, testifying a great deal of love to your Service. I know his sufferings are very great; for he hath lost near all: his Regiment was reduced to save your charge, not out of any exceptions to his person. I humbly therefore present him to your consideration.*

Craving pardon for this trouble, I rest,

Your most humble and faithful servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL. §

LETTER CXVI.

Commons Journals, 12° *Decembris* 1649: "A Letter from "the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland was this day read. *Ordered*, "That the said Letter be forthwith printed and published;" — Lord Mayor to be sure and send it to all the Ministers next Lord's Day, who are to be, as they best may, the voice of our devout thankfulness for 'these great mercies.' Here is the Letter still extant for posterity, — with or without the thankfulness.

We cannot give the exact day of date. The Letter exists, separate, or combined with other matter, in various old Pamphlets; but is nowhere dated; and in fact, as the Entry in the Commons Journals may indicate, was never dated either

* Paragraph omitted.

§ Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, pp. 69-71); Tanner mss. (in Cary, ii. 189-97).

as to place or time. The place we learn by the context: the time was after Saturday November 24th,* and before December had yet begun; — probably enough, Sunday, November 25th.

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

MR. SPEAKER, 'Before Waterford, — Nov. 1649.'

The Enemy being quartered between the two rivers of Nore and Barrow, and masters of all the passages thereupon; and giving out their resolutions to fight us, thereby, as we conceived, labouring to get reputation in the countries, and occasion more strength, — it was thought fit our Army should march towards them. Which accordingly upon Thursday the 15th instant was done. The Major-General and Lieutenant-General** (leaving me very sick at Ross behind them), with two battering guns, advanced towards Inistioge; a little walled Town about five miles from Ross, upon the Nore, on the south side thereof, which was possessed by the Enemy. But a party of our men under the command of Colonel Abbot, the night before approaching the gates, and attempting to fire the same, the Enemy ran away through the River, leaving good store of provisions behind them.

Our Commanders hoped by gaining this Town to have gained a pass.*** But indeed there fell so much sudden wet as made the River unpassable, by that time the Army was come up. Whereupon, hearing that the Enemy lay about two miles off upon the River, near Thomastown, a pretty large walled Town upon the Nore, on the north side thereof, having a bridge over the River, — our Army marched thither. But the

* See postea, p. 213; and Whitlocke, 2d edition, p. 433.
** Ireton and Jones. *** A ford over the River.

Enemy had broken the bridge, and garrisoned the Town; and in the view of our Army, marched away to Kilkenny, — seeming, though I believe they were double our number, to *decline* an engagement. Which they had the power to have necessitated us unto; but 'which it' was noways in our power, if they would stand upon the advantage of the Passes, to engage them unto; — nor indeed 'was it in our power' to continue out two days longer, having almost spent all the bread they* carried with them.

Whereupon, seeking God for direction, they resolved to send a good party of horse and dragoons under Colonel Reynolds to Carrick; and to march the residue of the Army back towards Ross, — to gain more bread for the prosecution of that design, if by the blessing of God it should take. Colonel Reynolds, marching with twelve troops of horse, and three troops of dragoons, came betimes in the morning to Carrick. Where, dividing himself into two parties, — whilst they were amazed with the one, he entered one of the Gates with the other. Which their soldiers perceiving, divers of them and their officers escaped over the River in boats: about an hundred officers and soldiers 'were' taken prisoners, without the loss of one man on our part. In this place is a very good Castle, and one of the ancientest seats belonging to the Lord of Ormond, in Ireland: the same was rendered without any loss also, where were good store of provisions for the refreshing of our men.

The Colonel giving us speedy intelligence of God's mercy in this, we agreed to march, with all convenient

* 'they' and "them" mean *we* and *us:* the swift-rushing sentence here alters its personality from first person to third, and so goes on.

speed, the residue of the Army up thither. Which accordingly was done, upon Wednesday and Thursday the 21st and 22d of this instant; and, through God's mercy, I was enabled to bear them company. Being come hither, we did look at it as an especial good hand of Providence to give us this place; inasmuch as it gives us a passage over the River Suir to the City of Waterford, and indeed into Munster to our shipping and provisions, which before were beaten from us out of Waterford Bay by the Enemy's guns. It hath given us also opportunity to besiege or block up Waterford; and we hope our gracious God will therein direct us also. It hath given us also the opportunity of our guns, ammunition, and victual; and indeed quarter for our horse, which could not have subsisted much longer: so sweet a mercy was the giving of this little place unto us.

Having rested there a night, and by noon of the next day gotten our Army over the River; — leaving Colonel Reynolds with about One-hundred-and-fifty foot, his own six troops of horse, and one troop of dragoons, with a very little ammunition according to the smallness of our marching store; — we marched away towards Waterford, upon Friday the 23d; and on Saturday about noon came before the City. The Enemy, being not a little troubled at this unsuspected business (which indeed was the mere guidance of God), marched down with great fury towards Carrick, with their whole Army, resolving to swallow it up; and upon Saturday the 24th, assault the place round, thinking to take it by storm. But God had otherwise determined. For the troopers and the rest of the soldiers, with stones*

* Having only "a very little ammunition" and small use of guns (see Whitlocke, p. 418; Ludlow, &c.)

did so pelt them, they 'were forced to draw off; after' continuing near four hours under the walls; 'after' having burnt the Gates, which our men barricaded up with stones; and likewise 'having' digged under the walls, and sprung a small mine, which flew in their own faces. But they left about forty or fifty men dead under the Walls; and have drawn off, as some say, near four-hundred more, which they buried up and down the fields; besides what are wounded. And, as Inchiquin himself confessed in the hearing of some of their soldiers lately come to us, 'this' hath lost him above a thousand men. — The Enemy was drawing off his dead a good part of the night. They were in such haste upon the assault, that they killed their own trumpeter as he was returning with an Answer to the Summons sent by them. Both in the taking and defending of this place Colonel Reynolds his carriage was such as deserves much honour.*

Upon our coming before Waterford,** I sent the Lieutenant-General with a regiment of horse, and three troops of dragoons, to endeavour the reducing of the Passage fort: a very large Fort with a Castle in the midst of it, having five guns planted in it, and commanding the River better than Duncannon; it not being much above musket-shot over, where this Fort stands; and we can bring up hither ships of three-hundred tons, without any danger from Duncannon. Upon the attempt, though our materials were not very apt for the business, yet the Enemy called for quarter, — and had it, and we the place. We also possessed the guns which the Enemy had planted to beat our ships out of

* We shall hear of Reynolds again.

** Letters to and from the Mayor of Waterford on this occasion: Appendix, No. 14.

the Bay, two miles below. By the taking of this Fort, we shall much straiten Duncannon from provisions by water, as we hope they are not in a condition to get much by land; besides the advantage it is to us to have provisions to come up the River.

It hath pleased the Lord, whilst these things have been thus transacting here, to add to your interest in Munster, Bandon Bridge; the Town, as we hear, upon the matter, thrusting out young Jephson, who was their Governor; or else he deserting it upon that jealousy. As also Kinsale, and the Fort there: — out of which Fort Four-hundred men marched upon articles, when it was surrendered. So that now, by the good hand of the Lord, your interest in Munster is near as good already as ever it was since this War began. I sent a party about two days ago to my Lord of Broghil; from whom I expect to have an account of all.

Sir, what can be said in these things? Is it an arm of flesh that hath done these things? Is it the wisdom, and counsel, or strength of men? It is the Lord only. God will curse that man and his house that dares think otherwise! Sir, you see the work is done by a Divine leading. God gets into the hearts of men, and persuades them to come under you. I tell you, a considerable part of your Army is fitter for an hospital than the field: if the Enemy did not know it, I should have held it impolitic to have writ this. They know it, yet they know not what to do.

I humbly beg leave to offer a word or two. I beg of those that are faithful, that they give glory to God. I wish it may have influence upon the hearts and

* "Young Jephson," I suppose, is the son of Jephson, Member for Stockbridge, Hants; one of those whom Pride purged away; — not without reason, as is here seen.

spirits of all those that are now in place of Government, in the greatest trust, — that they may all in heart draw near to God; giving Him glory by holiness of life and conversation; 'and' that these unspeakable mercies may teach dissenting brethren on all sides to agree, at least, in praising God. And if the Father of the family be so kind, why should there be such jarrings and heart-burnings amongst the children? And if it will not be received That these are the seals of God's approbation of your great Change of Government, — which indeed are no more yours than these victories and successes are ours, — yet let them with us say, even the most unsatisfied heart amongst them, That both are the righteous judgments and mighty works of God. That He hath pulled the mighty from his seat, and calls to an account 'for' innocent blood. That He thus breaks the enemies of His Church in pieces. And let them not be sullen, but praise the Lord, — and think of us as they please; and we shall be satisfied, and pray for them, and wait upon our God. And we hope we shall seek the welfare and peace of our native Country: and the Lord give them hearts to do so too. Indeed, Sir, I was constrained in my bowels to write thus much. I ask your pardon; and rest,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL. §

An Able Editor in the old Newspapers has been inexpressibly favoured with the sight of a Letter *to* "an Honourable Member of the Council of State;" Letter dated "Cork, 18th December 1649;" wherein this is what we still read: "Yester-"day my Lord Lieutenant came, from Youghal the head-

§ Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, pp. 71 73).

"quarter, unto Cork; my Lord Broghil, Sir William Fenton, "and divers other Gentlemen and Commanders attending his "Excellency. Who hath received here very hearty and noble "entertainment. Tomorrow the Major-General" Ireton "is "expected here: — both in good health, God be praised. This "week, I believe, they will visit Kinsale, Bandon Bridge, and "other places in this Province that have lately declared for us, "and that expect a return of his affection and presence, which "joys many. Some report here that the Enemy burns towns "and provisions near our quarters: but the example may at "length turn to their own greatest prejudice. Colonel Deane "and Colonel Blake, our Sea-Generals, are both riding in "Cork Harbour."*

Dated on the morrow is this Letter:

LETTER CXVII.

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

MR. SPEAKER, Cork, 19th December 1649.

Not long after my last to you from before Waterford, — by reason of the tempestuousness of the weather, we thought fit, and it was agreed, To march away to Winterquarters, to refresh our men until God shall please to give further opportunity for action.

We marched off, the 2d of this instant; it being so terrible a day as ever I marched in all my life. Just as we marched off in the morning, — unexpected to us, the Enemy had brought an addition of near Two-thousand horse and foot to the increase of their Garrison: which we plainly saw at the other side of the water. We marched that night some ten or twelve miles through a craggy country, to Kilmac Thomas; a Castle some eight miles from Dungarvan. As we

* Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 73).

were marching off in the morning from thence, the Lord Broghil, — I having sent before to him to march up to me, — sent a party of horse, to let me know, He was, with about Twelve or Thirteen hundred of the Munster horse and foot, about ten miles off, near Dungarvan, which was newly rendered to him.

In the midst of these good successes, wherein the kindness and mercy of God hath appeared, the Lord, in wisdom, and for gracious ends best known to Himself, hath interlaced some things which may give us cause of serious consideration what His mind therein may be. And we hope we wait upon Him, desiring to know, and to submit to His good pleasure. The noble Lieutenant-General,* — whose finger, to our knowledge, never ached in all these expeditions, — fell sick; we doubt, upon a cold taken upon our late wet march, and ill accommodation: and went to Dungarvan, where, struggling some four or five days with a fever, he died; having run his course with so much honour, courage, and fidelity, as his actions better speak than my pen. What England lost hereby, is above me to speak. I am sure, I lost a noble friend, and companion in labours. You see how God mingles out the cup unto us. Indeed we are at this time a crazy company: — yet we live in His sight; and shall work the time that is appointed us, and shall rest after that in peace.**

But yet there hath been some sweet at the bottom of the cup; — of which I shall now give you an account. Being informed that the Enemy intended to take-in the Fort of Passage, and that Lieutenant-General Ferral with his Ulsters*** was to march out

* Michael Jones: Ludlow (i. 304) is a little misinformed.
** Yes, my brave one; even so! *** Ulster-men.

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of Waterford, with a considerable party of horse and foot, for that service, — I ordered Colonel Zanchy, who lay on the north side of the Blackwater, To march with his regiment of horse, and two pieces of two troops of dragoons to the relief of our friends. Which he accordingly did; his party consisting in all of about Three-hundred-and-twenty. When he came some few miles from the place, he took some of the Enemy's stragglers in the villages as he went; all which he put to the sword: seven troopers of his killed thirty of them in one house. When he came near the place, he found the Enemy had close begirt it, with about Five-hundred Ulster foot under Major O'Neil; Colonel Wogan also, the Governor of Duncannon, with a party of his, with two great battering guns and a mortar-piece, and Captain Browne, the Governor of Ballihac, where there. Our men furiously charged them; and beat them from the place. The Enemy got into a place where they might draw up; and the Ulsters, who bragged much of their pikes, made indeed for the time a good resistance: but the horse, pressing sorely upon them, killed near an Hundred upon the place; took Three-hundred-and-fifty prisoners, — amongst whom, Major O'Neil, and the Officers of Five-hundred Ulster foot, all but those which were killed; the renegado Wogan, with twenty-four of Ormond's kurisees, and the Governor of Ballihac, &c. Concerning some of these, I hope I shall not trouble your justice.

This mercy was obtained without the loss of one on our part, only one shot in the shoulder. Lieutenant-General Ferral was come up very near, with a great party to their relief; but our handful of men marching toward him, he shamefully hasted away, and recovered

Waterford. It is not unworthy taking notice, That having appointed a Day of public Thanksgiving throughout our territories in Ireland, as well as a week's warning would permit, for the recovery of Munster, — which proves a sweet refreshment to us, even prepared by God for me, after our weary and hard labour, — That that very day, and that very time, while men were praising God, was this deliverance wrought.

Though the present state of affairs bespeaks a continuance of charge, yet the same good hand of Providence, which hath blessed your affairs hitherto, is worthy to be followed to the uttermost. And who knows, or rather who hath not cause to hope, that He may, in His goodness, put a short period to your whole charge? Than which no worldly thing is more desired and endeavoured by

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.§

Ormond witnessed this defeat at Passage, from some steeple, or "place of prospect" in Waterford; and found the "Mayor," whom he sent for, a most unreasonable man.*

"The renegado Wogan:" Captain Wogan, once in the Parliament service, joined himself to Hamilton and the Scots in 1648; "bringing a gallant troop along with him." His maraudings, pickeerings, onslaughts, and daring chivalries became very celebrated after that. He was not slain or hanged here at Passage;** there remained for him yet, some four years hence, his grand feat which has rendered all the rest memorable: "that of riding right through England, having rendezvoused at Barnet, with a Party of Two-hundred horse,"

§ Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, pp. 73, 74).
* Carte, ii. 103; whose account is otherwise very deficient.
** Appendix, No. 15.

to join Middleton's new Scotch Insurrection in the Highland Hills; where he, soon after, died of consumption and some slight hurt.* — What "kurisees" are, I do not know; may be *cuirassiers*, in popular locution: some nickname for Ormond's men, — whom few loved; whom the Mayor of Waterford, this very day, would not admit into his Town even for the saving of Passage Fort.** With certain of these "*your* justice" need not be troubled.

This Letter, with two others, one from Ireton and one from Broghil, all dated Cork, 19th December, were not received in the Commons House till Tuesday 8th January; such were then the delays of the winter post. On which same day it is resolved, That the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland be desired to come over, and give his attendance here in Parliament.*** Speaker is ordered to write him a letter to that effect.

"The ground of this resolution," says Whitlocke, "was "That the news of the King's coming to Scotland became "more probable than formerly." Laird Winram's dealings with him, and Cromwell's successes, and the call of Necessity are proving effectual! "And," continues Whitlocke, "the "proceedings of the Scots in raising of new forces gave an "alarm to the Parliament: and some of their Members who "had discoursed with the Lord General Fairfax upon those "matters, and argued how necessary it would be to send an "Army into Scotland to divert the war from England, — had "found the General wholly averse to any such thing; and, by "means of his Lady, who was a strict Presbyterian, to be "more a friend to the Scots than they," those Members, "wished. Therefore they thought this a fit time to send for "the Lieutenant of Ireland, the rather as his Army was now "drawn into winter-quarters."†

The Lord Lieutenant thought, or was supposed to think, of complying straightway, as the old Newspapers instruct us;

* Clarendon, iii. 679; Whitlocke, Heath's Chronicle, &c.
** Carte, ii. 103.
*** Commons Journals, vi. 343, 4.
† Whitlocke, p. 422.

but on better counsel, the Scotch peril not being very imminent as yet, decided "to settle Ireland in a safe posture" first. Indeed the Letter itself is long in reaching him; and the rumour of it, which arrives much sooner, has already set the Enemy on false schemes, whereof advantage might be taken.*

Meanwhile, in Munster, in Ireland generally, there is much to be done, on the great scale and on the small. Some days before the last Letter gets into the Speaker's hands, here is another, a private one, travelling towards Philip Wharton, whom we transiently saluted last year at Knaresborough.**

LETTER CXVIII.

Lord Wharton, when we last saw him, was of the Derby-House Committee, a busy man and manager; but he is not now of the Council of State; having withdrawn from all management, into a painful inquiring condition. One of our zealous Puritans and Patriots, but much troubled with cautious dubitations; involved in "reasonings," in painful labyrinths of constitutional and other logic, for the present. Of which sort there are now many. Who indignantly drew the sword, and long zealously fought and smote with it, nothing doubting; and are now somewhat astonished at the issue that has come of it! Somewhat uncertain whether these late high actings, executing judgment on your King, abolition of your House of Lords, and so forth, are owned by the Eternal Powers or not owned. Of Temporal Powers there is clearly none that will own them; and unless the other do —? The Lord Lieutenant intimates, in his friendliest way, that surely it is indispensable to have "satisfaction" on that score; also that it is perilous not to get it; and furthermore that labyrinths of constitutional and other logic are by no means the course towards that.

* Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 77.)

** Appendix, No. 16: Letter, of 31st December, recommending a Chief-Justice for Munster.

For the Right Honourable the Lord Wharton: These.

MY DEAR FRIEND, MY LORD, Cork, 1st Jan. 1649.

If I know my heart, I love you in truth: and therefore if, from the jealousy of unfeigned love, I play the fool a little, and say a word or two at guess, I know you will pardon it.

It were a vain thing, by Letter, to dispute-over your doubts, or undertake to answer your objections, I have heard them all; and *I* have rest from the trouble of them, and 'of' what has risen in my own heart; for which I desire to be humbly thankful. I do not condemn your reasonings; I doubt them. It's easy to object to the glorious Actings of God, if we look too much upon Instruments! I have heard computations made of the Members in Parliament: "The good kept out, the worst left in,"* &c.: — it has been so these nine years: yet what hath God wrought? The greatest works *last;* and still is at work! Therefore take heed of this scandal.

Be not offended at the manner 'of God's working;' perhaps no other way was left. What if God accepted *their* zeal, 'even' as He did that of Phinehas,** whom *reason* might have called before a jury! What if the Lord have witnessed His approbation and acceptance to this 'zeal' also, — not only by signal outward acts,

* Original has, "most bad remaining:" "these nine years" means, ever since the Parliament first met.

** "And behold, one of the Children of Israel came, and brought unto "his brethren a Midianitish woman; in the sight of Moses, and in the sight "of all the Congregation of the Children of Israel, who were weeping be- "fore the door of the Tabernacle of the Congregation," — by reason of those very sins. "And when Phinehas the son of Eleazar, the son of "Aaron the Priest, saw it, he rose up from among the Congregation, and "took a javelin in his hand; and he went after the man of Israel into the "tent, and thrust both of them through, the man of Israel and the woman, "through the belly. So the plague was stayed from the Children of Israel." (*Numbers*, xxv. 6-8.)

but to the heart 'of good men' too? What if I fear, my Friend should withdraw his shoulder from the Lord's work, — Oh, it's grievous to do so! — through scandals, through false mistaken reasonings —?

"There's difficulty, there's trouble; here, in the other way, there's safety, ease, wisdom: in the one no clearness," — this is an objection indeed, — "in the other satisfaction." — "Satisfaction:" it's well if we thought of that first, and 'as' severed from the other considerations,* which do often bias, if not bribe the mind. Whereby mists are often raised in the way we should walk in, and we call it darkness or "dissatisfaction:" Oh, our deceitful hearts! Oh, this flattering world! How great is it to be the Lord's servant in any drudgery** — (I thought not to have written near 'so far as' the other side: love will not let me alone; I have been often provoked 'to it by you') — in all hazards His worst is far above the world's best! He makes us able, in truth, to say so; we cannot of ourselves. How hard a thing is it to *reason* ourselves up to the Lord's service, though it be so honourable; how easy to put ourselves out there, where the flesh has so many advantages! —

You were desired to go along with us: I wish it still.*** Yet we are not triumphing; — we may, for aught flesh knoweth, *suffer* after all this: the Lord prepare us for His good pleasure! You were with us in the Power of things: why not in the Form? I am persuaded your heart hankers after the hearts of your poor Friends; and will, until you can find others to

* of "safety," profit, &c.
** Turns the leaf, we perceive.
*** Shadow of condescension, implied in this, strikes his Excellency; which he hastens to retract.

close with: which, I trust, though we in ourselves be contemptible, God will not let you do!

My service to the dear little Lady: I wish you make her not a greater temptation 'to you, in this matter,' than she is! Take heed of all relations. Mercies should not be temptations: yet we too oft make them so. The Lord direct your thoughts into the obedience of His will, and give you rest and peace in the Truth. Pray for

Your most true and affectionate
Servant in the Lord,
OLIVER CROMWELL.

'P.S.' I received a Letter from Robert Hammond, whom truly I love in the Lord with most entire affection: it much grieved me, not because I judged, but feared the whole spirit of it was from temptation; — indeed I thought I perceived a proceeding in that; which the Lord will, I trust, cause him to unlearn. I would fain have written to him, but am straitened in time. Would he would be with us a little! Perhaps it would be no hurt to him.§

Of Wharton and his dubitations, which many share in, we shall again hear. Of Wharton, young Colonel Hammond, young Colonel Montague, Tom Westrow, Henry Lawrence, idle Dick, men known to us, and men unknown; — of them

§ Gentleman's Magazine (London, 1814), lxxxiv. p. 418. Given there without editing; no notice whence: clearly genuine. — — *Note to Third Edition.* Original, in autograph, endorsed by Wharton, "rec: 30th January 1649, from my Lord Leefetennant of Ireland, from Ireland," is now (1848) in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge; *Postscript* here is added from the Original. This Letter, and two others to be given by and by (CXLVI and CLXXXI.), came to the Fitzwilliam Museum, some thirty years ago; discovered "among the Court-rolls of the Manor of Wymondham Cromwell, Norfolk."

and their abstruse "reasonings," and communings with the Lord Lieutenant in St. James's Park, we shall have a hint by and by. Some of whom received full "satisfaction," and others never could.

Here is a kind of Epistle General, in a quite other tone, intended to give "satisfaction" to a quite other class, if they are capable of it.

DECLARATION

OF THE LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND, FOR THE UNDECEIVING OF DELUDED PEOPLE.

THE "Supreme Council of Kilkenny," still more the Occult "Irish Hierarchy" which was a main element thereof, remains, and is like to remain, a very dark entity in History: little other, after all one's reading, than a featureless gaunt shadow; extinct, and the emblem to us of huge noises that are also extinct. History can know that it *had* features once: — of fierce dark-visaged Irish Noblemen and Gentlemen; dark-visaged Abbases O'Teague, and an Occult Papist Hierarchy; earnestly planning, perorating, excommunicating, in a high Irish tone of voice: alas, with general result which Nature found *untrue*. Let there be noble pity for them in the hearts of the noble. Alas, there was withal some glow of real Irish Patriotism, some light of real human valour, in those old hearts: but it had parted company with Fact; came forth enveloped in such huge embodiment of headlong ferocity, of violence, hatred, noise, and general unveracity, as — as brought a Cromwell upon it at last! These reflections might lead us far. —

What we have to say here is, that in the present expiring condition of the Irish Rebellion, nearly trodden to destruction now; it has been judged very fitting, That there be an end of excommunication for the present, and a real attempt at union instead. For which object there has, with much industry, been brought-about a "Conventicle," or general Meeting of the Occult Hierarchy, at a place called Clonmacnoise, in the

month of December last. Clonmacnoise, "Seven Churches of Clonmacnoise;" some kind of Abbey then; now a melancholy tract of ruins, "on some bare gravelly hills," among the dreary swamps of the Shannon; nothing there but wrecks and death, — for the bones of the Irish Kings lie there, and burial there was considered to have unspeakable advantages once: — a Ruin now, and dreary Golgotha among the bogs of the Shannon; but an Abbey then, and fit for a Conventicle of the Occult Hierarchy, "which met on the 4th of December 1649," for the purpose above-said. There, of a certainty, in the cold days of December 1649, did the Occult Hierarchy meet, — warmed, we hope, by good log-fires and abundant turf, — and "for somewhat less than three weeks" hold consultation. The real issue of which has now, after Two-hundred years, come to be very different from the then apparent one!

The then apparent issue was a "Union;" worthless "superficial Union," as Carte* calls it; skin-deep, which was broken again within the month, and is of no interest to us here. But it chanced also that, to usher-in this worthless "Union," the Occult Hierarchy published in print a Manifesto, or general Injunction and Proclamation to the Irish People; which Manifesto coming under the eye of the Lord Lieutenant, provoked an Answer from him. And this Answer, now resuscitated, and still fit to be read by certain earnest men, Irish and other: this we may define as the real issue for us, such as it is. One of the remarkablest State-Papers ever issued by any Lord Lieutenant; which, if we could all completely *read* it, as an earnest Editor has had to try if he could do, till it became completely luminous again, and glowed with its old veracity and sacred zeal and fire again, might do us all some good perhaps! —

The Clonmacnoise Manifesto exists also, as a small brown Pamphlet of six leaves, "printed at Kilkenny and reprinted at London in January 1649;"** but is by no means worth in-

* Life of Ormond, ii. 105-110.

** King's Pamphlets, large 4to, no. 43, § 5; the London Reprint, or the day of purchasing it by the old Collector, is dated with the pen "31st January" 1649-50.

serting here. It is written in a very smooth, indeed vague and faint style, the deeply discrepant humours at Clonmacnoise not admitting of any other for their "superficial Union;" and remains, in the perusal, mostly insignificant, and as if obliterated into dim-gray, — till once, in the Lord Lieutenant's fiery illumination, some traits of it do come forth again. Here is our short abstract of it, more than sufficient for present purposes.

"The Kilkenny Pamphlet starts by a preamble, in the "form of Public Declaration; setting forth, with some brevity, "That whereas various differences had existed in the Catholic "Party, said differences do now and shall, blessed be Heaven, "all reconcile themselves into a real 'Union;' real Union "now, by these presents, established, decreed, and bound to "exist and continue: — signed duly by all the Occult Hie- "rarchy, twenty Bishops more or less, *Antonius Clonmacno- "sensis* among the rest. This is the *first* part of the Clon- "macnoise Manifesto: this is to be read in every Church for "certain Sundays; and do what good it can. — Follows *next*, "similarly signed, a short set of 'Acts,' special Orders to "Priests and People at large, as to what they are to do by "way of furthering said Union, and bringing good success to "the Cause. Among which Orders we recognise one for "masses, universal prayers (not wholly by machinery, we "hope); and, with still more satisfaction, another for deci- "sively putting down, or at least in every way discountenan- "cing, those bands called 'Idle-Boys' (ancestors of Captain "Rock, one perceives), who much infest the country at "present.

"Our Manifesto then, *thirdly*, winds up with an earnest "admonition, or Exhortation General, to the People of Ireland "high and low, Not to be deceived with any show of clemency, "or 'moderate usage,' exercised upon them hitherto; inasmuch "as it is the known intention of the English Parliament to ex- "terminate the whole of them; partly by slaughter, partly by "banishment 'to the Tobacco Islands' and hot West-India "localities, whither many have already been sent. Known

"intention; as can be deduced by the discerning mind from "clear symptoms, chiefly from these two: *First*, that they, the "English Parliament, have passed an 'Act of Subscription,' "*already* disposing of Irishmen's estates to English Money- "lenders: and then *second*, That they have decided to extir- "pate the Catholic Religion, — which latter fact, not to speak "of their old Scotch Covenant and the rest, may be seen with "eyes, even from this Lord Lieutenant's own expressions in "his Letter to the Governor of Ross;* which are quoted. To "extirpate the Catholic Religion: how can they effect this "but by extirpating the professors thereof? Let all Irishmen "high and low, therefore, beware; and stand upon their "guard, and adhere to the superficial Union: slaughter, or "else banishment to the Tobacco Islands, being what they "have to expect." — It is by this *third* or concluding portion of the Clonmacnoise Manifesto that the Lord Lieutenant's wrath has been chiefly kindled: but indeed he blazes athwart the whole Document, athwart it and along it, as we shall see, like a destroying sword, and slashes in pieces it and its inferences, and noxious delusions and deludings, in a very characteristic style.

What perhaps will most strike the careless modern reader, in the Clonmacnoise Manifesto with its "inferences" of general extermination, is that "show of moderate usage at present;" and the total absence of those "many Inhabitants" butchered at Drogheda lately: total absence of those; and also of the "Two-hundred Women in the Marketplace of Wexford," who in modern times have even grown "Two-hundred beautiful Women" (all young, and in their Sunday clothes for the occasion), and figure still, in the Irish Imagination, in a very horrid manner. They are known to Abbé Macgeohegan, these interesting Martyrs, more or less; to Philopater Irenæus, to my Lord Clarendon, Jacobite Carte, and other parties divided by wide spaces and long centuries from them; but not to this Occult Hierarchy sitting deliberative close at hand, and doing their best in the massacre way,

* Antea, p. 195.

who are rather concerned to guard us against shows of clemency exercised hitherto! This circumstance, and still more what Cromwell himself says on the subject of "massacring," will strike the modern reader; and the "Two-hundred Women," and some other things, I persuade myself, will profitably vanish from the Marketplace henceforth!

So soon as convenient, that wretched chimera will do well to vanish; — and also, I think, a certain terrible fact, which the Irish Imagination pretends to treat sometimes as a chimera, might profitably return, and reassert itself there. The Massacre of 1641 was not, we will believe, premeditated by the Leaders of the Rebellion; but it is an awful truth, written in sun-clear evidence, that it did happen; — and the noble-minded among the men of Ireland are called to admit it, and to mourn for it, and to learn from it! To the ear of History those "ghosts" still shriek from the Bridge of Portnadown,* if not now for just vengeance on their murderers, yet for pity on them, for horror at them: and no just man, whatever his new feelings may be, but will share more or less the Lord Lieutenant Cromwell's old feelings on that matter. It must not be denied, it requires to be admitted! As an act of blind hysterical fury, very blind and very weak and mad, and at once quite miserable and quite detestable, it remains on the face of Irish History; and will have to remain till Ireland cease, much more generally than it has yet done, to mistake loud bluster for inspired wisdom, and spasmodic frenzy for strength; — till, let us say, Ireland *do an equal act* of magnanimous forbearance, of valour in the silent kind! Of which also we have by no means lost hope. No: — and if among the true hearts of Ireland there chanced to be found one who, across the opaque angry whirlwind in which all Cromwell matters are enveloped for him, could recognise, in this thunderclad figure of a Lord Lieutenant now about to speak to him, the veritable Heaven's Messenger clad in thunder; and

* Affidavits, taken in 1641-44: in Sir John Temple's History of the Irish Massacre and Rebellion (Maseres's edition, London, 1812), pp. 85-123; May's History of the Long Parliament, and the contemporary Books *passim*.

accept the stern true message *he* brings —:— Who knows? That too, we believe, is coming; and with it many hopeful things. But to our Declaration, however that may be.

A Declaration of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, For the Undeceiving of Deluded and Seduced People: which may be satisfactory to all that do not wilfully shut their eyes against the light. In answer to certain late Declarations and Acts, framed by the Irish Popish Prelates and Clergy, in a Conventicle at Clonmacnoise.

HAVING lately perused a Book printed at Kilkenny in the year 1649, containing divers Declarations and Acts of the Popish Prelates and Clergy, framed in a late Conventicle at Clonmacnoise, the 4th day of December in the year aforesaid, — I thought fit to give a brief Answer unto the same.

And first to the first; — which is a Declaration, wherein (having premised the reconciliation of some differences among themselves, 'and the hearty "Union" they have now attained to') they come to state 'the reasons of' their War, 'grounding it' upon "the interest of their Church, of his Majesty and the Nation," and their resolution to prosecute the same with unity. All which will deserve a particular survey.

The Meeting of the Archbishops, Bishops and other Prelates at Clonmacnoise is by them said to be *proprio motu*. By which term they would have the world believe that the Secular Power hath nothing to do to appoint, or superintend, their Spiritual Conventions, as they call them; — although in the said meetings they take upon them to intermeddle in all Secular Affairs; as by the sequel appears. — But first for

their "Union" they so much boast of. If any wise man shall seriously consider what they pretend the grounds of their "differences" to have been and the way and course they have taken to reconcile the same; and their expressions thereabout, and the ends for which, and their resolutions how to carry on their great Design declared for; he must needs think slightly of their said "union."* And also for this, That they resolve all other men's consent 'and reconciliation' into their own; without consulting *them* at all.

The subject of this reconciliation was, as they say, "the Clergy and Laity." The discontent and division itself was grounded on the late difference of opinion happening amongst the "Prelates and Laity." — I wonder not at differences in opinion, at discontents and divisions, where so Antichristian and dividing a term as "Clergy and Laity" is given and received. A term unknown to any save the Antichristian Church, and such as derive themselves from her: *ab initio non fuit sic.* The most pure and primitive Times, as they best know what true *union* was, so in all addresses to the several Churches they wrote unto, not one word of this. The members of the Churches are styled "Brethren, and Saints of the same household of Faith:" 'and' although they had orders and distinctions amongst them for administration of ordinances, — of a far different use and character from yours, — yet it nowhere occasioned them to say, *contemptim*, and by way of lessening in contradistinguishing, "Laity and Clergy." It was your pride that begat this expression. And it is for filthy lucre's sake that you keep it up: that by making the People believe that they are not so holy

* "it" in *orig.*

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as yourselves, they might for their penny purchase some sanctity from you; and that you might bridle, saddle and ride them at your pleasure: and do (as is most true of you) as the Scribes and Pharisees of old did by their "Laity," — keep the knowledge of the Law from them, and then be able in their pride to say, "This people, that know not the Law, are cursed."

And no wonder, — to speak more nearly to your "differences" and "union," — if it lie in the Prelates' power to make the Clergy and the Laity go together by the ears when they please, but that they may as easily make a simple and senseless reconciliation! Which will last until the next Nuncio comes from Rome with supermandatory advices; and then this Gordian knot must be cut, and the poor "Laity" forced to dance to a new tune.

I say not this as being troubled at your "union." By the grace of God, we fear not, we care not for it. Your covenant, 'if you understood it,' is with Death and Hell! Your union is like that of Simeon and Levi: "Associate yourselves, and ye shall be broken in "pieces; take counsel together, and it shall come to "naught!" — For though it becomes us to be humble in respect of ourselves, yet we can say to you: God is not with you. You say, Your union is "against a common enemy:" and to this, if you will be talking of "union," I will give you some wormwood to bite on; by which it will appear God is not with you.

Who is it that created this "common enemy" (I suppose you mean Englishmen)? The English? Remember, ye hypocrites, Ireland was once united to England. 'That was the original "union."' English-

men had good inheritances which many of them purchased with their money; they and their ancestors, from you and your ancestors. They had good Leases from Irishmen, for long times to come; great stocks thereupon; houses and plantations erected at their own cost and charge. They lived peaceably and honestly amongst you. You had generally equal benefit of the protection of England with them; and equal justice from the Laws, — saving what was necessary for the State, out of reasons of State, to put upon some few people, apt to rebel upon the instigation of such as you. You broke *this* "union!" You, unprovoked, put the English to the most unheard-of and most barbarous Massacre (without respect of sex or age) that ever the Sun beheld. And at a time when Ireland was in perfect Peace. And when, through the example of English Industry, through commerce and traffic, that which was in the Natives' hands was better to them than if all Ireland had been in their possession, and not an Englishman in it. And yet then, I say, was this unheard-of villany perpetrated, — by your instigation, who boast of "peace-making" and "union against this common enemy." What think you: by this time, is not my assertion true? Is God, will God be, with you?

I am confident He will not! And though you would comprehend Old English, New English, Scotch, or whom else you will, in the bosom of your catholic charity, yet shall not this save you from breaking. I tell you and them, You will fare the *worse* for their sakes. Because I cannot but believe some of them go against, some stifle, their consciences. And it is not the fig-leaf of pretence "that they fight for their King,"

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will serve their turn; when really they fight in protection of men of so much prodigious 'guiltiness of' blood; and with men who have declared the ground of their "union" and fighting, as you have stated it in this your Declaration, to be *Bellum Prælaticum et Religiosum*, in the first and primary intention of it. Especially when they shall consider your principles: 'and' that except what fear makes you comply with, — viz. that alone without their concurrence you are not able to carry on your work of War, — you are ready, whenever you shall get the power into your hands, to kick them off too, as some late experiences have sufficiently manifested! — And thus we come to the Design, you being thus wholesomely "united," which is intended to be prosecuted by you.

Your words are these: "That all and every of us "the above Archbishops, Bishops and Prelates, are "now, by the blessing of God, as one body united. "And that we will, as becometh charity and our "pastoral charge, stand all of us as one entire body, "for the interests and immunities of the Church, and of "every the Bishops and Prelates thereof; and for the "honour, dignity, estate, right and possessions of all "and every of the said Archbishops, Bishops and other "Prelates. And we will, as one entire and united "body, forward by our counsels, actions and devices, "the advancement of his Majesty's Rights, and the "good of this Nation, in general and in particular oc-"casions, to our power. And that none of us, in any "occasion whatsoever concerning the Catholic religion, "or the good of this Kingdom of Ireland, will in any "respect single himself; or be or seem opposite to the

"rest of us; but will hold firm and entire in one sense, "as aforesaid, &c."

And now, if there were no other quarrel against you but this, which you make to be the principal and first ground of your Quarrel: — to wit, As so standing for the rights of your "Church," falsely so called, and for the rights of your "Archbishops, Bishops and Prelates," as to engage People and Nations into blood therefor: — this alone would be your confusion. I ask you, Is it for the "Lay-fee," as you call it, or for the Revenue belonging to your Church, that you will after this manner contend? Or is it your Jurisdiction, or the exercise of your Eeclesiastical Authority? Or is it for the Faith of your Church? Let me tell you, Not for all or any of these is it lawful for the Ministers of Christ, as you would be thought to be, thus to contend. And therefore we will consider them apart.

For the first, if it were "St. Peter's Patrimony," as you term it, — that would be somewhat that you lawfully came by! But I must tell you, Your predecessors cheated poor seduced men in their weakness on their deathbeds; or otherwise *un*lawfully came by most of this you pretend to. 'Not St. Peter's Patrimony, therefore, whosesoever it may be!' And Peter, though he was somewhat too forward to draw the sword in a better cause, — yet if that weapon, not being proper to the business in hand, was to be put up in *that* case, — he must not, nor would he, have drawn it in *this*. And that blessed Apostle Paul, who said, "the labourer was worthy of his hire," chose rather to make tents than be burdensome to the Churches. I would you had either of those Good Men's spirits; on condition your Revenues were doubled to what the best times ever

made them to your predecessors! — The same answer may be given to that of your "Power and Jurisdiction;" and to that preeminence of Prelacy you so dearly love. Only consider what the Master of these same Apostles said to them: "So it shall not be amongst *you*. Whoever will be chief shall be servant of all!" For He himself came not to be ministered unto, but to minister. And by this he that runs may read of what tribe you are.

And 'now' surely if these, that are outward things, may not thus be contended for; how much less may the Doctrines of Faith, which are the works of Grace and the Spirit, be endeavoured by so unsuitable means! He that bids us "contend for the Faith once delivered to the Saints," tells us that we should do it by "avoiding the spirit of Cain, Corah, and Balaam;" and by "building up *ourselves* in the most holy Faith," not pinning it upon other men's sleeves. Praying "in the Holy Ghost;" not mumbling over Matins. Keeping "ourselves in the love of God;" not destroying men because they will not be of our Faith. "Waiting for the mercy of Jesus Christ;" not cruel, but merciful! — But, alas, why is this said? Why are these pearls cast before you? You are resolved not to be charmed from "using the instrument of a foolish shepherd!" You are a part of Antichrist, whose Kingdom the Scripture so expressly speaks should be "laid in blood;" yea "in the blood of the Saints." You have shed great store of that already: — and ere it be long, you must all of you have "blood to drink;" "even the dregs of the cup "of the fury and the wrath of God, which will be "poured out unto you!" *

* Read in your Bibles, and consider that!

In the next place, you state the "interest of his Majesty," as you say, 'for a ground of this War.' And this you hope will draw some English and Scotch to your party. But what "Majesty" is it you mean? Is it France, or Spain, or Scotland? Speak plainly! You have, some of you lately, been harping, — or else we are misinformed, — upon his Majesty of *Spain* to be your Protector. Was it because his Majesty of Scotland was too little a Majesty for your purpose? We know you love great Majesties! Or is it because he is not fully come over to you in point of religion? If he be short in that, you will quickly find out, upon that score, another "Majesty." His Father, who complied with you too much, you rejected; and now would make the world believe you would make the Son's interest a great part of the state of your Quarrel. — How can we but think there is some reserve in this? And that the Son has agreed to do somewhat more for you than ever his Father did? Or else tell us, Whence this new zeal is? That the Father did too much for you, in all Protestant judgments, — instead of many instances let this be considered: what one of your own Doctors, Dr. Enos of Dublin 'says;' who, writing against the Agreement made between the Lord of Ormond and the Irish Catholics, finds fault with it, and says it was "nothing so good as that 'which' the Earl of Gla-"morgan had warrant from the King to make; but ex-"ceeding far short of what the Lord George Digby had "warrant to agree 'to,' with the Pope himself at Rome, "in favour of the Irish Catholics." * — — I intend not this to you; but to such Protestants as may incline to you, and join with you upon *this* single account, which

* Antea, vol. i. p. 254.

is the only appearing inducement to them. 'To them I intend it,' seeing there is so much certainty of ill in fighting for the Romish Religion against the Protestant; and fighting 'along' with men under the guilt of so horrid a Massacre. From participating in which guilt, whilst they take part with them, they will never be able to assoil themselves, either before God or good men.

In the last place, you are pleased, — having, after your usual manner, remembered yourselves *first*, and "his Majesty," as you call him, next; like a man of your tribe, with his *Ego et Rex meus*,—you are pleased to take the People into consideration. Lest they should seem to be forgotten; or rather you would make me believe they are much in your thoughts. Indeed I think they are! Alas, poor "Laity!" That you and your King might ride them, and jade them, as your Church hath done, and as your King hath done by your means, almost in all ages! — But it would not be hard to prophesy, That the beasts being stung and kicking, this world will not last always. Arbitrary power 'is a thing' men begin to be weary of, in Kings and Churchmen; their juggle between them mutually to uphold Civil and Ecclesiastical Tyranny begins to be transparent. Some have cast off *both;* and hope by the grace of God to keep so. Others are at it! Many thoughts are laid up about it, which will have their issue and vent.* This principle, That People are for Kings and Churches, and Saints are for the Pope or Churchmen, as you call them, begins to be exploded; — and therefore I wonder not to see the Fraternity so much enraged. I wish "the People" wiser than to be troubled at you; or solicitous for what you say or do.

* Paris City A. D. 1789-95!

But it seems, notwithstanding all this, you would fain have them believe it is their good you seek. And to cozen them, in deed and in truth, is the scope of your whole Declaration, and of your Acts and Decrees in your foresaid Printed Book. Therefore to discover and unveil those falsities, and to let them, 'the People,' know what they are to trust to from me, is the principal end of this my Declaration. That if I be not able to do good upon them, which I most desire, — and yet in that I shall not seek to gain them by flattery; but tell them the worst, in plainness, and that which I am sure will not be acceptable to *you;* and if I *cannot* gain them, 'I say,' — I shall have comfort in this, That I have freed my own soul from the guilt of the evil that shall ensue. And on this subject I hope to leave nothing unanswered in all your said Declarations and Decrees at Clonmacnoise.

And because you carry on your matter somewhat confusedly, I shall therefore bring all that you have said into some order; that so we may the better discern what everything signifies, and give answer thereunto.

You forewarn the People of their danger; which you make to consist: First, "in the extirpation of the Catholic Religion;" Secondly, "in the destruction of their Lives;" Thirdly, "in the ruin of their Fortunes." — To avoid all which evils you forewarn them: *First*, That they be not deceived by the Commander-in-Chief of the Parliament Forces: And in the *next* place, — having stated 'the ground of' your War, as aforesaid, — you give them your positive advice and counsel To engage in blood: And 'then' *lastly* 'you' bestow upon them a small collation in Four Ecclesiastical De-

crees or Orders, — which will signify as little, being performed by your spirit, as if you had said nothing. And the obligation 'that lay on you' to all this you make to be your Pastoral relation to them, "over your Flocks."

To which last a word or two.* I wonder how this relation was brought about! If they *be* "Flocks," and you ambitious of the relative term? 'Yes,' you are *Pastors:* but it is by an antiphrasis, — *a minime pascendo!* You either teach the People not at all; or else you do it, as some of you came to this Conventicle who were sent by others, *tanquam Procuratores*, — 'teach them,' as your manner is, by sending a company of silly ignorant Priests, who can but say the Mass, and scarcely that intelligibly; or with such stuff as these your senseless Declarations and Edicts! — But how dare you assume to call these men your "Flocks," whom you have plunged into so horrid a Rebellion, by which you have made them and the Country almost a ruinous heap? And whom you have fleeced and polled and peeled hitherto, and make it your business to do so still. You cannot feed them! You poison them with your false, abominable and antichristian doctrine and practices. You keep the Word of God from them; and instead thereof give them your senseless Orders and Traditions. You teach them "implicit belief:" — he that goes amongst them may find many that do not understand anything in the matters of your Religion. I have had few better answers from any since I came into Ireland that are of your Flocks than this, "That indeed they did not trouble themselves about matters

* The Lord Lieutenant is very impatient with "this last;" flies at it *first*.

of Religion, but left that to the Church." Thus are your "Flocks" fed; and such credit have you of them. But they must take heed of "losing their Religion." Alas, poor creatures, what have they to "lose?"

Concerning this, 'of losing their Religion,' is your grand caveat, 'however.' And to back this, you tell them of "Resolutions and Covenants to extirpate the Catholic Religion out of all his Majesty's Dominions." And you instance in "Cromwell's Letter of the 19th October 1649, to the then Governor of Ross,"* repeating his words, which are as follows, viz. "For that "which you mention concerning liberty of conscience, "I meddle not with any man's conscience. But if by "liberty of conscience, you mean a liberty to exercise "the Mass, I judge it best to use plain dealing, and "to let you know, Where the Parliament of England "have power, *that* will not be allowed of." And this you call a "tyrannical Resolution;" which you say hath been put in execution in Wexford, Ross and Tredah.

Now let us consider. First, you say, The design is, to extirpate the Catholic Religion. Let us see your honesty herein. Your word "extirpate" is as ill collected from these grounds, and as senseless as the word "Catholic," ordinarily used by you when you mention Catholic Roman Church. The word "extirpate" means 'ruin of' a thing already *rooted* and established: which word 'is' made good by the proof of "Covenants," by that Letter expressing the non-toleration of the Mass (wherein, it seems, you place all the "Catholic Religion," and *there* you show some ingenuity**), and 'by' your instance of what was practised in the three Towns

* Antea, p. 195. ** Means "ingenuousness," as usual.

aforementioned: do these prove, either considered apart or all together, the "extirpation" of the Catholic Religion?

By what Law was the Mass 'ever *rooted*, or' exercised in these places, or in any the Dominions of England or Ireland, or Kingdom of Scotland? You were *intruders* herein; you were open violaters of the known Laws! And yet you call the "Covenant," and that 'refusal' in the Letter, and these practices 'at Wexford, Ross and Tredah,' "extirpation" of the Catholic Religion, — 'which had' thus again 'been' set on foot by you, by the advantage of your Rebellion, and shaking-off the just Authority of the State of England over you! Whereas, I dare be confident to say, You durst not own the saying of one Mass, 'for' above these eighty years in Ireland. And 'only' through the troubles you made, and through the miseries you brought on this Nation and the poor People thereof, — your numbers, which is very ominous, increasing with the 'numbers of the' *wolves*, through the desolations you made in the Country; — 'only by all this' did you recover again the public exercise of your Mass! And for the maintenance of this, thus gained, you would make the poor People believe that it is ghostly counsel, and given in love to them as your "Flocks," That they should run into Wars, and venture lives, and all upon such a ground as this! But if God be pleased to unveil you of your sheeps-clothing, that they, 'the People,' may see how they have been deluded, and by whom, I shall exceedingly rejoice; and indeed for their sakes only have I given you these competent characters, — for *their* good, if God shall so bless it.

And now for them, 'the People of Ireland,' I do particularly declare what they may expect at my hands in this point. Wherein you will easily perceive that, as I neither have 'flattered' nor shall flatter you, so neither shall I go about to delude them with specious pretences, as you have ever done.

First, therefore: I shall not, where I have power, and the Lord is pleased to bless me, suffer the exercise of the Mass where I can take notice of it. 'No,' nor 'in any way' suffer you that are Papists, where I can find you seducing the People, or by any overt act violating the Laws established; but if you come into my hands, I shall cause to be inflicted the punishments appointed by the Laws, — to use your own term, *secundum gravitatem delicti*,* — upon you; and 'shall try' to reduce things to their former state on this behalf.** As for the People, what thoughts they have in matters of Religion in their own breasts I cannot reach; but shall think it my duty, if they walk honestly and peaceably, Not to cause them in the least to suffer for the same. And shall endeavour to walk patiently and in love towards them, to see if at any time it shall please God to give them another or a better mind. And all men under the power of England, within this Dominion, are hereby required and enjoined strictly and religiously to do the same.

To the *second* 'danger threatened;' which is "the destruction of the Lives of the Inhabitants of this Nation:"—to make it good that this is designed, they*** give not one reason. Which is either because they

* A phrase in their Pamphlet. ** No cozening here!
*** Is now addressing the People; has unconsciously turned away from the Priests, and put them into the third person.

have none to give; or else for that they believe the People will receive everything for truth they say, — which they have too well taught them, and God knows the People are too apt, to do. But I will a little help them. They speak indeed of "rooting out the Common-People;" and also, by way of consequent, that the extirpating the Catholic Religion is not to be effected without the "massacring, destroying or banishing the Catholic Inhabitants." Which how analogical an argument this is, I shall easily make appear by and by.

Alas, the generality of "the Inhabitants" are poor "Laity," as you call them, and ignorant of the grounds of the "Catholic Religion."* Are they then so interwoven with your Church Interest as that the absence of *them* makes your "Catholic Religion" fall to the ground? We know you think not so. You reckon yourselves, and yourselves only, the pillars and supporters thereof; and the Common-People 'useful' as far as they have the exercise of club-law, and, like the ass you ride on, obey your commands. But concerning these relations of your Religion, 'and your right to practise it,' enough has been spoken in another place; — only you love to mix things for your advantage.

But 'now' to your logic. Here is your argument: The design is to extirpate the Catholic Religion; but this is not to be done but by the massacring, banishing or otherwise destroying the Catholic Inhabitants: *ergo* it is designed to massacre, banish and destroy the Catholic Inhabitants. — To try this no-concluding argument, — 'nothing-concluding,' but yet well enough agreeing with your learning, — I give you this di-

* Unimportant they, to the vigour or decline of it.

lemma; by which it will appear That, whether your Religion be true or false, this will not follow:

If your Religion be the true Religion, yet if a Nation may degenerate from the true Religion, and apostatise, as too many have 'evidently' *done*, — (through the seducements of your Roman Church, 'say *we*'), — then it will not follow that men must be "massacred, banished or otherwise destroyed," necessarily; no, not as to the change of the *true* Religion in a Nation or Country! * Only, this argument doth wonderfully well agree with your principles and practice; you having chiefly made use of fire and sword, in all the changes in Religion that you have made in the world. 'But I say,' if it be change of your Catholic Religion so-called, it will not follow: because there may be found out another means than "massacring, destruction and banishment;" to wit, the Word of God; which is able to convert. A means which you as little know as practise; which indeed you deprive the People of! 'That means may be found;' together with humanity, good life, equal and honest dealing with men of a different opinion; — which we desire to exercise towards this poor People, if you, by your wicked counsel, make them not incapable to receive it, by putting them into blood!

And therefore, by this also 'which you talk of massacring,' your false and twisted dealing may be a little discovered. Well; your words are, "massacre, destroy and banish." — Good now: *give us an instance*

* A subtle "dilemma," and very Oliverian; seems to *eat* itself like a Serpent-of-eternity, and be very *circular* reasoning; yet grounds itself, if examined, upon sharp just insight, and has real logical validity. "Call "your Religion true, men *have* changed from it without being massacred: "admit it to be false, will you say they need massacring? Whatever Re- "ligion you may have, I think you have not much Logic to spare!" —

*of one man since my coming into Ireland, not in arms, massacred, destroyed or banished; concerning the massacre or the destruction of whom justice hath not been done, or endeavoured to be done.** As for the other of banishment, I must now speak unto the People, whom you would delude, and whom this most concerns; that they may know in this also what to expect at my hands.

The question is of the destruction of life; or of that which is but little inferior to it, to wit, of banishment. 'Now *First:*' I shall not willingly take or suffer to be taken away the life of any man not in arms, but by the trial to which the People of this Nation are subject by Law, for offences against the same. And '*Secondly*,' as for the banishment, it hath not hitherto been inflicted on any but such who, being in arms, might justly, upon the terms they were taken 'under,' have been put to death: — as 'might' those who are instanced in your Declaration to be "sent to the Tobacco Islands." And therefore I do declare, That if the People be ready to run to arms by the instigation of their Clergy or otherwise, such as God by His providence shall give into my hands may expect that or worse measure from me; but not otherwise.

Thirdly, as to that of "the ruin of their Fortune." You instance the Act of Subscription,** "whereby the

* "Concerning the two first of which," in *orig.* The italics, in this passage, are mine; and can be removed so soon as Macgeohegan, Carte, Clarendon and Company, have got to be well understood.

** At the first breaking-out of the Irish Rebellion into an Irish Massacre, the King's Exchequer being void, and the case like a case of conflagration, an Act was passed, engaging the Public Faith, That whoever would "subscribe" money towards suppressing the said Rebellion in Ireland, and detestable and horrible Massacre of Protestants there, should, with liberal interest, be repaid from the forfeited Estates of the Rebels, — so soon as they were got. This is the "Act of Subscription" spoken of here. His Majesty said: 'How will that answer? It is like selling the

"estates of the Inhabitants of this Nation are sold, so "as there remaineth now no more but to put the "Purchasers in possession;" and that for this cause are the Forces drawn out of England. And that you might carry the Interest far, 'so as' to engage the Common sort of People with you, you further say to them, That "the moderate usage 'hitherto' exercised "to them is to no other end but to our private ad- "vantage, and for the better support of our Army;" 'we' intending at the close of our "conquest," as you term it, "to root out the Common-People also, and to plant the land with Colonies to be brought hither out of England." This, consisting of divers parts, will ask distinct answers.

And first, to the Act of Subscription. It's true there is such an Act; — and it was a just one. For when, by your execrable Massacre and Rebellion, you had not only raised a bloody War to justify the same; and thereby occasioned the exhausting the Treasure of England in the prosecution of so just a War against you, — was it not a wise and just act in the State to raise money by escheating the Lands of those who had a hand in the Rebellion? Was it not fit to make their Estates to defray the charge, who had caused the trouble? The best therefore that lies in this argument is this, — and that only reaching to them who have been in arms, for further it goes not: "You have forfeited your Estates, and it is likely they will be escheated to make satisfaction; and therefore you had

bear's skin before you have caught your bear.' A bargain, nevertheless, which hundreds and thousands entered into, with free purse and overflowing heart; "above a Quarter of a Million" raised by it; generous emotion, and tragic terror and pity, lending sanction to doubtful profit-and-loss. A very wise and just Act of Parliament, the Lord Lieutenant thinks; which did also fulfil its engagements by and by.

better fight it out than repent or give-off now; — or 'else,' see what mercy you may find from the State of England. And seeing holy Church is engaged in it, we will, by one means or another, hook-in the Commons, and make them sensible that they are as much concerned as you, though they were never in arms, or came quickly off!" — And for this cause doubtless are these two coupled together; by which your honest dealing is manifest enough.

But what? Was the English Army brought over for *this* purpose, as you allege? Do you think that the State of England will be at Five or Six Millions charge merely to procure Purchasers to be invested in that for which they did disburse little above a Quarter of a Million? Although there be a Justice in that also, which ought, and I trust will be seasonably performed toward them. — No, I can give you a better reason for the Army coming over than this. England hath had experience of the blessing of God in prosecuting just and righteous Causes, whatever the cost and hazard be!* And if ever men were engaged in a righteous Cause in the world, this will scarce be a second to it. We are come to ask an account of the innocent blood that hath been shed; and to endeavour to bring to an account, — by the blessing and presence of the Almighty, in whom alone is our hope and strength, — all who, by appearing in arms, seek to justify the same. We come to break the power of a company of lawless Rebels, who having cast off the Authority of England, live as enemies to Human Society; whose principles, the world hath experience, are, To destroy and subjugate all men not complying

* Hear this Lord Lieutenant!

with them. We come, by the assistance of God, to hold forth and maintain the lustre and glory of English Liberty* in a Nation where we have an undoubted right to do it; — wherein the People of Ireland (if they listen not to such seducers as you are) may equally participate in all benefits; to use 'their' liberty and fortune equally with Englishmen, if they keep out of arms.

And now, having said this to you, I have a word to *them;* that in this point, which concerns them in their estates and fortunes, they may know what to trust to. Such as have been formerly in arms, may, submitting themselves, have their cases presented to the State of England; — where no doubt the State will be ready to take into consideration the nature and quality of their actings, and deal mercifully with them. As for those now in arms, who shall come in, and submit, and give Engagements for their future quiet and honest carriage, and submission to the State of England, I doubt not but they will find like merciful consideration; — except only the Leading Persons and principal Contrivers of this Rebellion, whom I am confident they will reserve to make examples of Justice, whatsoever hazards they incur thereby. — And as for such Private Soldiers as lay down their arms, and shall live peaceably and honestly at their several homes, they shall be permitted so to do. — And, 'in general,' for the first two sorts, 'for such as have been or as now are in arms and shall submit,' I shall humbly and

* "Liberty," here, which much astonishes our Irish friends, is very far from meaning what in most modern dialects it now does. "Liberty," with this Lord Lieutenant, means "rigorous settled Obedience to Laws that are just." Which it is very noble indeed to settle, "and hold forth and maintain" against all men. Laws grounded on the eternal Fact of Things, — which is a much preferable "ground" to the temporary Fiction of Things, as set forth at any Clonmacnoise, Kilkenny, or other Supreme Centre-of-Jargon, there or elsewhere, that has been or that can be!

effectually represent their cases to the Parliament, as far as becomes the duty and place I bear. But as for those who, notwithstanding all this, persist and continue in arms, they must expect what the Providence of God, in that which is falsely called the Chance of War, will cast upon them.

For such of the Nobility, Gentry and Commons of Ireland as have not been actors in this Rebellion, they shall and may expect the protection in their Goods, Liberties and Lives which the Law gives them; and in their husbandry, merchandising, manufactures and other trading whatsoever, the same. They behaving themselves as becomes honest and peaceable men; testifying their good affections, upon all occasions, to the service of the State of England, equal justice shall be done them with the English. They shall bear proportionably with them in taxes. And if the Soldiery be insolent upon them, upon complaint and proof, it shall be punished with utmost severity, and they protected equally with Englishmen.

And having said this, and purposing honestly to perform it, — if this People shall headily run on after the counsels of their Prelates and Clergy and other Leaders, I hope to be free from the misery and desolation, blood and ruin that shall befall them; and shall rejoice to exercise utmost severity against them.

'OLIVER CROMWELL.'§

'Given at Youghal, — January 1649.'

§ *Declaration*, &c. as above given. *Licensed by the Secretary of the Army Printed at Cork: and reprinted at London, by E. Griffin, and are to be sold in the Old Bailey; March 21st*, 1649. King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 462, § 6. In Ayscough MSS. no. 4769 (a Fragment of an anonymous Contemporary Narrative, which will by and by be more specially referred to), are some two pages of this *Declaration*, transcribed from the Cork Edition: the concluding words are not, "exercise utmost severity against them," but "act severity against them," which probably is the true reading.

This Declaration, as appears here, does not date or even expressly sign itself: but by search, chiefly in a certain Manuscript Fragment, which will by and by concern us farther,* we find that it was drawn up at Youghal after the 15th, and came forth printed at Cork before the 29th of January; on which latter day the Army took the field again. And so we leave this Declaration; — one of the remarkablest State-Papers ever published in Ireland since Strongbow, or even since St. Patrick, first appeared there.

LETTERS CXIX.—CXXI.

The Speaker's Letter of Recall has never yet reached Ireland; and the rumour of it already has; which, as we intimated, sets the Enemy on fresh schemes, whereof advantage might be taken. The unwearied Lord Lieutenant, besides his labours known to us, has been rehabilitating Courts of Justice in Dublin, settling contributions, and doing much other work; and now, the February or even January weather being unusually good, he takes the field again, in hopes of perhaps soon finishing. The unhappy Irish are again about excommunicating one another; the Supreme Council of Kilkenny is again one wide howl; and Ormond is writing to the King to recall him. Now is the Lieutenant's time; the February weather being good!

LETTER CXIX.

Here is another small excerpt from Bulstrode, which we may take along with us; a small speck of dark Ireland and its affairs rendered luminous for an instant. To which there is reference in this Letter. We saw Enniscorthy taken on the last day of September, the "Castle and Village of Enniscorthy," "which belongs to Mr. Robert Wallop;" a Garrison was settled there; and this in some three months time is what becomes of it.

* Ayscough mss. no. 4769 (Fragment of a Narrative, referred to in the previous Note), pp. 100 *et seqq.*

9th January 1649, Letters reach Bulstrode, perhaps a fortnight after date, "That the Enemy surprised Enniscorthy "Castle in this manner: Some Irish Gentlemen feasted the "Garrison Soldiers; and sent in women to sell them strong-"water, of which they drank too much; and then the Irish fell "upon them, took the Garrison, and put all the Officers and "Soldiers to the sword." Sharp practice on the part of the Irish Gentlemen; and not well advised! Which constrained the Lord Lieutenant, when he heard of it, to order "that the Irish," Papist or suspected Irish, "should be *put out* of such Garrisons as were in the power of Parliament," * — sent to seek quarters elsewhere.

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

MR. SPEAKER, Castletown, 15th Feb. 1649.

Having refreshed our men for some short time in our Winter-quarters,** and health being pretty well recovered, we thought fit to take the field; and to attempt such things as God by His providence should lead us to upon the Enemy.

Our resolution was to fall into the Enemy's quarters two ways. The one party, being about fifteen or sixteen troops of horse and dragoons and about two-thousand foot, were ordered to go up by the way of Carrick into the County of Kilkenny under the command of Colonel Reynolds; whom Major-General Ireton was to follow with a reserve. I myself was to go by the way of Mallow,*** over the Blackwater, towards the County of Limerick and the County of Tipperary, with about twelve troops of horse, and three troops of dragoons, and between two and three hundred foot.

* Whitlocke, p. 421.
** Youghal had been the head-quarter.
*** "Muyallo" he writes, and "Mayallo."

I began my march upon Tuesday the Nine-and-twentieth of January, from Youghal: and upon Thursday the One-and-thirtieth, I possessed a Castle called Kilkenny, upon the edge of the County of Limerick; where I left thirty foot. From thence I marched to a Strong-house belonging to Sir Richard Everard (called Clogheen),* who is one of the Supreme Council; where I left a troop of horse and some dragoons. From thence I marched to Roghill Castle, which was possessed by some Ulster foot, and a party of the Enemy's horse; which upon summons (I having taken the Captain of horse prisoner before) was rendered to me. These places being thus possessed gave us much command (together with some other holds we have) of the White-Knights' and Roche's Country; and of all the land from Mallow to the Suir-side; — especially by 'help of' another Castle, called Old Castletown, 'which,' since my march, 'was' taken by my Lord of Broghil. Which I had sent to his Lordship to endeavour; as also a Castle of Sir Edward Fitzharris, over the Mountains in the County of Limerick; — I having left his Lordship at Mallow, with about six or seven hundred horse, and four or five hundred foot, to protect those parts, and your interest in Munster; lest while we were abroad, Inchiquin, whose forces lay about Limerick and the County of Kerry, should fall in behind us. His Lordship drew two cannon to the aforesaid Castle; which having summoned, they refused. His Lordship, having bestowed about ten shot upon it, which made their stomachs come down, — he gave all the soldiers quarter for

* "Cloghern" in the old Newspaper; but it seems to be misprinted, as almost all these names are. "Roghill" I find nowhere now extant.

life; and shot all the Officers, being six in number, to death. Since the taking of these Garrisons, the Irish have sent their commissioners to compound for their contribution as far as the walls of Limerick.

I marched from Roghill Castle over the Suir, with very much difficulty; and from thence to Fethard, almost in the heart of the County of Tipperary; where was a Garrison of the Enemy. The Town is most pleasantly seated; having a very good Wall with round and square bulwarks after the old manner of fortifications. We came thither in the night, and indeed were very much distressed by sore and tempestuous wind and rain. After a long march, we knew not well how to dispose of ourselves; but finding an old Abbey in the suburbs, and some cabins and poor houses, — we got into them, and had opportunity to send 'the Garrison' a summons. They shot at my trumpet; and would not listen to him, for an hour's space: but having some Officers in our party whom they knew, I sent them, To let them know I was there with a good part of the Army. We shot not a shot at them; but they were very angry, and fired very earnestly upon us; telling us, It was not a time of night to send a summons. But yet in the end, the Governor was willing to send out two commissioners, — I think rather to see whether there was a force sufficient to force him, than to any other end. After almost a whole night spent in treaty, the Town was delivered to me the next morning, upon terms which we usually call honourable; which I was the willinger to give, because I had little above Two-hundred foot, and neither ladders nor guns, nor any thing else to force them. That night, there being about Seventeen companies of

the Ulster foot in Cashel, above five miles from thence, they quit it in some disorder; and the Sovereign and the Aldermen sent to me a petition, desiring that I would protect them. Which I have also made a quarter.

From thence I marched towards Callan; hearing that Colonel Reynolds was there, with the Party before mentioned. When I came thither, I found he had fallen upon the Enemy's horse, and routed them (being about a hundred), with his forlorn; 'he' took my Lord of Ossory's Captain-Lieutenant, and another Lieutenant of horse, prisoners; — and one of those who betrayed our Garrison of Enniscorthy; whom we hanged. The Enemy had possessed three Castles in the Town; one of them belonging to one Butler, very considerable; the other two had about a hundred or hundred-and-twenty men in them, — which 'latter' he attempted; and they, refusing conditions seasonably offered, were put all to the sword. Indeed some of your soldiers did attempt very notably in this service: — I do not hear there were six men of ours lost. Butler's Castle was delivered upon conditions, for all to march away, leaving their arms behind them. Wherein I have placed a company of foot, and a troop of horse, under the command of my Lord Colvil; the place being six miles from Kilkenny. From hence Colonel Reynolds was sent with his regiment to remove a Garrison of the Enemy's from Knocktofer (being the way of our communication to Ross); which accordingly he did.

We marched back with the rest of the body to Fethard * and Cashel: where we are now quartered, —

* Letter, "Fethard, 9th February," to Colonel Phayr, Governor of Cork, for reinforcements: Appendix, No. 17.

having good plenty both of horse meat and man's meat for a time; and being indeed, we may say, even almost in the heart and bowels of the Enemy; ready to attempt what God shall next direct. And blessed be His name only for this good success; and for this 'also,' That we do not find our men are at all considerably sick upon this expedition, though indeed it hath been very blustering weather. —

'I had almost forgot one business: The Major-General was very desirous to gain a Pass over the Suir; where indeed we had none but by boat, or when the weather served. Wherefore, on Saturday in the evening, he marched with a party of horse and foot to Ardfinnan; where was a Bridge, and at the foot of it a strong Castle. Which he, about four o'clock the next morning, attempted; — killed about thirteen of the Enemy's outguard; lost but two men, and eight or ten wounded: the Enemy yielded the place to him, and we are possessed of it, — being a very considerable Pass, and the nearest to our Pass at Cappoquin over the Blackwater, whither we can bring guns, ammunition, or other things from Youghal by water, and 'then' over this Pass to the Army. The County of Tipperary have submitted to 1,500*l.* a-month contribution, although they have six or seven of the Enemy's Garrisons yet upon them.

Sir, I desire the charge of England as to this War may be abated as much as may be, and as we know you do desire, out of your care to the Commonwealth. But if you expect your work to be done, if the marching Army be not constantly paid, and the course

taken that hath been humbly represented, — indeed it will not be for the thrift of England, as far as England is concerned in the speedy reduction of Ireland. The money we raise upon the Counties maintains the Garrison forces; and hardly that. If the active force be not maintained, and all contingencies defrayed, how can you expect but to have a lingering business of it? Surely we desire not to spend a shilling of your treasury, wherein our consciences do not prompt us. We serve you; we are willing to be out of* our trade of war; and shall hasten, by God's assistance and grace, to the end of our work, as the labourer doth to be at his rest. This makes us bold to be earnest with you for necessary supplies: — that of money is one. And there be some other things, — which indeed I do not think for your service to speak of publicly, which I shall humbly represent to the Council of State, — wherewith I desire we may be accommodated.

Sir, the Lord, who doth all these things, gives hopes of a speedy issue to this business; and, I am persuaded, will graciously appear in it. And truly there is no fear of the strength and combination of enemies round about, nor of slanderous tongues at home. God hath hitherto fenced you against all those, to wonder and amazement; they are tokens of your prosperity and success: — only it will be good for you, and us that serve you, to fear the Lord; to fear unbelief, self-seeking, confidence in an arm of flesh, and opinion of any instruments that they are other than as dry bones. That God be merciful in these

* to have done with.

things, and bless you, is the humble prayer of, Sir,

Your most humble servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL. §

Commons Journals, 25th February 1649-50: "A Letter "from the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, from Castletown, "15° *Februarii* 1649, was this day read; and ordered to be "forthwith printed and published. *Ordered*, That a Letter of "Thanks be sent to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; and that "Mr. Scott do prepare the Letter; and that Mr. Speaker do "sign the same. *Resolved*, That the Lord Lieutenant of Ire- "land have the use of the Lodgings called the Cockpit, of the "Spring Garden and St. James's House, and the command of "St. James's Park."

This Letter of Thanks, and very handsome *Resolution* did, as we shall find, come duly to hand. The Cockpit was then and long afterwards a sumptuous Royal "Lodging" in Whitehall; Henry the Eighth's place of cock-fighting: — stood till not very long ago, say the Topographers, where the present Privy-Council Office is. The Cromwell Family hereupon prepared to remove thither; not without reluctance on Mrs. Cromwell's part, as Ludlow intimates.

LETTER CXX.

DEEP sunk among the Paper-Masses of the British Museum is an anonymous Fragment of a *Narrative of Oliver's Campaign in Ireland;* Fragment copied, as would seem, several generations ago, from an earlier Original, the beginning and end of which were already lost, — torn off by careless hands, and consumed as waste paper. The Copyist, with due hopeful punctuality, has left blank leaves at the beginning and end: but to no purpose; they are and continue blank leaves. In this mutilated obscure state, it lies among the Manuscripts of the British Museum; — will perhaps be printed by some

§ Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 77); see also Commons Journals, 25th February 1649-50.

Dryasdust Society, in time. * It is by no means a Narrative of much merit: entirely anonymous, as we say, without specific date or outward indication of any kind; but written as if by a contemporary or even a fellow-actor, in a flat, diffuse, but authentic and exact manner. In obscure cases, as we have already found, it is worth consulting here and there; — contains, in particular, the following and some other unimportant Cromwell Letters, not found elsewhere, which we make a duty of preserving.

For the Governor of Cahir Castle: These.

SIR, 'Before Cahir,' 24th February 1649.

Having brought the Army and my cannon near this place, — according to my usual manner in summoning places, I thought fit to offer you Terms, honourable for soldiers: That you may march away, with your baggage, arms and colours; free from injury or violence. But if I be necessitated to bend my cannon upon you, you must expect the extremity usual in such cases.

To avoid blood, this is offered to you by,

Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL. §

What became of Cahir Castle, of it and of others, will appear in the next Letter.

* It is already printed, and has been for a hundred years, — though the sleepy Catalogues give no sign! As Appendix to the Reprint of [Borlace's] *History of the Irish Rebellion* (Dublin, 1743), the Piece is given entire, with "Mr. Cliffe, Ireton's Secretary," specified as Author. The Museum Copy "wants only some three lines at one end and fifteen at the other;" and has "insignificant verbal variations" from the Printed Copy, where they have been collated. Our sole authority here is still the Manuscript. (*Note to Third Edition.*)

§ Narrative Fragment (in Ayscough MSS. no. 4769, cited above).

LETTER CXXI.

'For the Honourable John Bradshaw, Esquire, President of the Council of State: These.'

'SIR,' Cashel, 5th March 1649.

* * * It pleaseth God still to enlarge your interest here. The Castle of Cahir, very considerable, built upon a rock, and seated in an island in the midst of the Suir, was lately rendered to me. It cost the Earl of Essex, as I am informed, about eight weeks siege with his army and artillery.* It is now yours without the loss of one man. So also is the Castle of Kiltinan; a very large and strong Castle of the Lord of Dunboyne's; this latter I took-in with my cannon, without the loss of a man.

We have taken the Castle of Golden Bridge, another pass upon the Suir; as also the Castle of Dundrum, at which we lost about six men, — Colonel Zanchy, who commanded the party, being shot through the hand. We have placed another strong Garrison at Ballynakill, upon the edge of King's and Queen's Counties. We have divers Garrisons in the County of Limerick; and by these we take away the Enemy's subsistence, and diminish their contributions. By which in time, I hope they will sink.

* * *

OLIVER CROMWELL. §

* In 1599 (Camden; in Kennet, ii. 614); but the "eight weeks" are by no means mentioned in Camden! The Castle, a rather extensive building, over-looking from its rock "the left bank of the main stream of the River," is now a barrack for soldiers. Anciently, and still, a chief place of the *Butler* Family.

§ Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 77): see also Commons Journals (vi. 381), 12th March 1649-50.

LETTERS CXXII.—CXXXII.

HENRY CROMWELL, "Colonel Henry," and the Lord Broghil are busy with Inchiquin in Limerick County, to good purpose; as other Colonels are with other rebels elsewhere; and our Enemies will not stand, but have marched to Kilkenny." Kilkenny once taken, "it is not thought they will be able to recruit their Army, or take the field again this summer." On Friday 22d March, the Lord Lieutenant comes in view of Kilkenny: here, out of dim old pamphlets and repositories, re-adjusted into some degree of clearness, is sufficient record of what befel there. The first Summons goes on Friday evening:

LETTER CXXII.

To the Governor, and Mayor and Aldermen, of the City of Kilkenny: These.

GENTLEMEN, 'Before Kilkenny,' 22d March 1649.

My coming hither is to endeavour, if God so please to bless me, the reduction of the City of Kilkenny to their obedience to the State of England; — from which, by an unheard-of Massacre of the innocent English, you have endeavoured to rend yourselves. And as God hath begun to judge you with His sore plagues, so will He follow you until He hath destroyed you, if you repent not. Your Cause hath been judged already in England upon them who did abet your evils:* what may the Principals then expect? —

By this free dealing, you see I entice you not to a compliance. You may have Terms 'such as' may save you in your lives, liberties and estates, according to what may be fitting for me to grant and you to receive.

* Connor Lord Macguire (*State Trials*, iv. 654-754, 7th Feb. 1644-5), he and others have had public trial, doom and death, long since, for that: by the Law of England, well ascertained, known, and acted on this long while, it is death to have been concerned in that.

If you choose for the worst, blame yourselves. In confidence of the gracious blessing and presence of God with His own Cause, which by many testimonies this is,—I shall hope for a good issue upon my endeavours.

Expecting a return from you, I rest,

Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL. §

In Kilkenny are two military Governors, one of the City, one of the Castle; a Mayor with his Citizens and civic Functionaries; not to speak of Priests, miscellaneous clerical or other wreck of the one Supreme Council of Kilkenny, now hastily exploded: all of whom this Letter of Friday evening throws into the natural agitation, — into the necessity of some swift resolution conjunct or several. On the morrow morning, Butler, "Sir Walter Butler," Governor of the City, answers with lion heart, or at least with lion voice and face, laconically in the name of all:

"*For General Cromwell*

"Kilkenny, 23 Martii 1649.

"SIR, — Your Letter I have received; and in answer "thereof: — I am commanded to maintain this City for his "Majesty; which, by the power of God, I am resolved to do.— "Sir, — your servant, "WALTER BUTLER."

So that we have nothing for it but to "take the best view we can where to plant our batteries;" — send in the mean while another Letter with more precise explanation of our terms, — Letter now lost, — which probably occupies the Governor and Civic Authorities during Saturday and Sunday; and on Monday morning, by which time our batteries too are about ready, produces from the Governor new emphatic refusal:

§ Narrative Fragment (in Ayscough MSS. no. 4769): found likewise, with date 23d March, in King's Pamphlets, sm. 4to, no. 464, art. 2; where the rest of these Kilkenny Letters are.

"*For General Cromwell.*

"Kilkenny, 25 Martii 1649 [*should be* 1650]

"SIR, — Your last Letter I received, and in answer: — I "have such confidence in God to maintain this place as I will "not lose it upon such terms as you offer, but will sooner lose "my life and the lives of all that are here rather than submit "to such dishonourable conditions. So I rest, — Sir, — your "servant, "WALTER BUTLER."

Whereupon, "on Monday the 25th, our batteries," unhappily only consisting of three guns, will have to open; and for the lion-voiced Governor there goes off this Answer:

LETTER CXXIII.

For the Governor of Kilkenny.

SIR, 'Before Kilkenny,' 25th March 1650.

If you had been as clear as I was in my last,* I might perhaps have understood you so as to give you some farther answer: but, you expressing nothing particularly what you have to except-against in mine, I have nothing more to return save this, That for some reasons I cannot let your Trumpeter suddenly come back, but have sent you this by a Drummer of my own.

I rest,

Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL. §

Your Trumpeter cannot suddenly come back, "for some reasons," chiefly for this, — that our poor batteries are about to begin to play, and that in fact we have a thought of storming you. — Governor Butler, hearing the batteries begin to play, makes haste to specify his conditions; which still seem rather high:

* Second Letter, now lost.

§ King's Pamphlets, no. 464, art. 2, p. 13.

"*For General Cromwell.*

"Kilkenny, 25 Martii 1650.

"SIR, — Yours of this instant I received; the particulars "which you would have me express are these:

"That the Mayor and Citizens and all the other inhabitants "and others now resident in the City and liberties thereof, "with their servants, shall be secured with their lives, liber- "ties, estates and goods, and live in their own habitations with "all freedom: And that our Clergymen and all others here re- "siding, of what degree, condition or quality soever, that shall "be minded to depart, shall be permitted to depart safely "hence with their goods and whatsoever they have, to what "place soever they please within this realm, and in their de- "parture shall be safely convoyed: And that the said In- "habitants shall have free trade and traffic with all places "under the Parliament of England's command and elsewhere: "And that the foresaid Inhabitants shall have their arms, am- "munition and artillery for their own defence, the Town and "liberties thereof paying such reasonable contribution as "shall be agreed upon, and not to be otherwise charged: And "that the Governors, Commanders, Officers and Soldiers, both "horse and foot, now garrisoned as well in the Castle as in the "City, without exception of any of them, shall safely march "hence," whither they list, "with their arms, ammunition, artil- "lery, bag and baggage, and whatsoever else belongs to them; "with their drums beating, colours flying, matches burning, "and bullet in bouch" (musketeer's "bouch," *bouche* or *cheek*, in which at this epoch he keeps his bullets for immediate use); "and that they have a competent time for their departure and "carrying away their goods, with a sufficient and safe convoy. "And that Major Nicholas Wall, and all others Commanders, "Officers and Soldiers who came out of the English Quarters, "now residing here, shall have the benefit of this Agreement. "Without which, I am resolved to maintain this place, with "God's help.

"Thus expecting your answer, and that during this treaty "there shall be a cessation of arms, I rest, — Sir, — your "servant "WALTER BUTLER."

These terms are still somewhat lion-voiced; but our batteries, such as they are, continue playing; the tone, before next morning, abates a little, and this other Note has gone; — accompanied by one from the Mayor, which is now lost, but of which we can still guess the purport.

"*For General Cromwell.*

"Kilkenny, 25 Martii 1650.

"SIR, — Although I may not doubt, with God's help, to "maintain this place, as I have formerly written, — yet I do "send the Bearer to let you know, That I am content to treat "with you of the Proposals to be made on either side, so that "there be a cessation of arms and all acts of hostility during "that treaty. So, expecting your answer, I rest, — your "servant, "WALTER BUTLER."

Meanwhile, having spent "about a hundred shot" upon it, a breach discloses itself, which we hope is stormable. Storming party, on Tuesday the 26th, is accordingly drawn out, waiting the signal; and on another side of the City, "Colonel Ewer with 1,000 men" is to assault the quarter called the Irish Town. These Answers go, to their respective destinations:

LETTER CXXIV.

For the Governor of Kilkenny.

SIR, 'Before Kilkenny,' 26th March 1650.

Except the conditions were much bettered, and we in a worse posture and capacity to reduce you than before the last Letters I sent you, — I cannot imagine whence those high Demands of yours arise. I hope in God, before it be long you may have occasion to think other thoughts; to which I leave you.

I shall not so much as treat with you on those Propositions. You desire some articles for honour's sake; which out of honesty, I do deny: — viz. that of marching in the equipage you mention, 'muskets loaded, matches burning, &c.' I tell you my business is to reduce you *from* arms, and the country to quietness and due subjection; to put an end to the War, and not to lengthen it; — wishing, if it may stand with the will of God, this People may live as happily as they did before the bloody Massacre, and better too. If you and the company with you be of those who resolve to continue to hinder this, we know Who is able to reach you, and, I believe, will.

For the Inhabitants of the Town, of whom you seem to have a care, you know your retreat* to be better than theirs; and therefore it's not impoliticly done to speak for them, and to engage them to keep us as long from you as they can. If they be willing to expose themselves to ruin for you, you are much beholding unto them.

As for your "Clergymen" as you call them, in case you agree for a surrender, they shall march away safely, with their goods and what belongs to them: but if they fall otherwise into my hands, I believe they know what to expect from me. — If upon what I proposed formerly, with this addition concerning *them*, you expect things to be cleared, I am content to have Commissioners for that purpose. I rest, Sir,

Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL. §

* means of surety and withdrawal.

§ King's Pamphlets, no. 464, art. 2, pp. 17, 18.

LETTER CXXV.

To the Mayor of Kilkenny.

SIR, 'Before Kilkenny,' 26th March 1650.

Though I could have wished you and the Citizens had been indeed more sensible of your own interests and concernments, — yet since you are minded to involve it so much with that of soldiers, I am glad to understand you, which will be some direction to me what to think and what to do. I rest,

Your friend,
OLIVER CROMWELL. §

On signal given, the storming party at the breach, and Colonel Ewer at the Irish Town fall on: Colonel Ewer with good success; the storming party with indifferent or bad, — finding, after the breach is got, interior retrenchments, counterworks, palisadoes, hot fire; and drawing back, with the loss of "Captain Frewen, and 20 or 30 men." Ewer, however, is master of the Irish Town; the breach is still there, — *more* stormable than Tredah was, it may be hoped! Here in the interim is new anxious response from the Mayor:

"*For the Right Honourable General Cromwell.*

"Kilkenny, 26th March 1650.

"RIGHT HONOURABLE, — I received your Honour's Letter in "answer to mine, which I wrote unto your Honour in pursuance "of the Propositions sent by our Governor unto your Honour, "for obtaining of the said conditions, — which seemed unto us "almost befitting to be granted; the military part having ex- "posed themselves for our defence; which obligeth us not to "accept of any conditions but such as may be befitting them. "I desire your Honour to grant a Cessation of arms, and that "Hostages on both sides be sent, and Commissioners ap-

§ King's Pamphlets, no. 464, art. 2, p. 14.

"pointed to treat of the conditions. I rest, — your Honour's "servant,

"JAMES ARCHDAKIN, Mayor of Kilkenny."

To which we answer:

LETTER CXXVI.

For the Mayor of Kilkenny.

SIR, 'Before Kilkenny,' 26th March 1650.

Those whom God hath brought to a sense of His hand upon them, and to amend, submitting themselves thereto and to the Power to which He hath subjected them, I cannot but pity and tender: and so far as that effect appears in you and your fellow-citizens, I shall be ready, without capitulation, to do more and better for you and them upon that ground, than upon the high Demands of your Governor, or his capitulations for you.

I suppose he hath acquainted you with what I briefly offered yesterday, in relation to yourself and the Inhabitants: — otherwise he hath the more to answer for to God and man. And notwithstanding the advantages (as to the commanding and entering the Town) which God hath given us since that offer, more than we were possessed of before, — yet I am still willing, upon your surrender, to make good the same to the City, and that with advantage.

Now in regard of that temper which appears amongst you by your Letters, — though I shall not engage for more upon the Governor's demands for you, whose power I conceive is now greater to prejudice and endanger the City than to protect it; 'nevertheless,' to save it from plunder and pillage, I 'have' promised the Soldiery that, if we should take it by storm, the

Inhabitants shall give them a reasonable Gratuity in money, in lieu of the pillages; and so made it death for any man to plunder. Which I shall still keep them to, by God's help, although we should be put to make an entry by force; — unless I shall find the Inhabitants engaging still with the Governor and 'his' Soldiery to make resistance. You may see also the way I chose for reducing the place was such as tended most to save the Inhabitants from pillage, and from perishing promiscuously the innocent with the guilty: — to wit, by attempting places which being possessed might bring it to a surrender, rather than to enter the City itself by force.

If what is here expressed may beget resolution in you which would occasion your safety and be consistent with the end of my coming hither, I shall be glad; and rest, Your friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL. §

Urged by the Mayor, by Colonel Ewer, and the course of destiny, the Governor's lion-voice has abated; he writes:

"*For General Cromwell.*

"Kilkenny, 26 Martii 1650.

"SIR, — In answer of your Letter: — If you be pleased to "appoint Officers for a Treaty for the surrender of the Castle "and City upon soldierlike conditions, I will also appoint "Officers of such quality as are in the Garrison; — provided "that Hostages of equality be sent on both sides, and a Cessa- "tion of arms be also granted during the Treaty. Assuring a "performance, on my side, of all that will be agreed upon, I "rest, — Sir, — your servant, "WALTER BUTLER.

"P.S. I desire to know what's become of my Trumpeter I "employed two days ago."

§ King's Pamphlets, no. 464, art. 2, pp. 15, 16.

LETTER CXXVII.

To the Governor of Kilkenny.

SIR, 'Before Kilkenny,' 26th March 1650.

That no extremity may happen for want of a right understanding, I am content that Commissioners on each side do meet, in the Leaguer at the South side of the City; authorised to treat and conclude. For which purpose, if you shall speedily send me the names and qualities of the Commissioners you will send out, I shall appoint the like number on my part, authorised as aforesaid, to meet with them; and shall send-in a Safe-conduct for the coming out and return of yours. As for Hostages, I conceive it needless and dilatory. I expect that the Treaty begin by 8 of the clock this evening, and end by 12; during which time only will I grant a Cessation. Expecting your speedy answer, I rest,

Your servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL. §

Governor answers, at a late hour: Time is too short; impossible to end so soon; "your Trumpeter did not arrive till *nine:*" — Commissioners are "Major John Crawford, Captain "David Turnbull, James Cowley Esq. Recorder of this City, "and Edward Rothe Merchant;" these will meet yours, where specified, at six tomorrow morning, — "so as Hostages "be sent for their safe return; for without Hostages the Gen- "tlemen will not go."

§ King's Pamphlets, no. 464, art. 2, pp. 15, 16.

LETTER CXXVIII.

To the Governor of Kilkenny.

SIR, 'Before Kilkenny,' 27th March 1650.

The reason of the so late coming of my answer was because my Trumpeter was refused to be received at the North end of the Town; and where he was admitted, was kept long upon the Guard.

I have sent you a Safe-conduct for the Four Commissioners named by you; and if they be such as are unwilling to take my word, I shall not, to humour them, agree to Hostages. I am willing to a Treaty for four hours, provided it be begun by 12 of the clock this morning: but for a Cessation, the time last appointed for it being past, I shall not agree unto 'it,' to hinder my own proceedings.

Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL. §

After which straightway, with official Warrant, signed both by the City Governor and by the Castle one ("Ja. Welsh"), come the Four Commissioners; and then speedily the Treaty perfects itself: City and Garrison surrender wholly; City to pay ransom of 2,000*l.* at specified short dates, Recorder Cowley and Merchant Rothe remaining "hostages till it be paid:" Soldiers to march out, "bullet in bouch," with all the honours of war; but at the end of two miles to put bullet out of bouch, arms and war-honours wholly down, and, "except 100 muskets and 100 pikes allowed them for defence against the Tories," go off in an entirely pacific form. Thus go they; — and the Siege of Kilkenny, happily for all parties, for us here among others, terminates.

§ King's Pamphlets, no. 464, art. 2, pp. 15, 16.

LETTER CXXIX.

A ROUGH brief Note, on accidental business, "concerning Cork House;" more interesting to the Boyle Genealogists and Dublin Antiquaries than to us.

The "Commissioners at Dublin" are Parliamentary Commissioners, of whom there have been various successive sets, the last set just appointed,* for various administrative objects, — chiefly, just now, for "Advancement of the Gospel" by "Sale of Dean-and-Chapter Lands," to pay fit Preachers with, and provide right Churches for them. "Cork House" is not Lismore, but the Family Mansion in Dublin; it stood on Cork Hill then, and has quite vanished now: the "Dean at Dublin" has or had some interest in it, which might advance the Gospel if bestowed well.

'*To the Commissioners at Dublin: These.*'

GENTLEMEN, 'Carrick-on-Suir,' 1st April 1650.

Being desired by the Countess of Cork that nothing may be done by way of disposal of such part of Cork House as is holden of the Dean in Dublin (in case my Lord of Cork's interest be determined therein); and that my Lord of Cork may have the refusal thereof before any other, in regard his Father has been at great charge in building thereof, and some part of the same House is** my Lord's inheritance, and in that respect the other part would not be so convenient for any other:

Which motion I conceive to be very reasonable. And therefore I desire you not to dispose of any part of the said House to any person whatsoever, until you

* 8th March 1649-50 (Commons Journals, vi. 379): "Colonel John "Hewson Governor of Dublin, Sir Robert King, William Hawkins, Daniel "Hutchinson, William Lawrence, Esqrs., or any three of them, with the "consent of the Lord Lieutenant."

** "being" *in orig.*

hear further from me; my Lady having undertaken, in a short time, as soon as she can come at the sight of her writings 'so as' to be satisfied what interest my Lord of Cork hath yet to come therein, my Lord will renew his term in the said House, or give full resolution therein. I rest,

Your loving friend,
OLIVER CROMWELL. §

"My Lady of Cork," the second Earl's Wife, Lord Broghil's sister-in-law, has good access to the Lord Lieutenant at present: — will find her business drag, nevertheless.*

LETTER CXXX.

OFFICIAL Despatch, briefly recapitulating that affair of Kilkenny and some others; — points also towards return to England.

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

MR. SPEAKER, Carrick, 2d April 1650.

I think the last Letter I troubled you with, was about the taking of Cahir, since which time there were taken, by beating-up their quarters, two Colonels, a Lieutenant-Colonel, Major, and divers Captains, all of horse: Colonel Johnson,** Lieutenant-Colonel Laughern, and Major Simes, were shot to death, as having served under the Parliament, but now taken up arms with the Enemy.

§ Old Copy, "The Coppie of my Lord Lieutenant's Letter to the Commissioners at Dublin concerninge Corke House," now in the possession of Sir W. Betham, Ulster King of Arms.

* Commons Journals, vi. 434; Lodge's Peerage (Archdall's), i. 170; &c.

** The other Colonel, Randall Claydon, was tried and condemned with the others; but pardoned. See Letter in Appendix, No. 21; and Whitlocke (*Note of* 1857.)

Hearing that Castlehaven and Lieutenant-General Ferral were about Kilkenny, with their Army lying there quartered, and about Carlow and Leighlin Bridge; and hearing also that Colonel Hewson, with a good Party from Dublin, was come as far as Ballysonan,* and had taken it, — we thought fit to send an express to him, To march up towards us for a conjunction. And because we doubted the sufficiency of his Party to march with that security that were to be wished, Colonel Shilbourn was ordered to go with some troops of horse out of the County of Wexford, which was his station, to meet him. And because the Enemy was possessed of the fittest places upon the Barrow for our conjunction, we sent a Party of seven or eight hundred horse and dragoons, and about five-hundred foot, to attempt upon Castlehaven in the rear, if he should have endeavoured to defend the places against Colonel Hewson.

Our Party, being a light nimble Party, was at the Barrow-side before Colonel Hewson could be heard of; and possessed a House, by the Graigue: they marched towards Leighlin, and faced Castlehaven at a pretty distance; but he showed no forwardness to engage. Our Party not being able to hear of Colonel Hewson, came back as far as Thomastown, a small walled Town, and a pass upon the Nore, between Kilkenny and Ross. Which our men attempting to take, the Enemy made no great resistance; but, by the advantage of the bridge, quitted the Town, and fled to a Castle about half a mile distant off, which they had formerly possessed. That night the President of

* See Whitlocke, p. 430; Carte ii. 113.

Munster* and myself came up to the Party. We summoned the Castle; and, after two days, it was surrendered to us; the Enemy leaving their arms, drums, colours and ammunition behind them, and engaging never to bear arms more against the Parliament of England.

We lay still after this about two or three days. The President went back to Fethard, to bring up some great guns, with a purpose to attempt upon the Granny,** and some Castles thereabouts, for the better blocking-up of Waterford; and to cause to advance up to us some more of our foot. In the end we had advertisement that Colonel Hewson was come to Leighlin; where was a very strong Castle and pass over the Barrow. I sent him word that he should attempt it; which he did; and, after some dispute, reduced it. By which means we have a good pass over the Barrow, and intercourse between Munster and Leinster. I sent Colonel Hewson word that he should march up to me; and we, advancing likewise with our Party, met 'him,' — near by Gowran; a populous Town, where the Enemy had a very strong Castle, under the command of Colonel Hammond; a Kentishman, who was a principal actor in the Kentish Insurrection,*** and did manage the Lord Capel's business at his Trial. I sent him a civil invitation to deliver up the Castle unto me; to which he returned me a very resolute answer, and full of height. We planted our artillery; and before we had made a breach considerable, the Enemy beat a parley for a treaty; which I, having offered so fairly to him, refused; but sent him in positive condi-

* Ireton (Commons Journals, 4th December 1649).
** Now a ruin near Waterford; he spells it "Granno."
*** In 1648. None of our Hammonds.

tions, That the soldiers should have their lives, and the Commission Officers to be disposed of as should be thought fit; which in the end was submitted to. The next day, the Colonel, the Major, and the rest of the Commission Officers were shot to death; all but one, who, being a very earnest instrument to have the Castle delivered, was pardoned. In the same Castle also we took a Popish Priest, who was chaplain to the Catholics in this regiment; who was caused to be hanged. I trouble you with this the rather, because this regiment was the Lord of Ormond's own regiment. In this Castle was good store of provisions for the Army.

After the taking of this Castle, it was agreed amongst us to march to the City of Kilkenny. Which we did upon Friday the 22d of March: and coming with our body within a mile of the Town, we advanced with some horse very near unto it; and that evening I sent Sir Walter Butler and the Corporation a Letter. We took the best view we could where to plant our batteries; and upon Monday the 25th, our batteries, consisting of three guns, began to play. After near a hundred shot, we made a breach, as we hoped stormable. Our men were drawn out ready for the attempt; and Colonel Ewer 'was' ordered, with about one-thousand foot, to endeavour to possess the Irish Town, much about the time of our storming; — which he accordingly did, with the loss of not above three or four men. Our men upon the signal fell on upon the breach: which indeed was not performed with usual courage nor success; for they were beaten off, with the loss of one Captain, and about twenty or thirty men

killed and wounded. The Enemy had made two retrenchments or counterworks, which they had strongly palisadoed: and both of them did so command our breach, that indeed it was a mercy to us we did not farther contend for an entrance there; it being probable that, if we had, it would have cost us very dear.

Having possessed the Irish Town; and there being another Walled Town on the other side of the River, eight companies of foot were sent over the River to possess that. Which accordingly was effected, and not above the like number lost that were in possessing the Irish Town. The Officer that commanded this party in chief attempted to pass over the Bridge into the City, and to fire the Gate; which indeed was done with good resolution; — but, lying too open to the Enemy's shot, he had forty or fifty men killed and wounded; which was a sore blow to us. We made our preparations for a second battery; which was well near perfected: 'but' the Enemy, seeing himself thus begirt, sent for a Treaty; and had it; and, in some hours, agreed to deliver up the Castle upon the Articles enclosed. Which, 'accordingly,' we received upon Thursday the 28th of March. — We find the Castle exceeding well fortified by the industry of the Enemy; being also very capacious: so that if we had taken the Town, we must have had a new work for the Castle, which might have cost much blood and time. So that, we hope, the Lord hath provided better for us; and we look at it as a gracious mercy that we have the place for you upon these terms.

Whilst these affairs were transacting, a Lieutenant-Colonel, three Majors, eight Captains, being English,

Welsh and Scotch, with others, possessed of Cantwell Castle,* — a very strong Castle, situated in a bog, well furnished with provisions of corn, — were ordered by Sir Walter Butler to come to strengthen the Garrison of Kilkenny. But they sent two Officers to me, to offer me the place, and their service, — that they might have passes to go beyond sea to serve foreign states, with some money to bear their charges: the last whereof 'likewise' I consented to; they promising to do nothing to the prejudice of the Parliament of England. Colonel Abbot also attempted Ennisnag: where were gotten a company of rogues which 'had' revolted from Colonel Jones.** The Soldiers capitulated for life, and their two Officers were hanged for revolting. Adjutant-General Sadler was commanded with two guns to attempt some Castles in the County of Tipperary and Kilkenny; which being reduced 'would' exceedingly tend to the blocking-up of two considerable Towns. He summoned Pulkerry, a Garrison under Clonmel; battered it; they refusing to come out, stormed it; put thirty or forty of them to the sword, and the rest remaining obstinate were fired in the Castle. He took Ballopoin; the Enemy marching away, leaving their arms behind them. He took also the Granny and Donkill, two very considerable places to Waterford, upon the same terms. — We have advanced our quarters towards the Enemy, a considerable way above Kilkenny; where we hope, by the gaining of ground, to get subsistence; and still to grow upon the Enemy, as the Lord shall bless us.

* "Cantwell," still known among the peasantry by that name, is now called Sandford's Court; close upon Kilkenny: "Donkill" seems to be Donhill, a ruined Strength not far from Waterford. Of Pulkerry and Ballopoin, in this paragraph, I can hear no tidings.

** The late Michael Jones.

Sir, I may not be wanting to tell you, and renew it again, That our hardships are not a few; that I think in my conscience, if moneys be not supplied, we shall not be able to carry on your work: — I would not say this to you, if I did not reckon it my duty so to do. But if it be supplied, and that speedily, I hope, through the good hand of the Lord, it will not be long before England will be at an end of this charge; — for the saving of which, I beseech you help as soon as you can! Sir, our horse have not had one month's pay of five. We strain what we can that the foot may be paid, or else they would starve. Those Towns that are to be reduced, especially one or two of them, if we should proceed by the rules of other states, would cost you more money than this Army hath had since we came over. I hope, through the blessing of God, they will come cheaper to you: but how we should be able to proceed in our attempts without reasonable supply, is humbly submitted and represented to you. I think I need not say, that a speedy period put to this work will break the expectation of all your enemies. And seeing the Lord is not wanting to you, I most humbly beg it, that you would not be wanting to yourselves.

In the last place, it cannot be thought but the taking of these places, and keeping but what is necessary of them, must needs swallow up our Foot: and I may humbly repeat it again, That I do not know of much above Two-thousand of your Five-thousand recruits come to us. — Having given you this account concerning your affairs, I am now obliged to give you an account concerning myself, which I shall do with all clearness and honesty.

I have received divers private intimations of your pleasure to have me come in person to wait upon you in England; as also copies of Votes of the Parliament to that purpose. But considering the way they came to me was but 'by' private intimations, and the Votes did refer to a Letter to be signed by the Speaker, — I thought it would have been too much forwardness in me to have left my charge here, until the said Letter came; it being not fit for me to prophesy whether the Letter would be an absolute command, or having limitations with a liberty left by the Parliament to me, to consider in what way to yield my obedience. Your Letter came to my hands upon Friday the 22d of March, the same day that I came before the City of Kilkenny, and when I was near the same. And I understood by Dr. Cartwright, who delivered it to me, that reason of cross winds, and the want of shipping in the West of England where he was, hindered him from coming with it sooner; it bearing date the 8th of January, and not coming to my hands until the 22d of March.

The Letter supposed your Army in Winter-quarters, and the time of the year not suitable for present action; making this as the reason of your command. And your Forces have been in action ever since the 29th of January; and your Letter, which was to be the rule of my obedience, coming to my hands after our having been so long in action, — with respect had to the reasons you were pleased to use therein, 'I knew not what to do.' And having received a Letter signed by yourself, of the 26th of February,* which mentions not a word of the continuance of your pleasure con-

* Antea, p. 259.

cerning my coming over, I did humbly conceive it much consisting with my duty, humbly to beg a positive signification what your will is; professing (as before the Lord) that I am most ready to obey your commands herein with all alacrity; rejoicing only to be about that work which I am called to by those whom God hath set over me, which I acknowledge you to be; and fearing only in obeying you, to disobey you.

I most humbly and earnestly beseech you to judge for me, Whether your Letter doth not naturally allow me the liberty of begging a more clear expression of your command and pleasure. Which, when vouchsafed unto me, will find most ready and cheerful obedience from,

Sir,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL. §

LETTER CXXXI.

Here of the same date, is a Letter to Mayor; and then a Letter to Richard; which concludes what we have in Ireland.

For my very loving Brother Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley in Hampshire: These.

DEAR BROTHER, Carrick, 2d April 1650.

For me to write unto you the state of our affairs here were more indeed than I have leisure well to do and therefore I hope you do not expect it from me; seeing when I write to the Parliament I usually am, as becomes me, very particular with them, and usually from thence the knowledge thereof is spread.

Only this let me say, which is the best intelligence to Friends that are truly Christian: The Lord is

§ King's Pamphlets, no. 464, art. 2; Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, pp. 78-81). Printed, this Letter with the others on Kilkenny, by order of Parliament; messenger, "Richard Lehunt" (Colonel Lehunt, I believe, *antea*, vol. ii. p. 12), gets 50*l*. (Commons Journals, vi. 397, 13th April 1650).

pleased still to vouchsafe us His presence, and to prosper His own work in our hands; — which to us is the more eminent because truly we are a company of poor weak worthless creatures. Truly our work is neither from our own brains nor from our courage and strength: but we follow the Lord who goeth before, and gather what He scattereth, that so all may appear to be from Him.

The taking of the City of Kilkenny hath been one of our last works; which indeed I believe hath been a great discomposing the Enemy, — it's so much in their bowels. We have taken many considerable places lately, without much loss. What can we say to these things! If God be for us, who can be against us? Who can fight against the Lord and prosper? Who can resist His will? The Lord keep us in His love.

I desire your prayers; your Family is often in mine. I rejoice to hear how it hath pleased the Lord to deal with my Daughter.* The Lord bless her, and sanctify all His dispensations to them and us. I have committed my Son to you; I pray counsel him. Some Letters I have lately had from him have a good savour: the Lord treasure up grace there, that out of that treasury he may bring forth good things.

Sir, I desire my very entire affection may be presented to my dear Sister, my Cousin Ann and the rest of my Cousins, — and to idle Dick Norton when you see him. Sir, I rest,

Your most loving brother,

OLIVER CROMWELL. §

* In a hopeful way, I conclude! Richard's first child, according to Noble's registers, was not born till 3d November 1652 (Noble, i. 189); a boy, who died within three weeks. Noble's registers, as we shall soon see, are very defective.

§ Harris, p. 512.

LETTER CXXXII.

For my beloved Son Richard Cromwell, Esquire, at Hursley in Hampshire: These.

DICK CROMWELL, Carrick, 2d April 1650.

I take your Letters kindly: I like expressions when they come plainly from the heart, and are not strained nor affected.

I am persuaded it's the Lord's mercy to place you where you are: I wish you may own it and be thankful, fulfilling all relations to the glory of God. Seek the Lord and His face continually: — let this be the business of your life and strength, and let all things be subservient and in order to this! You cannot find nor behold the face of God but in Christ; therefore labour to know God in Christ; which the Scripture makes to be the sum of all, even Life Eternal. Because the true knowledge is not literal or speculative; 'no,' but inward; transforming the mind to it. It's uniting to, and *participating of*, the Divine nature (*Second Peter*, i. 4): 'That by these ye might be partakers of the 'Divine Nature, having escaped the corruption that is 'in the world through lust.' It's such a *knowledge* as Paul speaks of (*Philippians*, iii. 8—10): 'Yea doubt-'less, and I count all things but loss for the excellency 'of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord. For 'whom I have suffered the loss of all things; and do 'count them but dung that I may win Christ, and be 'found in Him, — not having mine own righteousness 'which is of the Law, but that which is through the 'Faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God 'by Faith; — that I may know Him, and the power 'of His Resurrection, and the fellowship of His suffer-

'ings; being made conformable unto His Death.'* How little of this knowledge is among us! My weak prayers shall be for you.

Take heed of an unactive vain spirit! Recreate yourself with Sir Walter Raleigh's History: it's a Body of History; and will add much more to your understanding than fragments of Story. — Intend** to understand the Estate I have settled: it's your concernment to know it all, and how it stands. I have heretofore suffered much by too much trusting others. I know my Brother Mayor will be helpful to you in all this.

You will think, perhaps, I need not advise you To love your Wife! The Lord teach you how to do it; — or else it will be done ill-favouredly. Though Marriage be no instituted Sacrament, yet where the undefiled bed is, and love, this union aptly resembles 'that of' Christ and His Church. If *you* can truly love your Wife, what 'love' doth Christ bear to His Church and every poor soul therein, — who "gave Himself" for it and to it! — Commend me to your Wife; tell her I entirely love her, and rejoice in the goodness of the Lord to her. I wish her everyway fruitful. I thank her for her loving Letter.

I have presented my love to my Sister and Cousin Ann, &c. in my Letter to my Brother Mayor. I would not have him alter his affairs because of my debt. My purse is as his: my present thoughts are but To lodge such a sum for my two little Girls; — it's in his hand

* These sentences, — well known to Oliver; familiar to him in their phraseology, and in their sense too; and never to be *finally* forgotten by the earnest-hearted of the Sons of Men, are not quoted in the Original, but merely indicated.

** Old word for "endeavour."

as well as anywhere. I shall not be wanting to accommodate him to his mind; I would not have him solicitous. — Dick, the Lord bless you every way. I rest,

Your loving Father,
OLIVER CROMWELL. §

In the end of this month, "the President Frigate," President Bradshaw Frigate, sails from Milford Haven "to attend his Excellency's pleasure," and bring him home if he see good to come. He has still one storm to do there first; that of Clonmel, where "Two-thousand foot, all Ulster men," are gathered for a last struggle; — the death-agony of this War, after which it will fairly die, and be buried. A very fierce storm, and fire-whirlwind of last agony; whereof take this solid account by an eye-witness and hand-actor; and so leave this part of our subject. The date is 10th May 1650; "a Letter from Clonmel in Ireland:"

"Worthy Sir, — Yesterday," Thursday 9th May, "we storm-"ed Clonmel: in which work both officers and soldiers did as "much and more than could be expected. We had, with our "guns, made a breach in their works; — where, after an hot "fight, we gave back a while; but presently charged up to the "same ground again. But the Enemy had made themselves "exceeding strong, by double-works and traverse, which were "worse to enter than the breach; when we came up to it, they "had cross-works, and were strongly flanked from the houses "within their works. The Enemy defended themselves against "us that day, until towards the evening, our men all the while "keeping up close to their breach; and many on both sides were slain." The fierce death-wrestle, in the breaches here,

§ *Memoirs of the Protector Oliver Cromwell*, by Oliver Cromwell, Esquire, a Descendant of the Family (London, 1822), i. 369. An incorrect, dull, insignificant Book; contains this Letter, and one or two others, "in possession of the Cromwell Family." — Another Descendant, Thomas Cromwell Esquire's *Oliver Cromwell and his Times* (London, 1821), is of a vaporous, gesticulative, dull-*aërial*, still more insignificant character; and contains nothing that is not common elsewhere.

lasted four hours: so many hours of hot storm and continuous tug of war, "and many men were slain." "At night, the Enemy "drew out, on the other side, and marched away undiscovered "to us; and the inhabitants of Clonmel sent out for a parley. "Upon which, Articles were agreed on, before we knew the "Enemy was gone. After signing of the Conditions, we "discovered the Enemy to be gone; and, very early this "morning, pursued them; and fell upon their rear of strag- "glers, and killed above 200, — besides those we slew in the "storm. We entered Clonmel this morning, and have kept "our Conditions with them. The place is considerable; and "very advantageous to the reducing of these parts wholly to "the Parliament of England."* Whitlocke has heard by other Letters, "That they found in Clonmel the stoutest Enemy "this Army had ever met in Ireland; and that there was never "seen so hot a storm of so long continuance, and so gallantly "defended, either in England or Ireland." **

The Irish Commander here was Hugh O'Neil, a kinsman of Owen Roe's: vain he too, this new brave O'Neil! It is a lost Cause. It is a Cause he has not yet seen into the secret of, and cannot prosper in. Fiery fighting cannot prosper in it; no, there needs something other first, which has never yet been done! Let the O'Neil go elsewhither, with his fighting talent; here it avails nothing, and less. To the surrendered Irish Officers the Lord Lieutenant granted numerous permissions to embody regiments, and go abroad with them into any country not at war with England. Some "Five-and-forty Thousand" *Kurisees*, or whatever name they had, went in this way to France, to Spain, and fought there far off; and their own land had peace.

The Lord Lieutenant would fain have seen Waterford surrender before he went: but new Letters arrive from the Parliament; affairs in Scotland threaten to become pressing. He appoints Ireton his Deputy, to finish the business here; rapidly

* Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 81).
** Whitlocke, p. 441.

makes what survey of Munster, what adjustment of Ireland, military and civil, is possible; — steps on board the President Frigate, in the last days of May, and spreads sail for England. He has been some nine months in Ireland; leaves a very handsome spell of work done there.

At Bristol, after a rough passage, the Lord Lieutenant is received with all the honours and acclamations, "the great guns firing thrice;" hastens up to London, where, on Friday 31st May, all the world is out to welcome him. Fairfax, and chief Officers, and Members of Parliament, with solemn salutation, on Hounslow Heath: from Hounslow Heath to Hyde Park, where are Trainbands and Lord Mayors; on to Whitehall and the Cockpit, where are better than these, — it is one wide tumult of salutation, congratulation, artillery-volleying, human shouting; — Hero worship after a sort, not the best sort. It was on this occasion that Oliver said, or is reported to have said, when some sycophantic person observed, "What a crowd come out to see your Lordship's triumph!" — "Yes, but if it were to see me hanged, how many more would there be!" * —

Such is what the Irish common people still call the "Curse of Cromwell;" this is the summary of his work in that country. The remains of the War were finished out by Ireton, by Ludlow: Ireton died of fever, at Limerick, in the end of the second year; ** and solid Ludlow, who had been with him for some ten months, succeeded. The ulterior arrangements for Ireland were those of the Commonwealth Parliament and the proper Official Persons; not specially Oliver's arangements, though of course he remained a chief authority in that matter, and nothing could well be done which he with any emphasis deliberately condemned.

There goes a wild story, which owes its first place in History to Clarendon, I think, who is the author of many such: How the Parliament at one time had decided to "exterminate" all

* Newspapers (in Kimber, p. 148); Whitlocke, p. 441.

** 26th November 1651 (Wood *in voce*): Ludlow had arrived in January of the same year (Memoirs, i. 322, 332, &c.).

the Irish population; and then, finding this would not quite answer, had contented itself with packing them all into the Province of Connaught, there to live upon the moorlands; and *so* had pacified the Sister Island.* Strange rumours no doubt were afloat in the Council of Kilkenny, in the Conventicle of Clonmacnoise, and other such quarters, and were kept up for very obvious purposes in those days; and my Lord of Clarendon at an after date, seeing Puritanism hung on the gallows and tumbled in heaps in St. Margaret's, thought it safe to write with considerable latitude respecting its procedure. My Lord had, in fact, the story all his own way for about a hundred-and-fifty years; and, during that time, has set afloat through vague heads a great many things. His authority is rapidly sinking; and will now probably sink deeper than even it deserves.

The real procedure of the Puritan Commonwealth towards Ireland is not a matter of conjecture, or of report by Lord Clarendon; the documentary basis and scheme of it still stands in black-on-white, and can be read by all persons.** In this Document the reader will find, set forth in authentic business-form, a Scheme of Settlement somewhat different from that of "extermination;" which, if he be curious in that matter, he ought to consult. First, it appears by this Document, "all husbandmen, ploughmen, labourers, artificers and others of the meaner sort" of the Irish nation are to be, — not exterminated; no, but rendered exempt from punishment and question, as to these Eight Years of blood and misery now ended; which is a very considerable exception from the Clarendon Scheme! Next, as to the Ringleaders, the rebellious Landlords, and Papist Aristocracy; as to these also, there is a carefully graduated scale of punishments established, that punishment and guilt may in some measure correspond. All that can be proved to have been concerned in the Massacre of Forty-one; for these, and for certain other persons of the turncoat species, whose names are given, there shall be no pardon: — "extermi-

* Continuation of Clarendon's Life (Oxford, 1761), pp. 119, &c. &c.

** Scobell, Part ii. p. 197 (12th August 1652); see also p. 317 (27th June 1656).

nation," actual death on the gallows, or perpetual banishment and confiscation for these; but not without legal inquiry and due trial first had, for these, or for any one. Then certain others, who have been in arms at certain dates against the Parliament, but not concerned in the Massacre: these are declared to have forfeited their estates; but lands to the value of one third of the same, as a modicum to live upon, shall be assigned them, where the Parliament thinks safest, — in the moorlands of Connaught, as it turned out. Then another class, who are open Papists and have *not* manifested their good affection to the Parliament: these are to forfeit onethird of their estates; and continue quiet at their peril. Such is the Document; which was regularly acted on; fulfilled with as much exactness as the case, now in the hands of very exact men, admitted of. The Catholic Aristocracy of Ireland have to undergo this fate, for their share in the late miseries; this and no other: and as for all "ploughmen, husbandmen, artificers and people of the meaner sort," they are to live quiet where they are, and have no questions asked.

In this way, not in the way of "extermination," was Ireland settled by the Puritans. Five-and-forty thousand armed "kurisees" are fighting, not without utility we hope, far off in foreign parts. Incurably turbulent ringleaders of revolt are sent to the moorlands of Connaught. Men of the Massacre, where they can be convicted, of which some instances occur, are hanged. The mass of the Irish Nation lives quiet under a *new* Land Aristocracy; new, and in several particulars very much improved indeed: under these lives now the mass of the Irish Nation; ploughing, delving, hammering; with their wages punctually paid them; with the truth spoken to them, and the truth done to them, so as they had never before seen it since they were a Nation! Clarendon himself admits that Ireland flourished, to an unexampled extent, under this arrangement. One can very well believe it. What is to hinder poor Ireland from flourishing, if you will do the truth to it and speak the truth, instead of doing the falsity and speaking the falsity?

Ireland, under this arrangement, would have grown up

gradually into a sober diligent drabcoloured population; developing itself, most probably, in some form of Calvinistic Protestantism. For there was hereby a Protestant *Church* of Ireland, of the most irrefragable nature, preaching daily in all its actions and procedure a real Gospel of veracity, of piety, of fair dealing and good order, to all men; and certain other "Protestant Churches of Ireland," and unblessed real-imaginary Entities, of which the human soul is getting weary, would of a surety never have found footing there! But the Everblessed Restoration came upon us. All that arrangement was torn up by the roots; and Ireland was appointed to develop itself as we have seen. Not in the drabcoloured Puritan way; — in what other ways is still a terrible dubiety, to itself and to us! It will be by some Gospel of Veracity, I think, when the Heavens are pleased to send such. This "Curse of Cromwell," so-called, is the only Gospel of that kind I can yet discover to have ever been fairly afoot there.

PART VI.

WAR WITH SCOTLAND.

1650-1651.

WAR WITH SCOTLAND.

The Scotch People, the first beginners of this grand Puritan Revolt, which we may define as an attempt to bring the Divine Law of the Bible into actual practice in men's affairs on the Earth, are still one and all resolute for that object; but they are getting into sad difficulties as to realising it. Not easy to realise such a thing: besides true will, there need heroic gifts, the highest that Heaven gives, for realising it! Gifts which have not been vouchsafed the Scotch People at present. The letter of their Covenant presses heavy on these men; traditions, formulas, dead letters of many things press heavy on them. On the whole, they too are but what we call Pedants in conduct, not Poets; the sheepskin record failing them, and old use-and-wont ending, they cannot farther; they look into a sea of troubles, shoreless, starless, on which there seems no navigation possible.

The faults or misfortunes of the Scotch People, in their Puritan business, are many: but properly their grand fault is this, That they have produced for it no sufficiently heroic man among them. No man that has an eye to see beyond the letter and the rubric; to discern, across many consecrated rubrics of the Past, the inarticulate divineness too of the Present and the Future, and dare all perils in the faith of that! With Oliver Cromwell born a Scotchman; with a Hero King and a unanimous Hero Nation at his back, it might have been

far otherwise. With Oliver born Scotch, one sees not but the whole world might have become Puritan; might have struggled, yet a long while, to fashion itself according to that divine Hebrew Gospel, — to the exclusion of other Gospels not Hebrew, which also are divine, and will have their share of fulfilment here! — But of such issue there is no danger. Instead of inspired Olivers, glowing with direct insight and noble daring, we have Argyles, Loudons, and narrow, more or less opaque persons of the Pedant species. Committees of Estates, Committees of Kirks, much tied up in formulas, both of them: a bigoted Theocracy *without* the Inspiration; which is a very hopeless phenomenon indeed! The Scotch People are all willing, eager of heart; asking, Whitherward? But the Leaders stand aghast at the new forms of danger; and in a vehement discrepant manner some calling, Halt! others calling, Backward! others, Forward! — huge confusion ensues. Confusion which will need an Oliver to repress it; to bind it up in tight manacles, if not otherwise; and say, "There, sit there and consider thyself a little!" —

The meaning of the Scotch Covenant was, That God's divine Law of the Bible should be put in practice in these Nations; verily *it*, and not the Four Surplices at Allhallowtide, or any Formula of cloth or sheepskin here or elsewhere which merely pretended to be it. But then the Covenant says expressly, there is to be a Stuart King in the business: we cannot do without our Stuart King! Given a divine Law of the Bible on one hand, and a Stuart King, Charles First or Charles Second, on the other: alas, did History ever present a more irreducible case of equations in this world? I pity the poor Scotch Pedant Governors; still more the poor Scotch People, who had no other to follow! Nay, as for that, the People did get through, in the end; such was their indomitable pious constancy, and other worth and fortune: and Presbytery became a Fact among them, to the whole length possible for it: not without endless results. But for the poor Governors this irreducible case proved, as it were, fatal! They have never since, if we will look narrowly at it, governed Scotland,

or even well known that they were there to attempt governing it. Once they lay on Dunse Hill, "each Earl with his Regiment of Tenants round him," *For Christ's Crown and Covenant;* and never since had they any noble National act which it was given them to do. Growing desperate of Christ's Crown and Covenant, they, in the next generation when our *Annus Mirabilis* arrived, hurried up to Court, looking out for other Crowns and Covenants; deserted Scotland and her Cause, somewhat basely; took to *booing* and *booing* for Causes of their own, unhappy mortals; — and Scotland and all Causes that were Scotland's have had to go on very much without *them* ever since! Which is a very fatal issue indeed, as I reckon; — and the time for settlement of accounts about it, which could not fail always, and seems now fast drawing nigh, looks very ominous to me. For in fact there is no creature more fatal than your Pedant; safe as he esteems himself, the terriblest issues spring from him. Human crimes are many: but the crime of being deaf to the God's Voice, of being blind to all but parchments and antiquarian rubrics when the Divine Handwriting is abroad on the sky, — certainly there is no crime which the Supreme Powers do more terribly avenge!

But leaving all that, — the poor Scotch Governors, we remark, in that old crisis of theirs, have come upon the desperate expedient of getting Charles Second to adopt the Covenant the best he can. Whereby our parchment formula is indeed saved; but the divine fact has gone terribly to the wall! The Scotch Governors hope otherwise. By treaties at Jersey, treaties at Breda, they and the hard Law of Want together have constrained this poor young Stuart to their detested Covenant; as the Frenchmen said, they have "compelled him to adopt it voluntarily." A fearful crime, thinks Oliver, and think we. How dare you enact such mummery under High Heaven! exclaims he. You will prosecute Malignants; and, with the aid of some poor varnish, transparent even to yourselves, you adopt into your bosom the Chief Malignant? My soul come not into your secret; mine honour be not united unto you! —

In fact, his new Sacred Majesty is actually under way for the Scotch court; will become a Covenanted King there. Of himself a likely enough young man; — very unfortunate he too. Satisfactorily descended from the Steward of Scotland and Elizabeth Muir of Caldwell (whom some have called an improper female*); satisfactory in this respect, but in others most unsatisfactory. A somewhat loose young man; has Buckingham, Wilmot and Company, at one hand of him, and painful Mr. Livingston and Presbyterian ruling-elders at the other; is hastening now, as a Covenanted King, towards such a Theocracy as we described. Perhaps the most anomalous phenomenon ever produced by Nature and Art working together in this World! — He had sent Montrose before him, poor young man, to try if war and force could effect nothing; whom instantly the Scotch Nation took, and tragically hanged.** They now, winking hard at that transaction, proffer the poor young man their Covenant; compel him to sign it voluntarily, and be Covenanted King over them.

The result of all which for the English Commonwealth cannot be doubtful. What Declaration, Papers, Protocols, passed on the occasion, — numerous, flying thick between Edinburgh and London in late months, — shall remain unknown to us. The Commonwealth has brought Cromwell home from Ireland; and got forces ready for him: that is the practical outcome of it. The Scotch also have got forces ready; will either invade us, or (which we decide to be preferable) be invaded by us.*** Cromwell must now take up the Scotch coil of troubles, as he did the Irish, and deal with that too. Fairfax, as we heard, was unwilling to go; Cromwell, urging the Council of State to second him, would fain persuade Fairfax; gets him still nominated Commander-in-Chief; but cannot persuade him; — will himself have to be Commander-in-Chief, and go.

* Horseloads of Jacobite, Anti-Jacobite Pamphlets; Goodall, Father Innes, &c. &c. How it was settled, I do not recollect.

** Details of the business, in Balfour, iv. 9-22.

*** Commons Journals, 26th June 1650.

In Whitlocke and Ludlow* there is record of earnest intercessions, solemn conference held with Fairfax in Whitehall, duly prefaced by prayer to Heaven; intended on Cromwell's part to persuade Fairfax that it is his duty again to accept the chief command, and lead us into Scotland. Fairfax, urged by his Wife, a Vere of the fighting Veres, and given to Presbyterianism, dare not and will not go; — sends "Mr. Rushworth, his Secretary," on the morrow, to give up his Commission,** that Cromwell himself may be named General-in-Chief. In this preliminary business, says Ludlow, "Cromwell acted his part so to the life that I really thought he wished Fairfax to go." Wooden-headed that I was, I had reason to alter that notion by and by!

Wooden Ludlow gives note of another very singular interview he himself had with Cromwell, "a little after," in those same days or hours. Cromwell whispered him in the House; they agreed "to meet that afternoon in the Council of State" in Whitehall, and there withdraw into a private room to have a little talk together. Oliver had cast his eye on Ludlow as a fit man for Ireland, to go and second Ireton there; he took him, as by appointment, into a private room, "the Queen's Guard-chamber" to wit; and there very largely expressed himself. He testified the great value he had for me, Ludlow; combatted my objections to Ireland; spake somewhat against Lawyers, what a tortuous ungodly jungle English Law was; spake of the good that might be done by a good and brave man; — spake of the great Providences of God now abroad on the Earth; in particular "talked for almost an hour upon the Hundred-and-tenth Psalm;" which to me, in my solid wooden head, seemed extremely singular!***

Modern readers, not in the case of Ludlow, will find this fact illustrative of Oliver. Before setting out on the Scotch Expedition, and just on the eve of doing it, we too will read that Psalm of Hebrew David's, which had become English

* Whitlocke, pp. 444-6 (25th June 1650); Ludlow, i. 317.
** Commons Journals, *ubi supra*.
*** Ludlow, i. 319.

Oliver's: we will fancy in our minds, not without reflections and emotions, the largest soul in England looking at this God's World with prophet's earnestness through that Hebrew Word, — two Divine Phenomena accurately correspondent for Oliver; the one accurately the prophetic symbol and articulate interpretation of the other. As if the Silences had at length found utterance, and this was their Voice from out of old Eternity:

"The Lord said unto my Lord: Sit thou at my right hand "until I make thine enemies thy footstool. The Lord shall "send the rod of thy strength out of Zion: rule thou in the "midst of thine enemies. Thy people shall be willing in the "day of thy power; in the beauties of holiness, from the womb "of the morning: thou hast the dew of thy youth. The Lord "hath sworn, and will not repent, Thou art a priest forever "after the order of Melchizedek. The Lord, at thy right "hand, shall strike through Kings in the day of his wrath. He "shall judge among the Heathen; he shall fill the places with "the dead bodies; he shall wound the heads over many "countries. He shall drink of the brook in the way: there-"fore shall he lift up the head."

In such spirit goes Oliver Cromwell to the Wars. "A god-intoxicated man," as Novalis elsewhere phrases it. I have asked myself, If anywhere in Modern European History, or even in Ancient Asiatic, there was found a man practising this mean World's affairs with a heart more filled by the Idea of the Highest? Bathed in the Eternal Splendours, — it is so he walks our dim Earth: this man is one of few. He is projected with a terrible force out of the Eternities, and in the Times and their arenas there is nothing that can withstand him. It is great; — to us it is tragic; a thing that should strike us dumb! My brave one, thy old noble Prophecy *is* divine; older than Hebrew David; old as the Origin of Man; — and shall, though in wider ways than thou supposest, be fulfilled! —

LETTERS CXXXIII.—CXXXVIII.

Hooke and his small business, in rapid public times, will not detain us. Humphrey Hooke, Alderman of Bristol, was elected to the Long Parliament for that City in 1640; but being found to have had concern in "Monopolies," was, like a number of others, expelled, and sent home again under a cloud. The "service" he did at Bristol Storm, though somewhat needing "concealment," ought to rehabilitate him a little in the charity, at least in the pity, of the Well-affected mind. At all events, the conditions made with him must be kept; — and we doubt not, were.

LETTER CXXXIII.

'*To the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the House of Commons: These.*'

MR. SPEAKER, London, 20th June 1650.

When we lay before Bristol in the Year 1645, we considered the season of the year, the strength of the place, and of what importance the reducement thereof would be to the good of the Commonwealth, and accordingly applied ourselves to all possible means for the accomplishment of the same; which received its answerable effect. At which time, for something considerable done in order to that end, by Humphrey Hooke, Alderman of that place, which, for many reasons, is desired to be concealed, — his Excellency the Lord General Fairfax and myself gave him an Engagement under our hands and seals, That he should be secured and protected, by the authority of the Parliament, in the enjoyment of his life, liberty and estate, as freely as in former times, and as any other person under the obedience of the Parliament; notwithstanding

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any past acts of hostility, or other thing done by him, in opposition to the Parliament or assistance of the Enemy. Which Engagement, with a Certificate of divers godly persons of that City, concerning the performance of his part thereof, is ready to be produced.

I understand, that lately an Order is issued out to sequester him, whereby he is called to Composition. I thought it meet therefore to give the honourable Parliament this account, that he may be preserved from anything of that nature. For the performance of which, in order to the good of the Commonwealth, we stand engaged in our faith and honour. I leave it to you; and remain,

Sir,
Your most humble servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL. §

On *Wednesday* 26*th June* 1650, the Act appointing "That "Oliver Cromwell, Esquire, be constituted Captain-General "and Commander-in-Chief of all the Forces raised or to be "raised by authority of Parliament within the Commonwealth "of England,"* was passed. "Whereupon," says Whitlocke, "great ceremonies and congratulations of the new "General were made to him from all sorts of people; and he "went on roundly with his business." Roundly, rapidly; for in three days more, on Saturday the 29th, "the Lord General "Cromwell went out of London towards the North: and the "news of him marching northward much startled the Scots."**

He has Lambert for Major-General, Cousin Whalley for Commissary-General; and among his Colonels are Overton, whom we knew at Hull; Pride, whom we have seen in Westminster Hall; and a taciturn man, much given to chewing to-

§ Tanner MSS. (in Cary, ii. 222).
* Commons Journals, *in die.*
** Whitlocke, pp. 446, 7.

bacco, whom we have transiently seen in various places, Colonel George Monk by name.* An excellent officer; listens to what you say, answers often by a splash of brown juice merely, but punctually does what is doable of it. Pudding-headed Hodgson the Yorkshire Captain is also there; from whom perhaps we may glean a rough lucent-point or two. The Army, as my Lord General attracts it gradually from the right and left on his march northward, amounts at Tweedside to some Sixteen-thousand horse and foot.** Rushworth goes with him as Secretary; historical John; having now done with Fairfax: — but, alas, his Papers for this Period are all lost to us: it was not safe to print them with the others; and they are lost! The *Historical Collections*, with their infinite rubbish and their modicum of jewels, cease at the Trial of the King; leaving us, fallen into far worse hands, to repent of our impatience, and regret the useful John!

The following Letters, without commentary, which stingy space will not permit, must note the Lord General's progress for us as they can; and illuminate with here and there a rude gleam of direct light at first-hand, an old scene very obsolete, confused, unexplored and dim for us.

LETTER CXXXIV.

Dorothy Cromwell, we are happy to find, has a "little brat;" — but the poor little thing must have died soon: in Noble's inexact lists there is no trace of its ever having lived. The Lord General has got into Northumberland. He has a good excuse for being "silent this way," — the way of Letters.

For my very loving Brother Richard Mayor, Esquire, at his House at Hursley: These.

Dear Brother, Alnwick, 17th July 1650.

The exceeding crowd of business I had at London is the best excuse I can make for my silence this way.

* *Life of Monk*, by Gumble, his Chaplain.

** Train, 690; horse, 5,415; foot, 10,249; *in toto*, 16,354 (Cromwelliana, p. 85).

Indeed, Sir, my heart beareth me witness I want no affection to you or yours; you are all often in my poor prayers.

I should be glad to hear how the little Brat doth. I could chide both Father and Mother for their neglects of me: I know my Son is idle, but I had better thoughts of Doll. I doubt now her Husband hath spoiled her; pray tell her so from me. If I had as good leisure as they, I should write sometimes. If my Daughter be breeding, I will excuse her; but not for her nursery! The Lord bless them. I hope you give my Son good counsel; I believe he needs it. He is in the dangerous time of his age; and it's a very vain world. O, how good it is to close with Christ betimes! — there is nothing else worth the looking after. I beseech you call upon him, — I hope you will discharge my duty and your own love: you see how I am employed. I need pity. I know what I feel. Great place and business in the world is not worth the looking after; I should have no comfort in mine but that my hope is in the Lord's presence. I have not sought these things; truly I have been called unto them by the Lord; and therefore am not without some assurance that He will enable His poor worm and weak servant to do His will, and to fulfil my generation. In this I desire your prayers. Desiring to be lovingly remembered to my dear Sister, to our Son and Daughter, to my Cousin Ann and the good Family, I rest,

Your very affectionate brother,

OLIVER CROMWELL.§

On *Monday 22d July*, the Army, after due rendezvousing and reviewing, passed through Berwick; and encamped at

§ Harris, p. 513: one of the Pusey stock.

Mordington across the Border, where a fresh stay of two days is still necessary. Scotland is bare of resources for us. That night "the Scotch beacons were all set on fire; the men fled, "and drove away their cattle." Mr. Bret, his Excellency's Trumpeter, returns from Edinburgh without symptom of pacification. "The Clergy represent us to the people as if we were monsters of the world." "Army of Sectaries and Blasphemers," is the received term for us among the Scots. *

Already on the march hitherward, and now by Mr. Bret in an official way, have due Manifestos been promulgated: Declaration *To all that are Saints and Partakers of the Faith of God's Elect in Scotland*, and Proclamation *To the People of Scotland* in general. Asking of the mistaken *People*, in mild terms, Did you not see us, and try us, what kind of men we were, when we came among you two years ago? Did you find us plunderers, murderers, monsters of the world? "Whose ox have we stolen?" To the mistaken *Saints of God in Scotland*, again, the Declaration testifies and argues, in a grand earnest way, That in Charles Stuart and his party there can be no salvation; that *we* seek the real substance of the Covenant, which it is perilous to desert for the mere outer form thereof; — on the whole that we are not sectaries and blasphemers; and that it goes against our heart to hurt a hair of any sincere servant of God. — Very earnest Documents; signed by John Rushworth in the name of General and Officers; often printed and reprinted. ** They bear Oliver's sense in every feature of them; but are not distinctly of his composition: wherefore, as space grows more and more precious, and Oliver's sense will elsewhere sufficiently appear, we omit them.

"The Scots," says Whitlocke, *** "are all gone with "their goods towards Edinburgh, by command of the Estates "of Scotland, upon penalty if they did not remove; so that "mostly all the men are gone. But the wives stay behind; "and some of them do bake and brew, to provide bread

* Balfour iv. 97, 100. &c.: "Cromwell the Blasphemer" (ib. 88).
** Newspapers (in Parl. Hist. xix. 298, 310); Com. Jour. 19th July 1650.
*** p. 450.

"and drink for the English Army." The public functionaries "have told the people, 'That the English Army "intends to put all the men to the sword, and to thrust hot "irons through the women's breasts;' — which much terrified "them, till once the General's Proclamations were published." And now the wives do stay behind, and brew and bake — poor wives!

That Monday night while we lay at Mordington, with hard accommodation out of doors and in, — my pudding-headed friend informs me of a thing. The General has made a large Discourse to the Officers and Army, now that we are across; speaks to them 'as a Christian and a Soldier, To be doubly and trebly diligent, to be wary and worthy, for sure enough we have work before us! But have we not had God's blessing hitherto? Let us go on faithfully, and hope for the like still!' * The Army answered "with acclamations," still audible to me. — Yorkshire Hodgson continues:

"Well; that night we pitched at Mordington, about the "House. Our Officers," General and Staff Officers, "hearing "a great shout among the soldiers, looked out of window. "They spied a soldier with a Scotch *kirn*" (churn) "on his "head. Some of them had been purveying abroad, and had "found a vessel filled with Scotch cream: bringing the rever-"sion of it to their tents, some got dishfuls, and some hatfuls; "and the cream being now low in the vessel, one fellow would "have a modest drink and so lifts the kirn to his mouth: but "another canting it up, it falls over his head; and the man "is lost in it, all the cream trickles down his apparel, and his "head fast in the tub! This was a merriment to the Officers; "as Oliver loved an innocent jest."

A week after, we find the General very serious; writing thus to the Lord President Bradshaw.

* Hodgson, p. 130; Whitlocke, p. 450.

LETTER CXXXV.

"COPPERSPATH," of which the General here speaks, is the country pronunciation of Cockburnspath; name of a wild rock-and-river chasm, through which the great road goes, some miles to the eastward of Dunbar. Of which we shall hear again. A very wild road at that time, as may still be seen. The ravine is now spanned by a beautiful Bridge, called *Pease Bridge*, or Path's Bridge, which pleasure-parties go to visit. — The date of this Letter, in all the old Newspapers, is "30th July;" and doubtless in the Original too; * but the real day, as appears by the context, is Wednesday 31st.

To the Right Honourable the Lord President of the Council of State: These.

MY LORD, Musselburgh, 30th July 1650.

We marched from Berwick upon Monday, being the 22d of July; and lay at my Lord Mordington's house Monday night, Tuesday, and Wednesday. On Thursday we marched to Copperspath; on Friday to Dunbar, where we got some small pittance from our ships; from whence we marched to Haddington.

On the Lord's day, hearing that the Scottish Army meant to meet us at Gladsmoor, we laboured to possess the Moor before them; and beat our drums very early in the morning. But when we came there, no considerable body of the Army appeared. Whereupon Fourteen-hundred horse, under the command of Major-General Lambert and Colonel Whalley, were sent as as vanguard to Musselburgh, to see likewise if they could find out and attempt any thing upon the Enemy;

* "Letter from the General dated 30° Julii" (Commons Journals, vi. 451).

I marching in the heel of them with the residue of the Army. Our party encountered with some of their horse; but they could not abide us. We lay at Musselburgh, encamped close, that night; the Enemy's Army lying between Edinburgh and Leith, about four miles from us, entrenched by a Line flankered from Edinburgh to Leith; the guns also from Leith scouring most part of the Line, so that they lay very strong.

Upon Monday 29th instant, we were resolved to draw up to them, to see if they would fight with us. And when we came upon the place, we resolved to get our cannons as near them as we could; hoping thereby to annoy them. We likewise perceived that they had some force upon a Hill that overlooks Edinburgh, from whence we might be annoyed; 'and' did resolve to send up a party to possess the said Hill; — which prevailed: but, upon the whole, we did find that their Army were not easily to be attempted. Whereupon we lay still all the said day; which proved to be so sore a day and night of rain as I have seldom seen, and greatly to our disadvantage; the Enemy having enough to cover them, and we nothing at all considerable.* Our soldiers did abide this difficulty with great courage and resolution, hoping they should speedily come to fight. In the morning, the ground being very wet, 'and' our provisions scarce, we resolved to draw back to our quarters at Musselburgh, there to refresh and revictual.

The Enemy, when we drew off, fell upon our rear; and put them into some little disorder: but our bodies of horse being in some readiness, came to a grabble

* "Near a little village named, I think, Lichnagarie," — means, Lang Niddery (Hodgson, p. 132); the *Niddery* near Duddingston, still deservedly called *Lang* by the people, though map-makers append the epithet elsewhere.

with them; where indeed there was a gallant and hot dispute; the Major-General* and Colonel Whalley being in the rear; and the Enemy drawing out great bodies to second their first affront. Our men charged them up to the very trenches, and beat them in. The Major-General's horse was shot in the neck and head; himself run through the arm with a lance, and run into another place of his body, — was taken prisoner by the Enemy, but rescued immediately by Lieutenant Empson of my regiment. Colonel Whalley, who was then nearest to the Major-General, did charge very resolutely; and repulsed the Enemy, and killed divers of them upon the place, and took some prisoners, without any considerable loss. Which indeed did so amaze and quiet them, that we marched off to Musselburgh, but they dared not send out a man to trouble us. We hear their young King looked on upon all this, but was very ill satisfied to see their men do no better.

We came to Musselburgh that night; so tired and wearied for want of sleep, and so dirty by reason of the wetness of the weather, that we expected the Enemy would make an infall upon us. Which accordingly they did, between three and four of the clock this morning; with fifteen of their most select troops, under the command of Major-General Montgomery and Strahan, two champions of the Church: — upon which business there was great hope and expectation laid. The Enemy came on with a great deal of resolution; beat in our guards, and put a regiment of horse in some disorder: but our men, speedily taking the alarm, charged the Enemy; routed them, took many prisoners, killed a great many of them; did execution 'to' within a

* Lambert.

quarter of a mile of Edinburgh; and, I am informed, Strahan* was killed there, besides divers other Officers of quality. We took the Major to Strahan's regiment, Major Hamilton; a Lieutenant-Colonel, and divers other Officers, and persons of quality, whom yet we know not. Indeed this is a sweet beginning of your business, or rather the Lord's, and I believe is not very satisfactory to the Enemy, especially to the Kirk party. We did not lose any in this business, so far as I hear, but a Cornet; I do not hear of four men more. The Major-General will, I believe, within few days be well to take the field. And I trust this work, which is the Lord's, will prosper in the hands of His servants.

I did not think advisable to attempt upon the Enemy, lying as he doth: but surely this would sufficiently provoke him to fight if he had a mind to it. I do not think he is less than Six or Seven thousand horse, and Fourteen or Fifteen thousand foot. The reason, I hear, that they give out to their people why they do not fight us, is, Because they expect many bodies of men more out of the North of Scotland; which when they come, they give out they will then engage. But I believe they would rather tempt us to attempt them in their fastness, within which they are entrenched; or else hoping we shall famish for want of provisions; — which is very likely to be, if we be not timely and fully supplied. I remain,

My Lord,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

* We shall hear of Strahan again, not "killed." This Montgomery is the Earl of Eglinton's son Robert, of whom we heard before (Letter LXXVIII. vol. ii. p. 74); neither is he "slain," as will be seen by and by.

'P.S.' I understand since writing of this Letter, that Major-General Montgomery is slain. §

Cautious David Lesley lies thus within his Line "flankered" from Leith shore to the Calton Hill, with guns to "scour" it; with outposts or flying parties, as we see, stationed on the back slope of Salisbury Crags or Arthur's Seat; with all Edinburgh safe behind him, and indeed all Scotland safe behind him for supplies: and nothing can tempt him to come out. The factions and distractions of Scotland, and its Kirk Committees and State Committees, and poor Covenanted King and Courtiers, are many: but Lesley, standing steadily to his guns, persists here. His Army, it appears, is no great things of an Army: "altogether governed by the Committee of Estates and Kirk," snarls an angry *Un*covenanted Courtier, whom the said Committee has just ordered to take himself away again; "altogether governed by the Committee of Estates and Kirk," snarls he, "and they took especial care in "their levies not to admit any *Malignants* or *Engagers*" (who had been in Hamilton's Engagement); "placing in command, "for most part, Ministers' Sons, Clerks and other sanctified "creatures, who hardly ever saw or heard of any sword but "that of the spirit!" * The more reason for Lesley to lie steadily within his Line here. Lodged in "Bruchton Village," which means Broughton, now a part of Edinburgh New Town; there in a cautious solid manner lies Lesley; and lets Cromwell attempt upon him. It is his history, the military history of these two, for a month to come.

Meanwhile the General Assembly have not been backward with their Answer to the Cromwell Manifesto, or "Declaration of the English Army to all the Saints in Scotland," spoken of above. Nay, already while he lay at Berwick, they had drawn up an eloquent Counter-Declaration, and sent it to him; which he, again, has got "some godly Ministers" of his

§ Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, pp. 85, 6).
* Sir Edward Walker: Historical Discourses (London, 1705), p. 162.

to declare against and reply to: the whole of which Declarations, Replies and Re-replies shall, like the primary Document itself, remain suppressed on the present occasion.* But along with this "Reply by some godly Ministers," the Lord General sends a Letter of his own, which is here:

LETTER CXXXVI.

To the General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland; or, in case of their not sitting, To the Commissioners of the Kirk of Scotland: These.

SIRS, Musselburgh, 3d August 1650.

Your *Answer to the Declaration of the Army* we have seen. Some godly Ministers with us did, at Berwick, compose this *Reply;*** which I thought fit to send you.

That you or we, in these great Transactions, answer the will and mind of God, it is only from His grace and mercy to us. And therefore, having said as in our Papers, we commit the issue thereof to Him who disposeth all things, assuring you that we have light and comfort increasing upon us, day by day; and are persuaded that, before it be long, the Lord will manifest His good pleasure, so that all shall see Him; and His People shall say, *This is the Lord's work, and it is marvellous in our eyes: this is the day that the Lord hath made; we will be glad and rejoice therein.* — Only give me leave to say, in a word, 'thus much:'

You take upon you to judge us in the things of our God, though you know us not, — though in the things we have said unto you, in that which is entitled

* Titles of them, copies of several of them, in Parliamentary History, xix.

** The Scotch "Answer" which "we have seen," dated Edinburgh, 22d July 1650, "Answer unto the Declaration of the Army;" and then this English "Reply" to it now sent, entitled "*Vindication* of the Declaration of the Army:" in King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 475, § 15 (Printed, London, 16th Aug. 1650).

the Army's Declaration, we have spoken our hearts as in the sight of the Lord who hath tried us. And by your hard and subtle words you have begotten prejudice in those who do too much, in matters of conscience, — wherein every soul is to answer for itself to God, — depend upon you. So that some have already followed you, to the breathing-out of their souls:* 'and' others continue still in the way wherein they are led by you, — we fear, to their own ruin.

And no marvel if you deal thus with us, when indeed you can find in your hearts to conceal from your own people the Papers we have sent you; who might thereby see and understand the bowels of our affections to them, especially to such among them as fear the Lord. Send as many of your Papers as you please amongst ours;** they have a free passage. I fear them not. What is of God in them, would it might be embraced and received! — One of them lately sent, directed *To the Under-Officers and Soldiers in the English Army*, hath begotten from them this enclosed *Answer;****** which they desired me to send to you: not a crafty politic one, but a plain simple spiritual one; — *what*

* In the Musselburgh Skirmish, &c.

** Our people.

*** The Scotch Paper "To the Under-Officers," &c., received on the last day of July; and close following on it, this "Answer" which it "hath begotten from them," addressed *To the People of Scotland (especially those among them that know and fear the Lord) from whom yesterday we received a Paper directed To the Under-Officers*, &c.; of date "Musselburgh, 1st August 1650:" in King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 475, § 10 (Printed, London, 12th August 1650). — This *Answer* "by the Under-Officers," a very pious and zealous Piece, seems to have found favour among the pious Scots, and to have circulated among them in Manuscript Copies. A most mutilated unintelligible Fragment, printed in *Analecta Scotica* (Edinburgh, 1834), ii. 271, as "a Proclamation by Oliver Cromwell," turns out to be in reality a fraction of *this* "Answer by the Under-Officers:" — printed there from a "Copy evidently made at the time," evidently a most ruinous Copy, "and now in the possession of James Macknight, Esq."

kind of one it is God knoweth, and God also will in due time make manifest.

And do we multiply these things,* as men; or do we them for the Lord Christ and His People's sake? Indeed we are not, through the grace of God, afraid of your numbers, nor confident in ourselves. We could, — I pray God you do not think we boast, — meet your Army, or what you have to bring against us. We have given, — humbly we speak it before our God, in whom all our hope is, — some proof that thoughts of that kind prevail not upon us. The Lord hath not hid His face from us since our approach so near unto you.

Your own guilt is too much for you to bear: bring not therefore upon yourselves the blood of innocent men, — deceived with pretences of King and Covenant; from whose eyes you hide a better knowledge! I am persuaded that divers of you, who lead the People, have laboured to build yourselves in these things; wherein you have censured others, and established yourselves "upon the Word of God." Is it therefore infallibly agreeable to the Word of God, all that *you* say? I beseech you, in the bowels of Christ, think it possible you may be mistaken. Precept may be upon precept, line may be upon line, and yet the Word of the Lord may be to some a Word of Judgment; that they may fall backward, and be broken and be snared and be taken!** There may be a spiritual fulness, which the World may call drunkenness;*** as in the second Chapter of the *Acts*. There may be, as well, a carnal confidence upon misunderstood and misapplied precepts, which may be called spiritual drunkenness. There may be a

* Papers and Declarations.
** Bible phrases.
*** As you now do of us; while it is rather you that are "drunk."

Covenant made with Death and Hell!* I will not say yours was so. But judge if such things have a politic aim: To avoid the overflowing scourge;* or, To accomplish worldly interests? And if therein we** have confederated with wicked and carnal men, and have respect for them, or otherwise 'have' drawn them in to associate with us, Whether this be a Covenant of God, and spiritual? Bethink yourselves; we hope we do.

I pray you read the Twenty-eighth of Isaiah, from the fifth to the fifteenth verse. And do not scorn to know that it is the Spirit that quickens and giveth life.

The Lord give you and us understanding to do that which is well-pleasing in His sight. Committing you to the grace of God, I rest,

Your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.§

Here is the passage from Isaiah: I know not whether the General Assembly read it and laid it well to heart, or not, but it was worth their while, — and is worth our while too:

"In that day shall the Lord of Hosts be for a crown of "glory, and for a diadem of beauty, unto the residue of His "people. And for a spirit of judgment to him that sitteth in "judgment, and for strength to them that turn the battle to "the gate.

"But they also have erred through wine, and through "strong drink are out of the way! The Priest and the Prophet "have erred through strong drink; they are swallowed up of "wine; they are out of the way through strong drink. They "err in vision, they stumble in judgment. For all tables are "full of vomit and filthiness; so that there is no place clean.

* Bible phrases. ** *i. e.* you.
§ Newspapers (in Parliamentary History, xix. 320-323).

"Whom shall He teach knowledge? Whom shall He make "to understand doctrine? Them that are weaned from the "milk, and drawn from the breasts. For precept must be upon "precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon "line; here a little and there a little. For with stammering "lips and another tongue will He speak to this people. To "whom He said, This is the rest wherewith ye may cause the "weary to rest, and this is the refreshment; — yet they would "not hear." No. "The Word of the Lord was unto them "precept upon precept, line upon line, here a little and there "a little, That they might go, and fall backward, and be "broken and snared and taken! — Wherefore hear ye the "Word of the Lord, ye scornful men that rule this people "which is in Jerusalem!"

Yes, hear it, and not with the outward ear only, ye Kirk Committees, and Prophesying and Governing Persons everywhere: it may be important to you! If God have said it, if the Eternal Truth of things have said it, will it not need to be done, think you? Or will the doing some distracted shadow of it, some Covenanted Charles Stuart of it, suffice? — The Kirk Committee seems in a bad way.

David Lesley, however, what as yet is in their favour, continues within his Line; stands steadily to his guns; — and the weather is wet; Oliver's provision is failing. This Letter to the Kirk was written on Saturday: on the Monday following,* "about the 6th of August," as Major Hodgson dates it, the tempestuous state of the weather not permitting ship-stores to be landed at Musselburgh, Cromwell has to march his Army back to Dunbar, and there provision it. Great joy in the Kirk-and-Estates Committee thereupon: Lesley steadily continues in his place. —

The famine among the Scots themselves, at Dunbar, is great; picking our horses' beans, eating our soldiers' leavings: "they are much enslaved to their Lords," poor creatures: almost destitute of private capital, — and ignorant of soap to a

* Balfour, iv. 89.

terrible extent!* Cromwell distributes among them "pease and wheat to the value of 240*l.*" On the 12th he returns to Musselburgh; finds, as heavy Bulstrode spells it in good Scotch, with a friskiness we hardly looked for in him, That Lesley has commanded "The gude women should awe come "away with their gear, and not stay to brew or bake, any of "them, for the English;" — which makes it a place more forlorn than before.** Oliver decides to encamp on the Pentland Hills, which lie on the other side of Edinburgh, overlooking the Fife and Stirling roads; and to try whether he cannot force Lesley to fight, by cutting off his supplies. Here, in the mean time, is a Letter from Lesley himself; written in "Broughton Village," precisely while Oliver is on march towards the Pentlands:

"*For his Excellency the Lord General Cromwell.*

"Bruchton, 13th August 1650.

"My Lord, — I am commanded by the Committee of "Estates of this Kingdom, and desired by the Commissioners "of the General Assembly, to send unto your Excellency this "enclosed *Declaration*, as that which containeth the State of "the Quarrel; wherein we are resolved, by the Lord's assist-"ance, to fight your Army, when the Lord shall be pleased to "call us thereunto. And as you have professed you will not "conceal any of our Papers, I do desire that this *Declaration* "may be made known to all the Officers of your Army. And "so I rest, — your Excellency's most humble servant,

"David Lesley."***

This Declaration, done by the Kirk, and endorsed by the Estates, we shall not on the present occasion make known, even though it is brief. The reader shall fancy it a brief emphatic disclaimer, on the part of Kirk and State, of their having anything to do with Malignants; — disclaimer in

* Whitlocke, p. 452.
** Whitlocke, p. 453.
*** Newspapers (in Parliamentary History, xix. 330).

emphatic words, while the emphatic facts continue as they were. Distinct hope, however, is held out that the Covenanted King will testify openly his sorrow for his Father's Malignancies, and his own resolution for a quite other course. To which Oliver, from the slope of the Pentlands,* returns this answer:

LETTER CXXXVII.

For the Right Honourable David Lesley, Lieutenant-General of the Scots Army: These.

SIR, From the Camp at Pentland Hills, 14th August 1650.

I received yours of the 13th instant; with the Paper you mentioned therein, enclosed, which I caused to be read in the presence of so many Officers as could well be gotten together; to which your Trumpet can witness. We return you this answer. By which I hope, in the Lord, it will appear that we continue the same we have professed ourselves to the Honest People in Scotland; wishing to them as to our own souls; it being no part of our business to hinder any of them from worshipping God in that way they are satisfied in their consciences by the Word of God they ought, though different from us, — but shall therein be ready to perform what obligation lies upon us by the Covenant.**

But that under the pretence of the Covenant, mistaken, and wrested from the most native intent and equity thereof, a King should be taken in by you, to be imposed upon us; and this 'be' called "the Cause of God and the Kingdom;" and this done upon "the satisfaction of God's People in both Nations," as is alleged, — together with a disowning of Malignants;

* "About Colinton" (Balfour, iv. 90).

** Ungrammatical, but intelligible and characteristic.

although he* who is the head of them, in whom all their hope and comfort lies, be received; who, at this very instant, hath a Popish Army fighting for and under him in Ireland; hath Prince Rupert, a man who hath had his hand deep in the blood of many innocent men of England, now in the head of our Ships, stolen from us upon a Malignant account; hath the French and Irish ships daily making depredations on our coasts; and strong combinations by the Malignants in England, to raise Armies in our bowels, by virtue of his commissions, who hath of late issued out very many to that purpose: — How the 'Godly' Interest you pretend you have received him upon, and the Malignant Interests in their ends and consequences 'all' centering in this man, can be secured, we cannot discern! And how we should believe, that whilst known and notorious Malignants are fighting and plotting against us on the one hand, and you declaring for him on the other, it should *not* be an "espousing of a Malignant-Party's Quarrel or Interest;" but be a mere "fighting upon former grounds and principles, and in defence of the Cause of God and the Kingdoms, as hath been these twelve years last past," as you say: how this should be "for the security and satisfaction of God's People in both Nations;" or 'how' the opposing of this should render us enemies to the Godly with you, we cannot well understand. Especially considering that all these Malignants take their confidence and encouragement from the late transactions of your Kirk and State with your King. For as we have already said, so we tell you again, It is but 'some' satisfying security to those who employ us, and 'who' are concerned, that we seek.

* Charles Stuart.

Which we conceive will not be by a few formal and feigned Submissions, from a Person that could not tell otherwise how to accomplish his Malignant ends, and 'is' therefore counselled to this compliance, by them who assisted his Father, and have hitherto actuated himself in his most evil and desperate designs; designs which are now again by them set on foot. Against which, How you will be able, in the way you are in, to secure us or yourselves? — 'this it now' is (forasmuch as concerns ourselves) our duty to look after.

If the state of your Quarrel be thus, upon which, as you say, you resolve to fight our Army, you will have opportunity to do that; else what means our abode here? And if our hope be not in the Lord, it will be ill with us. We commit both you and ourselves to Him who knows the heart and tries the reins; with whom are all our ways; who is able to do for us and you above what we know: Which we desire may be in much mercy to His poor People, and to the glory of His great Name.

And having performed your desire, in making your Papers so public as is before expressed, I desire you to do the like, by letting the State, Kirk, and Army have the knowledge hereof. To which end I have sent you enclosed two Copies 'of this Letter;' and rest,

Your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.§

The encampment on Pentland Hills, "some of our tents within sight of Edinburgh Castle and City," threatens to cut off Lesley's supplies; but will not induce him to fight. "The gude wives fly with their bairns and gear" in great terror of us, poor gude wives; and "when we set fire to furze-bushes,

§ Newspapers (in Parliamentary History, xix. 331-333).

report that we are burning their houses."* Great terror of us; but no other result. Lesley brings over his guns to the western side of Edinburgh, and awaits, steady within his fastnesses there.

Hopes have arisen that the Godly Party in Scotland, seeing now by these Letters and Papers what our real meaning is, may perhaps quit a Malignant King's Interest, and make bloodless peace with us, "which were the best of all." The King boggles about signing that open Testimony, that Declaration against his Father's sins which was expected of him. "A great Commander of the Enemy's, Colonel Gibby Carre" (Colonel Gilbert Ker, of whom we shall hear farther), solicits an interview with some of ours, and has it; and other interviews and free communings take place, upon the Burrow-Moor and open fields that lie between us. Gibby Ker, and also Colonel Strahan who was thought to be slain:** these and some minority of others are clear against Malignancy in every form; and if the Covenanted Stuart King will not sign this Declaration — ! — Whereupon the Covenanted Stuart King does sign it; signs this too,***—what will he not sign?—and these hopes of accommodation vanish.

Neither still will they risk a Battle; though in their interviews upon the Burrow-Moor, they said they longed to do it. Vain that we draw out in battalia; they lie within their fastnesses. We march, with defiant circumstance of war, round all accessible sides of Edinburgh; encamp on the Pentlands, return to Musselburgh for provisions; go to the Pentlands again, — enjoy one of the beautifullest prospects, over deep-blue seas, over yellow corn-fields, dusky Highland mountains, from Ben Lomond round to the Bass again: but can get no

* *Narrative of Farther Proceedings*, dated "From the Camp in Musselburgh Fields, 16th August 1650;" read in the Parliament 22d August (Commons Journals); reprinted in Parliamentary History (xix. 327) as a "Narrative by General Cromwell;" though it is clearly enough not General Cromwell's, but John Rushworth's.

** Letter CXXXV. p. 307.

*** At our Court at Dunfermline this 16th day of August 1650 (Sir Edward Walker, pp. 170-6; by whom the melancholy Document is, with due loyal indignation, given at large there).

Battle. And the weather is broken, and the season is advancing, — equinox within ten days, by the modern Almanac. Our men fall sick; the service is harassing; — and it depends on wind and tide whether even biscuit can be landed for us nearer than Dunbar. Here is the Lord General's own Letter "to a Member of the Council of State," — we might guess this or the other, but cannot with the least certainty know which.

LETTER CXXXVIII.

'*To — — Council of State in Whitehall: These.*'

SIR, Musselburgh, 30th August 1650.

Since my last, we seeing the Enemy not willing to engage, — and yet very apt to take exceptions against speeches of that kind spoken in our Army; which occasioned some of them to come to parley with our Officers, To let them know that they would fight us, — they lying still in or near their fastnesses, on the west side of Edinburgh, we resolved, the Lord assisting, to draw near to them once more, to try if we could fight them. And indeed one hour's advantage gained might probably, we think, have given us an opportunity.*

To which purpose, upon Tuesday the 27th instant we marched westward of Edinburgh towards Stirling; which the Enemy perceiving, marched with as great expedition as was possible to prevent us; and the vanguards of both the Armies came to skirmish, — upon a place where bogs and passes made the access of each Army to the other difficult. We, being ignorant of the place, drew up, hoping to have engaged; but found no way feasible, by reason of the bogs and other difficulties.

We drew up our cannon, and did that day discharge

* Had we come one hour sooner: — but we did not.

two or three hundred great shot upon them; a considerable number they likewise returned to us: and this was all that passed from each to other. Wherein we had near twenty killed and wounded, but not one Commission Officer. The Enemy, as we are informed, had about eighty killed, and some considerable Officers. Seeing they would keep their ground, from which we could not remove them, and our bread being spent, — we were necessitated to go for a new supply: and so marched off about ten or eleven o'clock on Wednesday morning.* The Enemy perceiving it, — and, as we conceive, fearing we might interpose between them and Edinburgh, though it was not our intention, albeit it seemed so by our march, — retreated back again, with all haste; having a bog and passes between them and us: and there followed no considerable action, saving the skirmishing of the van of our horse with theirs, near to Edinburgh, without any considerable loss to either party, saving that we got two or three of their horses.

That 'Wednesday' night we quartered within a mile of Edinburgh, and of the Enemy. It was a most tempestuous night and wet morning. The Enemy marched in the night between Leith and Edinburgh, to interpose between us and our victual, they knowing that it was spent; — but the Lord in mercy prevented it; and we perceiving in the morning, got, time enough, through the goodness of the Lord, to the sea-side, to re-victual; the Enemy being drawn up upon the Hill

* We drew towards our old Camp, one of our old Camps, that Wednesday; and off to Musselburgh "for a new supply" next morning. Old Camp, or Bivouack, "on Pentland Hills," says vague Hodgson (p. 142); "within a mile of Edinburgh," says Cromwell in this Letter, who of course knows well.

near Arthur's Seat, looking upon us, but not attempting any thing.

And thus you have an account of the present occurrences.

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.§

The scene of this Tuesday's skirmish, and cannonade across bogs, has not been investigated; though an antiquarian Topographer might find worse work for himself. Rough Hodgson, very uncertain in his spellings, calls it Gawger Field, which will evidently take us to Gogar on the western road there. The Scotch Editor of Hodgson says farther, "The Water of Leith lay between the two Armies;" which can be believed or not; — which indeed turns out to be unbelievable. Yorkshire Hodgson's troop received an ugly cannon-shot while they stood at prayers; just with the word *Amen*, came the ugly cannon-shot singing, but it hurt neither horse nor man. We also "gave them an English shout" at one time, along the whole line,* making their Castle-rocks and Pentlands ring again; but could get no Battle out of them, for the bogs.

Here, in reference to those matters, is an Excerpt which, in spite of imperfections, may be worth transcribing. "The "English Army lay" at first "near Musselburgh, about Stony "Hill. But shortly after, they marched up to Braid House," to Braid Hills, to Pentland Hills, Colinton and various other Hills and Houses in succession; "and the Scots Army, being put in some readiness, "marched up to Corstorphine Hill. But "because the English feared it was too near the Castle of "Edinburgh, they would not hazard battle there. Where-"fore both Armies marched to Gogar, Tuesday August 27th; "and played each upon other with their great guns: but be-"cause of Gogar Burn (*Brook*) and other ditches betwixt the

§ Newspapers (in Parliamentary History, xix. 339).
* Hodgson, p. 141.

"Armies, they could not join battle. Next day, about mid-"day," more precisely Wednesday about ten or eleven o'clock, "the English began to retire; and went first to their "Leaguer at Braid Hills," within a mile of Edinburgh as their "General says. The English removing, the Scots followed "by Corstorphine the long gate" (*roundabout road*) — which is hard ground, and out of shot-range. "The English," some of them, "marched near to Musselburgh; and, in the mid "night, planted some guns in Niddry: the Scots having "marched about the Hill of Arthur's Seat, towards Craigmil-"lar, there planted some guns against those in Niddry;"* — and in fact, as we have seen, were drawn up on Arthur's Seat on the morrow morning, looking on amid the rain, and not attempting anything.

The Lord General writes this Letter at Musselburgh on Friday the 30th, the morrow after his return: and directly on the heel of it there is a Council of War held, and an important resolution taken. With sickness, and the wild weather coming on us, rendering even victual uncertain, and no Battle to be had, we clearly cannot continue here. Dunbar, which has a harbour, we might fortify for a kind of citadel and winter-quarter; let us retire at least to Dunbar, to be near our sole friends in this country, our Ships. On the morrow evening, Saturday the 31st, the Lord General fired his huts, and marched towards Dunbar. At sight whereof Lesley rushes out upon him; has his vanguard in Prestonpans before our rear got away. Saturday night through Haddington, and all Sunday to Dunbar, Lesley hangs, close and heavy, on Crom-well's rear; on Sunday night bends southward to the hills that overlook Dunbar, and hems him in there. As will be more specially related in the next fascicle of Letters.

* Collections by a Private Hand, at Edinburgh, from 1650 to 1661 (Woodrow MSS.), printed in Historical Fragments on Scotch Affairs from 1635 to 1664 (Edinburgh, 1832), Part i. pp. 27-8.

LETTERS CXXXIX.—CXLVI.

BATTLE OF DUNBAR.

THE small Town of Dunbar stands, high and windy, looking down over its herring-boats, over its grim old Castle, now much honeycombed, — on one of those projecting rock-promontories with which that shore of the Frith of Forth is niched and vandyked, as far as the eye can reach. A beautiful sea; good land too, now that the plougher understands his trade; a grim niched barrier of whinstone sheltering it from the chafings and tumblings of the big blue German Ocean. Seaward St. Abb's Head, of whinstone, bounds your horizon to the east, not very far off; west, close by, is the deep bay, and fishy little village of Belhaven: the gloomy Bass and other rock-islets, and farther the Hills of Fife, and foreshadows of the Highlands, are visible as you look seaward. From the bottom of Belhaven bay to that of the next seabight St. Abb's-ward, the Town and its environs form a peninsula. Along the base of which peninsula, "not much above a mile and a half from sea to sea," Oliver Cromwell's Army, on Monday 2d of September 1650, stands ranked, with its tents and Town behind it, — in very forlorn circumstances. This now is all the ground that Oliver is lord of in Scotland. His Ships lie in the offing, with biscuit and transport for him; but visible elsewhere in the Earth no help.

Landward as you look from the Town of Dunbar there rises, some short mile off, a dusky continent of barren heath Hills; the Lammermoor, where only mountain-sheep can be at home. The crossing of *which*, by any of its boggy passes, and brawling stream-courses, no Army, hardly a solitary Scotch Packman could attempt, in such weather. To the edge of these Lammermoor Heights, David Lesley has betaken himself; lies now along the outmost spur of them, — a long Hill of considerable height, which the Dunbar people call the Dun, Doon, or sometimes for fashion's sake the Down,

adding to it the Teutonic *Hill* likewise, though *Dun* itself in old Celtic signifies Hill. On this Doon Hill lies David Lesley with the victorious Scotch Army, upwards of Twenty-thousand strong; with the Committees of Kirk and Estates, the chief Dignitaries of the Country, and in fact the flower of what the pure Covenant in this the Twelfth year of its existence can still bring forth. There lies he since Sunday night, on the top and slope of this Doon Hill, with the impassable heath-continents behind him; embraces, as within outspread tiger-claws, the base-line of Oliver's Dunbar peninsula; waiting what Oliver will do. Cockburnspath with its ravines has been seized on Oliver's left, and made impassable; behind Oliver is the sea; in front of him Lesley, Doon Hill, and the heath-continent of Lammermoor. Lesley's force is of Three-and-twenty-thousand,* in spirits as of men chasing, Oliver's about half as many, in spirits as of men chased. What is to become of Oliver?

LETTER CXXXIX.

HASELRIG, as we know, is Governor of Newcastle. Oliver on Monday writes this Note; means to send it off, I suppose, by sea. Making no complaint for himself, the remarkable Oliver; doing, with grave brevity, in the hour the business of the hour. "He was a strong man," so intimates Charles Harvey, who knew him: "in the dark perils of war, in the "high places of the field, hope shone in him like a pillar of "fire, when it had gone out in all the others."** A genuine King among men, Mr. Harvey. The divinest sight this world sees, — when it is privileged to see such, and not be sickened with the unholy apery of such! He is just now upon an "engagement," or complicated concern, "very difficult."

* 27,000 say the English Pamphlets; 16,000 foot and 7,000 horse, says Sir Edward Walker (p. 182), who has access to know.

** *Passages in his Highness's last Sickness*, already referred to.

To the Honourable Sir Arthur Haselrig at Newcastle or elsewhere: These. Haste, haste.

DEAR SIR, 'Dunbar,' 2d September 1650.

We are upon an Engagement very difficult. The Enemy hath blocked up our way at the Pass at Copperspath, through which we cannot get without almost a miracle. He lieth so upon the Hills that we know not how to come that way without great difficulty; and our lying here daily consumeth our men, who fall sick beyond imagination.

I perceive, your forces are not in a capacity for present release. Wherefore, whatever becomes of us, it will be well for you to get what forces you can together; and the South to help what they can. The business nearly concerneth all Good People. If your forces had been in a readiness to have fallen upon the back of Copperspath, it might have occasioned supplies to have come to us. But the only wise God knows what is best. All shall work for Good. Our spirits* are comfortable, praised be the Lord, — though our present condition be as it is. And indeed we have much hope in the Lord; of whose mercy we have had large experience.

Indeed do you get together what forces you can against them. Send to friends in the South to help with more. Let H. Vane know what I write. I would not make it public, lest danger should accrue thereby. You know what use to make hereof. Let me hear from you. I rest,

Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

* minds.

'P. S.' It's difficult for me to send to you. Let me hear from 'you' after 'you receive this.' §

The base of Oliver's "Dunbar Peninsula," as we have called it (or Dunbar Pinfold where he is now hemmed in, upon "an entanglement very difficult"), extends from Belhaven Bay on his right, to Brocksmouth House on his left; "about a mile and a half from sea to sea." Brocksmouth House, the Earl (now Duke) of Roxburgh's mansion, which still stands there, his soldiers now occupy as their extreme post on the left. As its name indicates, it is the *mouth* or issue of a small Rivulet, or *Burn*, called *Brock*, *Brocksburn;* which, springing from the Lammermoor, and skirting David Lesley's Doon Hill, finds its egress here into the sea. The reader who would form an image to himself of the great Tuesday 3d of September 1650, at Dunbar, must note well this little *Burn*. It runs in a deep grassy glen, which the South-country Officers in those old Pamphlets describe as a "deep *ditch*, forty feet in depth, and about as many in width," — ditch dug out by the little Brook itself, and carpeted with greensward, in the course of long thousands of years. It runs pretty close by the foot of Doon Hill; forms, from this point to the sea, the boundary of Oliver's position: his force is arranged in battle-order along the left bank of this Brocksburn, and its grassy glen; he is busied all Monday, he and his Officers, in ranking them there. "Before sunrise on Monday" Lesley sent down his horse from the Hill-top, to occupy the other side of this Brook; "about four in the afternoon" his train came down, his whole Army gradually came down; and they now are ranking themselves on the opposite side of Brocksburn, — on

§ Communicated by John Hare, Esquire, Rosemont Cottage, Clifton. The MS. at Clifton is a Copy, without date; but has this title in an old hand: "Copy of an original Letter of Oliver Cromwell, written with his "own hand, the day before the Battle of Dunbarr, to Sir A. Haselridge." — — *Note to Second Edition.* Found since (1846), with the Postscript, printed from the Original, in Brand's History of Newcastle (London, 1789), ii. 479. — — *Note to Third Edition.* Autograph Original found now (May 1847); in the possession of R. Ormston, Esq., Newcastle-on-Tyne. See *postea*, p. 347, and Appendix C, No. 18.

rather narrow ground; cornfields, but swiftly sloping upwards to the steep of Doon Hill. This goes on, in the wild showers and winds of Monday 2d September 1650, on both sides of the Rivulet of Brock. Whoever will begin the attack, must get across this Brook and its glen first; a thing of much disadvantage.

Behind Oliver's ranks, between him and Dunbar, stand his tents; sprinkled up and down, by battalions, over the face of this "Peninsula;" which is a low though very uneven tract of ground; now in our time all yellow with wheat and barley in the autumn season, but at that date only partially tilled, — describable by Yorkshire Hodgson as a place of plashes and rough bent-grass; terribly beaten by showery winds that day, so that your tent will hardly stand. There was then but one Farm-house on this tract, where now are not a few: thither were Oliver's Cannon sent this morning; they had at first been lodged "in the Church," an edifice standing then as now somewhat apart, "at the south end of Dunbar." We have notice of only one other "small house," belike some poor shepherd's homestead, in Oliver's tract of ground: it stands close by the Brock Rivulet itself, and in the bottom of the little glen; at a place where the banks of it flatten themselves out into a slope passable for carts: this of course, as the one "pass" in that quarter, it is highly important to seize. Pride and Lambert lodged "six horse and fifteen foot" in this poor hut early in the morning: Lesley's horse came across, and drove them out; killing some and "taking three prisoners;"— and so got possession of this pass and hut; but did not keep it. Among the three prisoners was one musketeer, "a very stout man, though he has but a wooden arm," and some iron hook at the end of it, poor fellow. He "fired thrice," not without effect, with his wooden arm; and was not taken without difficulty: a handfast stubborn man; they carried him across to General Lesley to give some account of himself. In several of the old Pamphlets, which agree in all the details of it, this is what we read:

"General *David* Lesley (old Leven," the other Lesley,

"being in the Castle of Edinburgh, as they relate*), asked "this man, If the Enemy did intend to fight? He replied, "'What do you think we come here for? We come for no- "thing else!' — 'Soldier,' says Lesley, 'how will you fight, "when you have shipped half of your men, and all your great "guns?' The Soldier replied, 'Sir, if you please to draw "down your men, you shall find both men and great guns "too!'" — A most dogged handfast man, this with the wooden arm, and iron hook on it! "One of the Officers "asked, How he durst answer the General so saucily? He "said, 'I only answer the question put to me!'" Lesley sent him across, free again, by a trumpet: he made his way to Cromwell; reported what had passed, and added doggedly, He for one had lost twenty shillings by the business, — plundered from him in this action. "The Lord General gave him thereupon two pieces," which I think are forty shillings; and sent him away rejoicing.** — This is the adventure at the "pass" by the shepherd's hut in the bottom of the glen, close by the Brocksburn itself.

And now farther, on the great scale, we are to remark very specially that there is just one other "pass" across the Brocksburn; and this is precisely where the London road now crosses it; about a mile east from the former pass, and perhaps two gunshots west from Brocksmouth House. There the great road then as now crosses the Burn of Brock; the steep grassy glen, or "broad ditch forty feet deep," flattening itself out here once more into a passable slope: passable, but still steep on the southern or Lesley side, still mounting up there, with considerable acclivity, into a high table-ground, out of which the Doon Hill, as outskirt of the Lammermoor, a short mile to your right, gradually gathers itself. There, at this "pass," on and about the present London road, as you discover after long dreary dim examining, took place the

* Old Leven is *here*, if the Pamphlet knew; but only as a volunteer and without command, though nominally still General-in-chief.

** Cadwell the Army-Messenger's Narrative to the Parliament (in Carte's Ormond Papers, i. 382). Given also, with other details, in King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 478, §§ 9, 7, 10; no. 479, § 1; &c. &c.

brunt or essential agony of the Battle of Dunbar long ago. Read in the extinct old Pamphlets, and ever again obstinately read, till some light rise in them, look even with unmilitary eyes at the ground as it now is, you do at last obtain small glimmerings of distinct features here and there, — which gradually coalesce into a kind of image for you; and some spectrum of the Fact becomes visible; rises veritable, face to face, on you, grim and sad in the depths of the old dead Time. Yes, my travelling friends, vehiculating in gigs or otherwise over that piece of London road, you may say to yourselves, Here without monument is the grave of a valiant thing which was done under the Sun; the footprint of a Hero, not yet quite undistinguishable, is here! —

"The Lord General about four o'clock," say the old Pamphlets, "went into the Town to take some refreshment," a hasty late dinner, or early supper, whichever we may call it; "and very soon returned back," — having written Sir Arthur's Letter, I think, in the interim. Coursing about the field, with enough of things to order; walking at last with Lambert in the Park or Garden of Brocksmouth House, he discerns that Lesley is astir on the Hill-side; altering his position somewhat. That Lesley in fact is coming wholly down to the basis of the Hill, where his horse had been since sunrise: coming wholly down to the edge of the Brook and glen, among the sloping harvest-fields there; and also is bringing up his left wing of horse, most part of it, towards his right; edging himself, "shogging," as Oliver calls it, his whole line more and more to the right! His meaning is, to get hold of Brocksmouth House and the pass of the Brook there;* after which it will be free to him to attack us when he will! — Lesley in fact considers, or at least the Committee of Estates and Kirk consider, that Oliver is lost; that, on the whole, he must not be left to retreat, but must be attacked and annihilated here. A vague story, due to Bishop Burnet, the watery source of many such, still circulates about the world, That it was the Kirk Committee who forced Lesley

* Baillie's Letters, iii. 111.

down against his will; that Oliver, at sight of it, exclaimed, "The Lord hath delivered" &c.: which nobody is in the least bound to believe. It appears, from other quarters, that Lesley *was* advised or sanctioned in this attempt by the Committee of Estates and Kirk, but also that he was by no means hard to advise; that, in fact, lying on the top of Doon Hill, shelterless in such weather, was no operation to spin out beyond necessity; — and that if anybody pressed too much upon him with advice to come down and fight, it was likeliest to be Royalist Civil Dignitaries, who had plagued him with their cavillings at his cunctations, at his "secret fellow-feeling for the Sectarians and Regicides," ever since this War began. The poor Scotch Clergy have enough of their own to answer for in this business; let every back bear the burden that belongs to it. In a word, Lesley descends, has been descending all day, and "shogs" himself to the right, — urged, I believe, by manifold counsel, and by the nature of the case; and, what is equally important for us, Oliver sees him, and sees through him, in this movement of his.

At sight of this movement, Oliver suggests to Lambert standing by him, Does it not give *us* an advantage, if we, instead of him, like to begin the attack? Here is the Enemy's right wing coming out to the open space, free to be attacked on any side; and the main-battle hampered in narrow sloping ground between Doon Hill and the Brook, has no room to manœuvre or assist:* beat this right wing where it now stands; take it in flank and front with an overpowering force, — it is driven upon its own main-battle, the whole Army is beaten? Lambert eagerly assents, "had meant to say the same thing." Monk, who comes up at the moment, likewise assents; as the other Officers do, when the case is set before them. It is the plan resolved upon for battle. The attack shall begin tomorrow before dawn.

And so the soldiers stand to their arms, or lie within instant reach of their arms, all night; being upon an engagement very difficult indeed. The night is wild and wet; —

* Hodgson.

2d of September means 12th by our calendar: the Harvest Moon wades deep among clouds of sleet and hail. Whoever has a heart for prayer, let him pray now, for the wrestle of death is at hand. Pray, — and withal keep his powder dry! And be ready for extremities, and quit himself like a man! — Thus they pass the night; making that Dunbar Peninsula and Brock Rivulet long memorable to me. We English have some tents; the Scots have none. The hoarse sea moans bodeful, swinging low and heavy against these whinstone bays; the sea and the tempests are abroad, all else asleep but we, — and there is One that rides on the wings of the wind.

Towards three in the morning the Scotch foot, by order of a Major-General say some,* extinguish their matches, all but two in a company; cower under the corn-shocks, seeking some imperfect shelter and sleep. Be wakeful, ye English; watch, and pray, and keep your powder dry. About four o'clock comes order to my puddingheaded Yorkshire friend, that his regiment must mount and march straightway; his and various other regiments march, pouring swiftly to the left to Brocksmouth House, to the Pass over the Brock. With overpowering force let us storm the Scots right wing there; beat that, and all is beaten. Major Hodgson riding along, heard, he says, "a Cornet praying in the night;" a company of poor men, I think, making worship there, under the void Heaven, before battle joined: Major Hodgson, giving his charge to a brother Officer, turned aside to listen for a minute, and worship and pray along with them; haply his last prayer on this Earth, as it might prove to be. But no: this Cornet prayed with such effusion as was wonderful; and imparted strength to my Yorkshire friend, who strengthened his men by telling them of it. And the Heavens, in their mercy, I think, have opened us a way of deliverance! — The Moon gleams out, hard and blue, riding among hail-clouds; and over St. Abb's Head, a streak of dawn is rising.

And now is the hour when the attack should be, and no

* "Major-General Holburn" (he that escorted Cromwell into Edinburgh in 1648), says Walker, p. 180.

Lambert is yet here, he is ordering the line far to the right yet; and Oliver occasionally, in Hodgson's hearing, is impatient for him. The Scots too, on this wing, are awake; thinking to surprise us; there is their trumpet sounding, we heard it once; and Lambert, who was to lead the attack, is not here. The Lord General is impatient; — behold Lambert at last! The trumpets peal, shattering with fierce clangour Night's silence; the cannons awaken along all the Line: "The Lord of Hosts! The Lord of Hosts!" On, my brave ones, on! —

The dispute "on this right wing was hot and stiff, for three quarters of an hour." Plenty of fire, from fieldpieces, snaphances, matchlocks, entertains the Scotch main-battle across the Brock; — poor stiffened men, roused from the corn-shocks with their matches all out! But here on the right, their horse, "with lancers in the front rank," charge desperately; drive us back across the hollow of the Rivulet; — back a little; but the Lord gives us courage, and we storm home again, horse and foot, upon them, with a shock like tornado tempests; break them, beat them, drive them all adrift. "Some fled towards Copperspath, but most across their own foot." Their own poor foot, whose matches were hardly well alight yet! Poor men, it was a terrible awakening for them: field-pieces and charge of foot across the Brocksburn; and now here is their own horse in mad panic trampling them to death. Above Three-thousand killed upon the place: "I never saw such a charge of foot and horse," says one;* nor did I. Oliver was still near to Yorkshire Hodgson when the shock succeeded; Hodgson heard him say, "They run! I profess they run!" And over St. Abb's Head and the German Ocean, just then, bursts the first gleam of the level Sun upon us, "and I heard Nol say, in the words of the Psalmist, 'Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered,'" — or in Rous's metre,

* Rushworth's Letter to the Speaker (in Parliamentary History, xix. 341).

Let God arise, and scattered
Let all his enemies be;
And let all those that do him hate
Before his presence flee!

Even so. The Scotch Army is shivered to utter ruin; rushes in tumultuous wreck, hither, thither; to Belhaven, or, in their distraction, even to Dunbar, the chase goes as far as Haddington; led by Hacker. "The Lord General made a halt," says Hodgson, "and sang the Hundred-and-seventeenth Psalm," till our horse could gather for the chase. Hundred-and-seventeenth Psalm, at the foot of the Doon Hill; there we uplift it, to the tune of Bangor, or some still higher score, and roll it strong and great against the sky:

O give yo praise unto the Lord,
All nati-ons that be;
Likewise ye peopie all, accord
His name to magnify!

For great to-us-ward ever are
His lovingkindnesses;
His truth endures forevermore:
The Lord O do ye bless!

And now, to the chase again.

The Prisoners are Ten-thousand, — all the foot in a mass. Many Dignitaries are taken; not a few are slain; of whom see Printed Lists, — full of blunders. Provost Jaffray of Aberdeen, Member of the Scots Parliament, one of the Committee of Estates, was very nearly slain: a trooper's sword was in the air to sever him, but one cried, He is a man of consequence; he can ransom himself! — and the trooper kept him prisoner.* The first of the Scots Quakers, by and by; and an official person much reconciled to Oliver. Ministers also of the Kirk Committee were slain; two Ministers I find taken, poor Carstairs of Glasgow, poor Waugh of some other place, — of whom we shall transiently hear again.

General David Lesley, vigorous for flight as for other things, got to Edinburgh by nine o'clock; poor old Leven, not so light of movement, did not get till two. Tragical enough.

* Diary of Alexander Jaffray (London, 1834; — unhappily relating almost all to the inner man of Jaffray).

What a change since January 1644, when we marched out of this same Dunbar up to the knees in snow! It was to help and save these very men that we then marched; with the Covenant in all our hearts. We have stood by the letter of the Covenant; fought for our Covenanted Stuart King as we could; — they again, they stand by the substance of it, and have trampled us and the letter of it into this ruinous state! — Yes, my poor friends; — and now be wise, be taught! The letter of your Covenant, in fact, will never rally again in this world. The spirit and substance of it, please God, will never die in this or in any world!

Such is Dunbar Battle; which might also be called Dunbar Drove, for it was a frightful rout. Brought on by miscalculation; misunderstanding of the difference between substances and semblances; — by mismanagement, and the chance of war. My Lord General's next Seven Letters, all written on the morrow, will now be intelligible to the reader. First, however, take the following

PROCLAMATION.

FORASMUCH as I understand there are several Soldiers of the Enemy's Army yet abiding in the Field, who by reason of their wounds could not march from thence:

These are therefore to give notice to the Inhabitants of this Nation That they may and hereby have* free liberty to repair to the Field aforesaid, and, with their carts or 'in' any other peaceable way, to carry away the said Soldiers to such places as they shall think fit: — provided they meddle not with, or take away, any the Arms there. And all Officers and Soldiers are to take notice that the same is permitted.

* *sic.*

Given under my hand, at Dunbar, 4th September 1650. OLIVER CROMWELL.

To be proclaimed by beat of drum. §

LETTER CXL.

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

SIR, Dunbar, 4th September 1650.

I hope it's not ill taken, that I make no more frequent addresses to the Parliament. Things that are in trouble, in point of provision for your Army, and of ordinary direction, I have, as I could, often presented to the Council of State, together with such occurrences as have happened; — who, I am sure, as they have not been wanting in their extraordinary care and provision for us, so neither in what they judge fit and necessary to represent the same to you. And this I thought to be a sufficient discharge of my duty on that behalf.

It hath now pleased God to bestow a mercy upon you, worthy of your knowledge, and of the utmost praise and thanks of all that fear and love His name; yea, the mercy is far above all praise. Which that you may the better perceive, I shall take the boldness to tender unto you some circumstances accompanying this great business, which will manifest the greatness and seasonableness of this mercy.

We having tried what we could to engage the Enemy, three or four miles West of Edinburgh; that proving ineffectual, and our victual failing, — we

§ Old Newspaper, *Several Proceedings in Parliament*, no. 50. (5th-12th Sept. 1650): in Burney Newspapers (British Museum), vol. xxxiv.

marched towards our ships for a recruit of our want. The Enemy did not at all trouble us in our rear; but marched the direct way towards Edinburgh, and partly in the night and morning slips-through his whole Army; and quarters himself in a posture easy to interpose between us and our victual. But the Lord made him to lose the opportunity. And the morning proving exceeding wet and dark, we recovered, by that time it was light, a ground where they could not hinder us from our victual: which was an high act of the Lord's Providence to us. We being come into the said ground, the Enemy marched into the ground we were last upon; having no mind either to strive to interpose between us and our victuals, or to fight; being indeed upon this 'aim of reducing us to a' lock, — hoping that the sickness of your Army would render their work more easy by the gaining of time. Whereupon we marched to Musselburgh, to victual, and to ship away our sick men; where we sent aboard near five-hundred sick and wounded soldiers.

And upon serious consideration, finding our weakness so to increase, and the Enemy lying upon his advantage, — at a general council it was thought fit to march to Dunbar, and there to fortify the Town. Which (we thought), if anything, would provoke them to engage. As also, That the having of a Garrison there would furnish us with accommodation for our sick men, 'and' would be a good Magazine, — which we exceedingly wanted; being put to depend upon the uncertainty of weather for landing provisions, which many times cannot be done though the being of the whole Army lay upon it, all the coasts from Berwick to Leith having not one good harbour. As also, To lie more

conveniently to receive our recruits of horse and foot from Berwick.

Having these considerations, — upon Saturday the 30th* of August we marched from Musselburgh to Haddington. Where, by that time we had got the van-brigade of our horse, and our foot and train, into their quarters, the Enemy had marched with that exceeding expedition that they fell upon the rear-forlorn of our horse, and put it in some disorder; and indeed had like to have engaged our rear-brigade of horse with their whole Army, — had not the Lord by His Providence put a cloud over the Moon, thereby giving us opportunity to draw off those horse to the rest of our Army. Which accordingly was done without any loss, save of three or four of our aforementioned forlorn; wherein the Enemy, as we believe, received more loss.

The Army being put into a reasonable secure posture, — towards midnight the Enemy attempted our quarters, on the west end of Haddington: but through the goodness of God we repulsed them. The next morning we drew into an open field, on the south side of Haddington; we not judging it safe for us to draw to the Enemy upon his own ground, he being prepossessed thereof; — but rather drew back, to give him way to come to us, if he had so thought fit. And having waited about the space of four or five hours, to see if he would come to us; and not finding any inclination in the Enemy so to do, — we resolved to go, according to our first intendment, to Dunbar.

By that time we had marched three or four miles, we saw some bodies of the Enemy's horse draw out of their quarters; and by that time our carriages were

* *sic:* but Saturday is 31st.

gotten near Dunbar, their whole Army was upon their march after us. And indeed, our drawing back in this manner, with the addition of three new regiments added to them, did much heighten their confidence, if not presumption and arrogancy. — The Enemy, that night, we perceived, gathered towards the Hills; labouring to make a perfect interposition between us and Berwick. And having in this posture a great advantage, — through his better knowledge of the country, he effected it: by sending a considerable party to the strait Pass at Copperspath; where ten men to hinder are better than forty to make their way. And truly this was an exigent to us,* wherewith the Enemy reproached us; — 'as' with that condition the Parliament's Army was in when it made its hard conditions with the King in Cornwall.** By some reports that have come to us, they had disposed of us, and of their business, in sufficient revenge and wrath towards our persons; and had swallowed up the poor Interest of England; believing that their Army and their King would have marched to London without any interruption; — it being told us (we know not how truly) by a prisoner we took the night before the fight, That their King was very suddenly to come amongst them, with those English they allowed to be about him. But in what they were thus lifted up, the Lord was above them.

The Enemy lying in the posture before mentioned, having those advantages; we lay very near him, being sensible of our disadvantages, having some weakness

* A disgraceful summons of caption to us: "exigent" is a law-writ issued against a fugitive, — such as we knew long since, in our young days, about Lincoln's Inn!

** Essex's Army six years ago, in Autumn 1644, when the King had impounded it among the Hills there (see antea, vol. i. p. 194).

of flesh, but yet consolation and support from the Lord himself to our poor weak faith, wherein I believe not a few amongst us stand: That because of their numbers, because of their advantages, because of their confidence, because of our weakness, because of our strait, we were in the Mount, and in the Mount the Lord would be seen; and that He would find out a way of deliverance and salvation for us: — and indeed we had our consolations and our hopes.

Upon Monday evening, — the Enemy's whole numbers were very great; about Six-thousand horse, as we heard, and Sixteen-thousand foot at least; ours drawn down, as to sound men, to about Seven-thousand five-hundred foot, and Three-thousand five-hundred horse, — 'upon Monday evening,' the Enemy drew down to the right wing about two-thirds of their left wing of horse. To the right wing; shogging also their foot and train much to the right; causing their right wing of horse to edge down towards the sea. We could not well imagine but that the Enemy intended to attempt upon us, or to place themselves in a more exact condition of interposition. The Major-General and myself coming to the Earl Roxburgh's House, and observing this posture, I told him I thought it did give us an opportunity and advantage to attempt upon the Enemy. To which he immediately replied, That he had thought to have said the same thing to me. So that it pleased the Lord to set this apprehension upon both of our hearts, at the same instant. We called for Colonel Monk, and showed him the thing: and coming to our quarters at night, and demonstrating our apprehensions to some of the Colonels, they also cheerfully concurred.

We resolved therefore to put our business into this posture: That six regiments of horse, and three regiments and a half of foot should march in the van; and that the Major-General, the Lieutenant-General of the horse, and the Commissary-General,* and Colonel Monk to command the brigade of foot, should lead on the business; and that Colonel Pride's brigade, Colonel Overton's brigade, and the remaining two regiments of horse should bring up the cannon and rear. The time of falling-on to be by break of day: but through some delays it proved not to be so; 'not' till six o'clock in the morning.

The Enemy's word was, *The Covenant;* which it had been for divers days. Ours, *The Lord of Hosts.* The Major-General, Lieutenant-General Fleetwood, and Commissary-General Whalley, and Colonel Twistleton, gave the onset; the Enemy being in a very good posture to receive them, having the advantage of their cannon and foot against our horse. Before our foot could come up, the Enemy made a gallant resistance, and there was a very hot dispute at sword's point between our horse and theirs. Our first foot, after they had discharged their duty (being overpowered with the Enemy), received some repulse, which they soon recovered. For my own regiment, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Goffe and my Major, White, did come seasonably in; and, at the push of pike, did repel the stoutest regiment the Enemy had there, merely with the courage the Lord was pleased to give. Which proved a great amazement to the residue of their foot; this being the first action between the foot. The horse in the mean time did, with a great deal of courage and

* Lambert, Fleetwood, Whalley.

spirit, beat back all oppositions; charging through the bodies of the Enemy's horse, and of their foot; who were, after the first repulse given, made by the Lord of Hosts as stubble to their swords. — Indeed, I believe I may speak it without partiality: both your chief Commanders and others in their several places, and soldiers also, were acted* with as much courage as ever hath been seen in any action since this War. I know they look not to be named; and therefore I forbear particulars.

The best of the Enemy's horse being broken through and through in less than an hour's dispute, their whole Army being put into confusion, it became a total rout; our men having the chase and execution of them near eight miles. We believe that upon the place and near about it were about Three-thousand slain. Prisoners taken: of their officers, you have this enclosed List; of private soldiers near Ten-thousand. The whole baggage and train taken, wherein was good store of match, powder and bullet; all their artillery, great and small, — thirty guns. We are confident they have left behind them not less than Fifteen-thousand arms. I have already brought-in to me near Two-hundred colours, which I herewith send you.** What officers of theirs of quality are killed, we yet cannot learn; but yet surely divers are: and many men of quality are mortally wounded, as Colonel Lumsden, the Lord Libberton and others. And, that which is no small addition,

* "actuated," as we now write it.

** They hung long in Westminster Hall; beside the Preston ones, and still others that came. Colonel Pride has been heard to wish, and almost to hope, That the Lawyers' gowns might all be hung up beside the Scots colours yet, — and the Lawyers' selves, except some very small and most select needful remnant, be ordered peremptorily to disappear from those localities, and seek an honest trade elsewhere! (Walker's *History of Independency.*)

I do not believe we have lost twenty men. Not one Commission Officer slain as I hear of, save one Cornet; and Major Rooksby, since dead of his wounds; and not many mortally wounded: — Colonel Whalley only cut in the handwrist, and his horse (twice shot) killed under him; but he well recovered another horse, and went on in the chase.

Thus you have the prospect of one of the most signal mercies God hath done for England and His people, this War: — and now may it please you to give me the leave of a few words. It is easy to say, The Lord hath done this. It would do you good to see and hear our poor foot to go up and down making their boast of God. But, Sir, it's in your hands, and by these eminent mercies God puts it more into your hands, To give glory to Him; to improve your power, and His blessings, to His praise. We that serve you beg of you not to own us, — but God alone. We pray you own His people more and more; for they are the chariots and horsemen of Israel. Disown yourselves; — but own your Authority; and improve it to curb the proud and the insolent, such as would disturb the tranquillity of England, though under what specious pretences soever. Relieve the oppressed, hear the groans of poor prisoners in England. Be pleased to reform the abuses of all professions: — and if there be any one that makes many poor to make a few rich,* that suits not a Commonwealth. If He that strengthens your servants to fight, please to give

* "Many of them had a *peek* at Lawyers generally" (says learned Bulstrode in these months, — appealing to posterity, almost with tears in his big dull eyes!).

you hearts to set upon these things, in order to His glory, and the glory of your Commonwealth, — 'then' besides the benefit England shall feel thereby, you shall shine forth to other Nations, who shall emulate the glory of such a pattern, and through the power of God turn-in to the like!

These are our desires. And that you may have liberty and opportunity to do these things, and not be hindered, we have been and shall be (by God's assistance) willing to venture our lives; — and 'will' not desire you should be precipitated by importunities, from your care of safety and preservation; but that the doing of these good things may have their place amongst those which concern wellbeing,* and so be wrought in their time and order.

Since we came in Scotland, it hath been our desire and longing to have avoided blood in this business; by reason that God hath a people here fearing His name, though deceived. And to that end have we offered much love unto such, in the bowels of Christ; and concerning the truth of our hearts therein, have we appealed unto the Lord. The Ministers of Scotland have hindered the passage of these things to the hearts of those to whom we intended them. And now we hear, that not only the deceived people, but some of the Ministers are also fallen in this Battle. This is the great hand of the Lord, and worthy of the consideration of all those who take into their hands the instruments of a foolish shepherd, — to wit, meddling with worldly policies, and mixtures of earthly power, to set up that which they call the Kingdom of Christ, which is nei-

* We as yet struggle for *being*; which is preliminary, and still more essential.

ther it, nor, if it were it, would such means be found effectual to that end, — and neglect, or trust not to, the Word of God, the sword of the Spirit; which is alone powerful and able for the setting up of that Kingdom; and, when trusted to, will be found effectually able to that end, and will also do it! This is humbly offered for their sakes who have lately too much turned aside: that they might return again to preach Jesus Christ, according to the simplicity of the Gospel; — and then no doubt they will discern and find your protection and encouragement.

Beseeching you to pardon this length, I humbly take leave; and rest,

Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL. §

Industrious dull Bulstrode, coming home from the Council of State towards Chelsea on Saturday afternoon, is accosted on the streets, "near Charing Cross," by a dusty individual, who declares himself bearer of this Letter from my Lord General; and imparts a rapid outline of the probable contents to Bulstrode's mind, which naturally kindles with a certain slow solid satisfaction on receipt thereof. *

LETTER CXLI.

LETTER CXXXIX., for Sir Arthur, did not go on Monday night; and finds now an unexpected conveyance! — Brand, Historian of Newcastle, got sight of that Letter, and of this new one enclosing it, in the hands of an old Steward of the Haselrigs, grandfather of the present possessor of those Documents, some half-century ago; and happily took copies. Letter CXXXIX. was autograph, "folded up hastily before

§ Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, pp. 87-91).
* Whitlocke (2d edition), p. 470 (7th Sept.).

the ink was quite dry; — sealed with red wax:" of this there is nothing autograph but the signature; and the sealing-wax is black.

For the Honourable Sir Arthur Haselrig, at Newcastle or elsewhere: These. Haste, haste.

SIR, Dunbar, 4th September 1650.

You will see by my Enclosed, of the 2d of this month, which was the evening before the Fight, the condition we were in at that time. Which I thought fit on purpose to send you, that you might see how great and how seasonable our deliverance and mercy is, by such aggravation.

Having said my thoughts thereupon to the Parliament, I shall only give you the narrative of this exceeding mercy;* believing the Lord will enlarge your heart to a thankful consideration thereupon. The least of this mercy lies not in the advantageous consequences which I hope it may produce; of glory to God and good to His People, in the prosecution of that which remains; unto which this great work hath opened so fair a way. We have no cause to doubt but, if it shall please the Lord to prosper our endeavours, we may find opportunities both upon Edinburgh and Leith, — Stirling-Bridge, and other such places as the Lord shall lead unto. Even far above our thoughts; as this late and other experiences gives good encouragement.

Wherefore, that we may not be wanting, I desire you, with such forces as you have, Immediately to march to me to Dunbar; leaving behind you such of your new Levies as will prevent lesser incursions: — for surely their rout and ruin is so total that they will

* Means *the bare statement*. In the next sentence, "The least lies not," is for *The not least lies*.

not be provided for any thing that is very considerable. — — Or rather, which I more incline unto, That you would send Thomlinson with the Forces you have ready, and this with all possible expedition; and that *you* will go on with the remainder of the Reserve, — which, upon better thoughts, I do not think can well be done without you.

Sir, let no time nor opportunity be lost. Surely it's probable the Kirk has done their do.* I believe their King will set up upon his own score now; wherein he will find many friends. Taking opportunity offered, — it's our great advantage, through God. I need say no more to you on this behalf; but rest,

Your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

My service to your good Lady. — I think it will be very fit that you bake Hard-bread again, considering you increase our numbers. I pray you do so. — Sir, I desire you to procure about Three or Four score Masons, and ship them to us with all speed: for we expect that God will suddenly put some places into our hands, which we shall have occasion to fortify.§

LETTER CXLII.

To the Lord President of the Council of State: These.

MY LORD; Dunbar, 4th September 1650.

I have sent the Major-General, with six regiments of horse and one of foot, towards Edinburgh; purpos-

* "doo" *in orig.*

§ Brand's History of Newcastle, ii. 489. In Brand's Book there follow Excerpts from two other Letters to Sir Arthur; of which, on inquiry, the present Baronet of Nosely Hall unluckily knows nothing farther. The Excerpts, with their dates, shall be given presently.

ing (God willing) to follow after, tomorrow, with what convenience I may.

We are put to exceeding trouble, though it be an effect of abundant mercy, with the numerousness of our Prisoners; having so few hands, so many of our men sick; — so little conveniency of disposing of them;* and not, by attendance thereupon, to omit the seasonableness of the prosecution of this mercy as Providence shall direct. We have been constrained, even out of Christianity, humanity, and the forementioned necessity, to dismiss between four and five thousand Prisoners, almost starved, sick and wounded; the remainder, which are the like, or a greater number, I am fain to send by a convoy of four troops of Colonel Hacker's, to Berwick, and so on to Newcastle, southwards.**

I think fit to acquaint your Lordship with two or three observations. Some of the honestest in the Army amongst the Scots did profess before the fight, That they did not believe their King in his Declaration;*** and it's most evident he did sign it with as much reluctancy and so much against his heart as could be:

* The Prisoners: — sentence ungrammatical, but intelligible.

** Here are Brand's Excerpts from the two other Letters to Sir Arthur, spoken of in the former Note: "*Dunbar, 5th Sept.* 1650. After much "deliberation, we can find no way how to dispose of these Prisoners that "will be consisting with these two ends: to wit, the not losing them and "the not starving them, neither of which would we willingly incur, — but "by sending them into England." (Brand, ii. 481). — — "*Edinburgh, "9th Sept.* 1650. I hope your Northern Guests are come to you by "this time. I pray you let humanity be exercised towards them: I am per-"suaded it will be comely. Let the Officers be kept at Newcastle, some "sent to Lynn, some to Chester." (*ibid.* p. 480). — — (*Note to Third Edition*). Letters complete, Appendix, No. 18.

A frightful account of what became of these poor "Northern Guests" as they proceeded "southwards;" how, for sheer hunger, they ate raw-cabbages in the "walled garden at Morpeth," and lay in unspeakable imprisonment in Durham Cathedral, and died as of swift pestilence there: In *Sir Arthur Haselrig's Letter to the Council of State* (reprinted, from the old Pamphlets, in Parliamentary History, xix. 417).

*** Open Testimony against the sins of his Father, see antea, p. 318.

and yet they venture their lives for him upon this account; and publish this 'Declaration' to the world, to be believed as the act of a person converted, when in their hearts they know he abhorred the doing of it, and meant it not.

I hear, when the Enemy marched last up to us, the Ministers pressed their Army to interpose between us and home; the chief Officers desiring rather that we might have way made, though it were by a golden bridge. But the Clergy's counsel prevailed — to their no great comfort, through the goodness of God.

The Enemy took a gentleman of Major Brown's troop prisoner, that night we came to Haddington; and he had quarter through Lieutenant-General David Lesley's means; who, finding him a man of courage and parts, laboured with him to take up arms. But the man expressing constancy and resolution to this side, the Lieutenant-General caused him to be mounted, and with two troopers to ride about to view their gallant Army; using that as an argument to persuade him to their side; and, when this was done, dismissed him to us in a bravery. And indeed the day before we fought, they did express so much insolency and contempt of us, to some soldiers they took, as was beyond apprehension.

Your Lordship's most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL. §

WHICH high officialities being ended, here are certain glad domestic Letters of the same date.

§ Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 91).

LETTER CXLIII.

For my beloved Wife Elizabeth Cromwell, at the Cockpit: These.

MY DEAREST, Dunbar, 4th September 1650.

I have not leisure to write much. But I could chide thee that in many of thy Letters thou writest to me, That I should not be unmindful of thee and thy little ones. Truly, if I love you not too well, I think I err not on the other hand much. Thou art dearer to me than any creature; let that suffice.

The Lord hath showed us an exceeding mercy: — who can tell how great it is! My weak faith hath been upheld. I have been in my inward man marvellously supported; — though I assure thee, I grow an old man, and feel infirmities of age marvellously stealing upon me. Would my corruptions did as fast decrease! Pray on my behalf in the latter respect. The particulars of our late success Harry Vane or Gilbert Pickering will impart to thee. My love to all dear friends. I rest thine,

OLIVER CROMWELL. §

LETTER CXLIV.

For my loving Brother Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley: These.

DEAR BROTHER, Dunbar, 4th September 1650.

Having so good an occasion as the imparting so great a mercy as the Lord has vouchsafed us in Scot-

§ Copied from the Original by John Hare, Esq., Rosemont Cottage, Clifton. Collated with the old Copy in British Museum, Cole MSS., no. 5834, p. 38. "The Original was purchased at Strawberry-Hill Sale" (Horace Walpole's), "30th April 1842, for Twenty-one guineas."

land, I would not omit the imparting thereof to you, though I be full of business.

Upon Wednesday* we fought the Scottish Armies. They were in number, according to all computation, above Twenty-thousand; we hardly Eleven-thousand, having great sickness upon our Army. After much appealing to God, the Fight lasted above an hour. We killed (as most think) Three-thousand; took near Ten-thousand prisoners, all their train, about thirty guns great and small, besides bullet, match and powder, very considerable Officers, about two-hundred colours, above ten-thousand arms; — lost not thirty men. This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes. Good Sir, give God all the glory; stir up all yours, and all about you, to do so. Pray for

Your affectionate brother,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

I desire my love may be presented to my dear Sister, and to all your Family. I pray tell Doll I do not forget her nor her little Brat. She writes very cunningly and complimentally to me; I expect a Letter of plain dealing from her. She is too modest to tell me whether she breeds or not. I wish a blessing upon her and her Husband. The Lord make them fruitful in all that's good. They are at leisure to write often; — but indeed they are both idle, and worthy of blame. §

* "Wedensd." in the Original. A curious proof of the haste and confusion Cromwell was in. The Battle was on *Tuesday*, — yesterday, 3d September 1650; indisputably Tuesday; and he is now writing on Wednesday! —

§ Harris, p. 513; one of the Pusey stock, the last now but three.

LETTER CXLV.

A PIOUS Word, shot off to Ireland, for Son Ireton and the "dear Friends" fighting for the same Cause there. That they may rejoice with us, as we have done with them: none knows but they may have "need" again "of mutual experiences for refreshment."

'*To Lieutenant-General Ireton, Deputy-Lieutenant of Ireland: These.*'

SIR, Dunbar, 4th September 1650.

Though I hear not often from you, yet I know you forget me not. Think so of me 'too;' for I often remember you at the Throne of Grace. — I heard of the Lord's good hand with you in reducing Waterford, Duncannon, and Catherlogh:* His Name be praised.

We have been engaged upon a Service the fullest of trial ever poor creatures were upon. We made great professions of love; knowing we were to deal with many who were Godly, and 'who' pretended to be stumbled at our Invasion: — indeed, our bowels were pierced again and again; the Lord helped us to sweet words, and in sincerity to mean them. We were rejected again and again; yet still we begged to be believed that we loved them as our own souls; they often returned evil for good. We prayed for security:** they would not hear or answer a word to that. We made often appeals to God; they appealed also. We were near engagements three or four times, but they lay upon advantages. A heavy flux fell upon our

* "Catherlogh" is Carlow: Narrative of these captures (10th August 1650) in a Letter from Ireton to the Speaker (Parliamentary History, xix. 334-7).

** Begged of them some security against Charles Stuart's designs upon England.

Army; brought it very low, — from Fourteen to Eleven thousand: Three-thousand five-hundred horse, and Seven-thousand five-hundred foot. The Enemy Sixteen-thousand foot, and Six-thousand horse.

The Enemy prosecuted the advantage. We were necessitated; and upon September* the 3d, by six in the morning, we attempted their Army: — after a hot dispute for about an hour, we routed their whole Army; killed near Three-thousand; and took, as the Marshal informs me, Ten-thousand prisoners; their whole Train, being about thirty pieces, great and small; good store of powder, match and bullet; near two-hundred Colours. I am persuaded near Fifteen-thousand Arms left upon the ground. And I believe, though many of ours be wounded, we lost not above Thirty men. Before the Fight, our condition was made very sad, the Enemy greatly insulted and menaced 'us;' but the Lord upheld us with comfort in Himself, beyond ordinary experience.

I knowing the acquainting you with this great handiwork of the Lord would stir up your minds to praise and rejoicing; and not knowing but your condition may require mutual experiences for refreshment; and knowing also that the news we had of your successes was matter of help to our faith in our distress, and matter of praise also, — I thought fit (though in the midst of much business) to give you this account of the unspeakable goodness of the Lord, who hath thus appeared, to the glory of His great Name, and the refreshment of His Saints.

The Lord bless you, and us, to return praises; to *live* them all our days. Salute all our dear Friends

* "7ber" he writes.

with you, as if I named them. I have no more; — but rest,

Your loving father and true friend,
OLIVER CROMWELL. §

We observe there are no regards to Bridget Ireton, no news or notice of her, in this Letter. Bridget Ireton is at London, safe from these wild scenes; far from her Husband, far from her Father: — will never see her brave Husband more.

LETTER CXLVI.

DUBITATING Wharton must not let "success" too much sway him; yet it were fit he took notice of these things: he, and idle Norton whom we know, and Montague of Hinchinbrook, and others. The Lord General, for his own share, has a better ground than "success;" has the direct insight of his own soul, such as suffices him, — such as all souls to which "the inspiration of the Almighty giveth understanding," are or may be capable of, one would think!

For the Right Honourable the Lord Wharton: These.

MY DEAR LORD, Dunbar, 4th September 1650.

Ay, poor I love you! Love you the Lord: take heed of disputing! — I was untoward when I spake last with you in St. James's Park. I spake cross in stating 'my' grounds: I spake to *my judgings* of you; which were: That you, — shall I name others? — Henry Lawrence, Robert Hammond, &c., had ensnared yourselves with disputes.

I believe you desired to be satisfied; and had tried and doubted your 'own' sincerities. It was well. But

§ Russell's Life of Cromwell (Edinburgh, 1829; forming vols. 46, 47 of *Constable's Miscellany*), ii. 317-19. Does not say whence; — Letter undoubtedly genuine.

uprightness, if it be not *purely* of God, may be, nay commonly is, deceived. The Lord persuade you, and all my dear Friends!

The results of your thoughts concerning late Transactions I know to be mistakes of yours, by a better argument than *success*. Let not your engaging too far upon your own judgments be your temptation or snare: much less 'let' success, — lest you should be thought to return upon less noble arguments.* It is in my heart to write the same things to Norton, Montague and others: I pray you read or communicate these foolish lines to them. I have known my folly do good, when affection has overcome** my reason. I pray you judge me sincere, — lest a prejudice should be put upon after advantages.

How gracious has the Lord been in this great Business! Lord, hide not Thy mercies from our eyes! —

My service to the dear Lady. I rest,

Your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL. §

LETTERS CXLVII.—CXLIX.

OF these Letters, the first Two, with their Replies and Adjuncts, Six Missives in all, form a Pamphlet published at Edinburgh in 1650, with the Title: *Several Letters and Passages between his Excellency the Lord General Cromwell and the Governor of Edinburgh Castle.* They have been reprinted in various quarters: we copy the Cromwell part of them from *Thurloe;* and fancy they will not much need any preface.

* Decide as the essence of the matter *is*; neither persist nor "return" upon fallacious, superficial, or external considerations.

** outrun.

§ Gentleman's Magazine (London, 1814), lxxxiv. 419. Does not say whence or how.

Here are some words, written elsewhere on the occasion, some time ago.

"These Letters of Cromwell to the Edinburgh Clergy, "treating of obsolete theologics and polities, are very dull to "modern men: but they deserve a steady perusal by all such "as will understand the strange meaning (for the present, "alas, as good as obsolete in all forms of it) that possessed the "mind of Cromwell in these hazardous operations of his. "Dryasdust, carrying his learned eye over these and the like "Letters, finds them, of course, full of 'hypocrisy,' &c. &c. — "Unfortunate Dryasdust, they are coruscations, terrible as "lightning, and beautiful as lightning, from the innermost "temple of the Human Soul; — intimations, still credible, of "what a Human Soul does mean when it *believes* in the "Highest; a thing poor Dryasdust never did nor will do. "The hapless generation that now reads these words ought to "hold its peace when it has read them, and sink into unutter- "able reflections, — not unmixed with tears, and some sub- "stitute for 'sackcloth and ashes,' if it liked. In its poor "canting sniffing flimsy vocabulary there is no word that can "make any response to them. This man has a living god- "inspired soul in him, not an enchanted artificial 'substitute "for salt,' as our fashion is. They that have human eyes "can look upon him; they that have only owl-eyes need "not."

Here also are some sentences on a favourite topic, *lightning* and *light*. "As lightning is to light, so is a Cromwell to a "Shakspeare. The light is beautifuller. Ah, yes; but until, "by lightning and other fierce labour, your foul Chaos has "become a World, you cannot have any light, or the smallest "chance for any! Honour the Amphion whose music makes "the stones, rocks, and big blocks, dance into figures, into "domed cities, with temples and habitations: — yet know him "too; how, as Volker's in the old *Nibelungen*, oftentimes his "'fiddlebow' has to be of 'sharp steel,' and to play a tune "very rough to rebellious ears! The melodious Speaker is "great, but the melodious Worker is greater than he. 'Our

"Time,' says a certain author, 'cannot speak at all, but only "cant and sneer, and argumentatively jargon, and recite the "multiplication-table. Neither as yet can it work, except at "mere railroads and cotton-spinning. It will, apparently, re-"turn to Chaos soon; and then more lightnings will be needed, "lightning enough, to which Cromwell's was but a mild mat-"ter; — to be followed by light, we may hope!'" —

The following Letter from Whalley, with the Answer to it, will introduce this series. The date is Monday; the Lord General observing yesterday that the poor Edinburgh people were sadly short of Sermon, has ordered the Commissary-General to communicate as follows:

"*For the Honourable the Governor of the Castle of Edinburgh.*

"Edinburgh, 9th September 1650.

"SIR, — I received command from my Lord General to "desire you to let the Ministers of Edinburgh, now in the Castle "with you, know, That they have free liberty granted them, if "they please to take the pains, to preach in their several "Churches; and that my Lord hath given special command "both to officers and soldiers that they shall not in the least be "molested. Sir, I am, your most humble servant,

"EDWARD WHALLEY."

To which straightway there is this Answer from Governor Dundas:

"'*To Commissary-General Whalley.*'

"'Edinburgh Castle,' 9th September 1650.

"SIR, — I have communicated the desire of your Letter to "such of the Ministers of Edinburgh as are with me; who have "desired me to return this for Answer:

"That though they are ready to be spent in their Master's "service, and to refuse no suffering so they may fulfil their "ministry with joy; yet perceiving the persecution to be per-

"sonal, by the practice of your Party* upon the Ministers of "Christ in England and Ireland, and in the Kingdom of Scot- "land since your unjust Invasion thereof; and finding nothing "expressed in yours whereupon to build any security for their "persons while they are there, and for their return hither; — "they are resolved to reserve themselves for better times, and "to wait upon Him who hath hidden His face for a while from "the sons of Jacob.

"This is all I have to say, but that I am, Sir, your most "humble servant,

"W. DUNDAS."

To which somewhat sulky response, Oliver makes Answer in this notable manner:

LETTER CXLVII.

For the Honourable the Governor of the Castle of Edinburgh: These.

SIR, Edinburgh, 9th September 1650.

The kindness offered to the Ministers with you was done with ingenuity;** thinking it might have met with the like: but I am satisfied to tell those with you, That if their Master's service (as they call it) were chiefly in their eye, imagination of suffering *** would not have caused such a return; much less 'would' the practice of our Party, as they are pleased to say, upon the Ministers of Christ in England, have been an argument of personal persecution.

The Ministers in England are supported, and have liberty to preach the Gospel; though not to rail, nor, under pretence thereof,† to overtop the Civil Power, or debase it as they please. No man hath been troubled in England or Ireland for preaching the

* Sectarian Party, of Independents. ** Means always *ingenuously*.
*** Fear of personal damage. † Of preaching the Gospel.

Gospel; nor has any Minister been molested in Scotland since the coming of the Army hither. The speaking truth becomes the Ministers of Christ.

When Ministers pretend to a glorious Reformation; and lay the foundations thereof in getting to themselves worldly power; and can make worldly mixtures to accomplish the same, such as their late Agreement with their King; and hope by him to carry on their design, 'they' may know that the Sion promised will not be built with such untempered mortar.

As for the unjust Invasion they mention, time was* when an Army of Scotland came into England, not called by the Supreme Authority. We have said, in our Papers, with what hearts and upon what account, we came; and the Lord hath heard us,** though you would not, upon as solemn an appeal as any experience can parallel.

And although they seem to comfort themselves with being sons of Jacob, from whom (they say) God hath hid His face for a time; yet it's no wonder when the Lord hath lifted up His hand so eminently against a Family as He hath done so often against this,*** and men will not see His hand, — 'it's no wonder' if the Lord hide His face from such; putting them to shame both for it and their hatred of His people, as it is this day. When they purely trust to the Sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, which is powerful to bring down strongholds and every imagination that exalts itself, — which alone is able to square and fit the stones for the new Jerusalem; — then and not before, and by that means and no other, shall Jerusa-

* 1648, Duke Hamilton's time; to say nothing of 1640 and other times.
** At Dunbar, six days ago. *** Of the Stuarts.

lem, the City of the Lord which is to be the praise of the whole Earth, be built; the Sion of the Holy One of Israel.

I have nothing to say to you but that I am,

Sir,

Your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL. §

The Scotch Clergy never got such a reprimand since they first took ordination! A very dangerous radiance blazes through these eyes of my Lord General's, — destructive to the owl-dominion, in Edinburgh Castle and elsewhere!

Let Dundas and Company reflect on it. Here is their ready Answer: still of the same day.

"'*To the Right Honourable the Lord Cromwell, Commander-in-Chief of the English Army.*'

"'Edinburgh Castle,' 9th September 1650.

"MY LORD, — Yours I have communicated to those with "me whom it concerned; who desire me to return this An- "swer:

"That their ingenuity in prosecuting the ends of the Cove- "nant, according to their vocation and place, and in adhering "to their first principles, is well known; and one of their "greatest regrets is that they have not been met with the like. "That when Ministers of the Gospel have been imprisoned, "deprived of their benefices, sequestrated, forced to flee from "their dwellings, and bitterly threatened, for their faithful "declaring the will of God against the godless and wicked pro- "ceedings of men, — it cannot be accounted 'an imaginary "fear of suffering' in such as are resolved to follow the like "freedom and faithfulness in discharge of their Master's "message. That it savours not of 'ingenuity' to promise "liberty of preaching the Gospel, and to limit the Preachers "thereof, that they must not speak against the sins and

§ Thurloe, i. 159; Pamphlet at Edinburgh.

"enormities of Civil Powers; since their commission carrieth "them to speak the Word of the Lord unto, and to reprove the "sins of, persons of all ranks, from the highest to the lowest. "That to impose the name of 'railing' upon such faithful "freedom was the old practice of Malignants, against the "Ministers of the Gospel, who laid open to people the wicked- "ness of their ways, lest men should be ensnared thereby.

"That their consciences bear them record, and all their "hearers do know, that they meddle not with Civil Affairs, "farther than to hold forth the rule of the Word, by which the "straightness and crookedness of men's actions are made "evident. But they are sorry they have such cause to regret "that men of mere Civil place and employment should usurp "the calling and employment of the Ministry:* to the scandal "of the Reformed Kirks; and, particularly in Scotland, con- "trary to the government and discipline therein established, "— to the maintenance whereof you are bound, by the "Solemn League and Covenant.

"Thus far they have thought fit to vindicate their return to "the offer in Colonel Whalley's Letter. The other part of "yours, which concerns the Public as well as them, they con- "ceive hath all been answered sufficiently in the public Papers "of the State and Kirk. Only to that of the success upon "your 'solemn appeal,' they say again, what was said to it "before, That they have not so learned Christ as to hang the "equity of their Cause upon events; but desire to have their "hearts established in the love of the Truth, in all the tribula- "tions that befall them.

"I only do add that I am, my Lord, your most humble "servant, "W. DUNDAS."

On Thursday follows Oliver's Answer, – "very inferior in composition," says Dryasdust; — composition not being quite the trade of Oliver! In other respects, sufficiently superior.

* Certain of our Soldiers and Officers preach; very many of them can preach, — and greatly to the purpose too.

LETTER CXLVIII.

For the Governor of Edinburgh Castle: These.

SIR, Edinburgh, 12th September 1650.

Because I am at some reasonable good leisure, I cannot let such gross mistakes and inconsequential reasonings pass without some notice taken of them.

And first, their ingenuity in relation to the Covenant, for which they commend themselves, doth no more justify their want of ingenuity in answer to Colonel Whalley's Christian offer, concerning which my Letter charged them with guiltiness 'and' deficiency, than their bearing witness to themselves of their adhering to their first principles, and ingenuity in prosecuting the ends of the Covenant, justifies them so to have done merely because they say so. They must give more leave henceforwards; for Christ will have it so, nill they, will they. And they must have patience to have the truth of their doctrines and sayings tried by the sure touchstone of the Word of God. And if there be a liberty and duty of trial, there is a liberty of judgment also for them that may and ought to try: which being* so, they must give others leave to think and say that they can appeal to equal judges, Who have been the truest fulfillers of the most real and equitable ends of the Covenant?

But if these Gentlemen do** assume to themselves to be the infallible expositors of the Covenant, as they do too much to their auditories 'to be the infallible expositors' of the Scriptures 'also,' counting a different sense and judgment from theirs Breach of Covenant

* "if" in the original.
** "which do" in the original; *dele* "which."

and Heresy, — no marvel they judge of others so authoritatively and severely. But we have not so learned Christ. We look at Ministers as helpers of, not lords over, God's people. I appeal to their consciences, whether any 'person' trying their doctrines, and dissenting, shall not incur the censure of Sectary? And what is this but to deny Christians their liberty, and assume the Infallible Chair? What doth he whom we would not be likened unto* do more than this?

In the second place, it is affirmed that the "Ministers of the Gospel have been imprisoned, deprived of their benefices, sequestered, forced to fly from their dwellings, and bitterly threatened, for their faithful declaring of the will of God;" that they have been limited that they might not "speak against the sins and enormities of the Civil Powers;" that to "impose the name of railing upon such faithful freedom was the old practice of Malignants against the Preachers of the Gospel," &c. — 'Now' if the Civil Authority, or that part of it which continued faithful to their trust,** 'and' true to the ends of the Covenant, did, in answer to their consciences, turn out a Tyrant, in a way which the Christians in aftertimes will mention with honour, and all Tyrants in the world look at with fear; and 'if' while many thousands of saints in England rejoice to think of it, and have received from the hand of God a liberty from the fear of like usurpations, and have cast off him*** who trod in his Father's steps, doing mischief as far as he was able (whom you have received like fire into your bosom, — of which God will, I trust, in time make you sensible): if, 'I say,'

* The Pope.
** When Pride purged them.
*** Your Charles II., as you call him.

Ministers railing at the Civil Power, and calling them murderers and the like for doing these things, have been dealt with as you mention, — will this be found a "personal persecution?" Or is sin so, because they say so?* They that acted this great Business** have given a reason of their faith in the action; and some here*** are ready further to do it against all gainsayers.

But it will be found that these reprovers do not only make themselves the judges and determiners of sin, that so they may reprove; but they also took liberty† to stir up the people to blood and arms; and would have brought a war upon England, as hath been upon Scotland, had not God prevented it. And if such severity as hath been expressed towards them be worthy of the name of "personal persecution," let all uninterested men judge: 'and' whether the calling of the practice "railing" be to be paralleled with the Malignants' imputation upon the Ministers for speaking the Popish Innovations in the Prelates' times,†† and the 'other' tyrannical and wicked practices then on foot, let your own consciences mind you! The Roman Emperors, in Christ's and his Apostles' times, were usurpers and intruders upon the Jewish State: yet what footstep††† have ye either of our blessed Saviour's so much as willingness to the dividing of an inheritance, or their†††† 'ever' meddling in that kind? This was not practised by the Church since our Saviour's time, till Antichrist, assuming the Infallible Chair, and all that

* Because you call it so.
** Of judging Charles First.
*** I for one. † In 1648.
†† O Oliver, my Lord General, the Lindley-Murray composition here is dreadful; the meaning struggling, like a strong swimmer, in an element very viscous!
††† Vestige. †††† The Apostles'.

he called Church to be under him, practised this authoritatively over Civil Governors. The way to fulfil your Ministry with joy is to preach the Gospel; which I wish some who take pleasure in reproofs at a venture, do not forget too much to do!

Thirdly, you say, You have just cause to regret that men of Civil employments should usurp the calling and employment of the Ministry; to the scandal of the Reformed Kirks. — Are you troubled that Christ is preached? Is preaching so exclusively your function?* Doth it scandalise the Reformed Kirks, and Scotland in particular? Is it against the Covenant? Away with the Covenant, if this be so! I thought, the Covenant and these 'professors of it' could have been willing that any should speak good of the name of Christ: if not, it is no Covenant of God's approving; nor are these Kirks you mention insomuch** the Spouse of Christ. Where do you find in the Scripture a ground to warrant such an assertion, That Preaching is exclusively your function? Though an Approbation from men hath order in it, and may do well; yet he that hath no better warrant than that, hath none at all. I hope He that ascended up on high may give His gifts to whom He pleases: and if those gifts be the seal of Mission, be not 'you' envious though Eldad and Medad prophesy. You know who bids us *covet earnestly the best gifts*, but chiefly *that we may prophesy;* which the Apostle explains there to be a speaking to instruction and edification and comfort, — which speaking, the instructed, the edified and comforted can best tell the energy and effect of, 'and say whether it is genuine.'

* "so inclusive in your function," means that.
** So far as their notion of the Covenant goes.

If such evidence be, I say again, Take heed you envy not for your own sakes; lest you be guilty of a greater fault than Moses reproved in Joshua for envying for his sake.

Indeed you err through mistaking of the Scriptures. Approbation* is an act of conveniency in respect of order; not of necessity, to give faculty to preach the Gospel. Your pretended fear lest Error should step in, is like the man who would keep all the wine out the country lest men should be drunk. It will be found an unjust and unwise jealousy, to deprive a man of his natural liberty upon a supposition he may abuse it. When he doth abuse it, judge. If a man speak foolishly, ye suffer him gladly** because ye are wise; if erroneously, the truth more appears by your conviction 'of him.' Stop such a man's mouth by sound words which cannot be gainsayed. If he speak blasphemously, or to the disturbance of the public peace, let the Civil Magistrate punish him: if truly, rejoice in the truth. And if you will call our speakings together since we came into Scotland, — to provoke one another to love and good works, to faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and repentance from dead works; 'and' to charity and love towards you, to pray and mourn for you, and for your bitter returns to 'our love of you,' and your incredulity of our professions of love to you, of the truth of which we have made our solemn and humble appeals to the Lord our God, which He hath heard and borne witness to: if you will call things scandalous to the Kirk, and against the Cov-

* Or say "Ordination," Solemn Approbation and Appointment by men.
** With a patient victorious feeling.

enant, because done by men of Civil callings, — we rejoice in them, notwithstanding what you say.

For a conclusion: In answer to the witness of God upon our solemn Appeal,* you say you have not so learned Christ 'as' to hang the equity of your Cause upon events. We, 'for our part,' could wish blindness have not been upon your eyes to all those marvellous dispensations which God hath lately wrought in England. But did not you solemnly appeal and pray? Did not we do so too? And ought not you and we to think, with fear and trembling, of the hand of the Great God in this mighty and strange appearance of His; instead of slightly calling it an "event!"** Were not both your and our expectations renewed from time to time, whilst we waited upon God, to see which way He would manifest Himself upon our appeals? And shall we, after all these our prayers, fastings, tears, expectations and solemn appeals, call these bare "events?" The Lord pity you.

Surely we, 'for our part,' fear; because it hath been a merciful and gracious deliverance to us. I beseech you in the bowels of Christ, search after the mind of the Lord in it towards you; and we shall help you by our prayers; that you may find it out: for yet (if we know our hearts at all) our bowels do, in Christ Jesus, yearn after the Godly in Scotland. We know there are stumbling-blocks which hinder you: the personal prejudices you have taken up against us*** and our ways, wherein we cannot but think some occasion

* At Dunbar.
** "but can slightly call it an event," *in orig.*
*** Me, Oliver Cromwell.

has been given,* and for which we mourn: the apprehension you have that we have hindered the glorious Reformation you think you were upon: — I am persuaded these and such like bind you up from an understanding, and yielding to, the mind of God, in this great day of His power and visitation. And, if I be rightly informed, the late Blow you received is attributed to profane counsels and conduct, and mixtures** in your Army, and such like. The natural man will not find out the cause. Look up to the Lord, that He may tell it you. Which that He would do, shall be the fervent prayer of,

Your loving friend and servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.

'P. S.' These 'following' Queries are sent not to reproach you, but in the love of Christ laying them before you; we being persuaded in the Lord that there is a truth in them. Which we earnestly desire may not be laid aside unsought after, from any prejudice either against the things themselves, or the unworthiness or weakness of the person that offers them. If you turn at the Lord's reproofs, He will pour out His Spirit upon you; and you shall understand His words; and they will guide you to a blessed Reformation indeed,*** — even to one according to the Word, and

* I have often, in Parliament and elsewhere, been crabbed towards your hidebound Presbyterian Formula; and given it many a fillip, not thinking sufficiently what good withal was in it.

** Admisssion of Engagers and ungodly people.

*** "glorious Reformation," "blessed Reformation," &c. are phrases loud and current everywhere, especially among the Scotch, for ten years past.

such as the people of God wait for: wherein you will find us and all saints ready to rejoice, and serve you to the utmost in our places and callings. §

ENCLOSED is the Paper of Queries; to which this Editor, anxious to bring out my Lord General's sense, will take the great liberty to intercalate a word or two of Commentary as we read.

QUERIES.

1. Whether the Lord's controversy be not both against the Ministers in Scotland and in England, for their wresting and straining 'of the Covenant,' and employing * the Covenant against the Godly and Saints in England (of the same faith with them in every fundamental) even to a bitter persecution; and so making that which, in the main intention, was Spiritual, to serve Politics and Carnal ends, — even in that part especially which was Spiritual, and did look to the glory of God, and the comfort of His People?

The meaning of your Covenant was, that God's glory should be promoted: and yet how many zealous Preachers, unpresbyterian but real Promoters of God's glory, have you, by wresting and straining of the verbal phrases of the Convenant, found means to menace, eject, afflict and in every way discourage! —

2. Whether the Lord's controversy be not for your and the Ministers in England's sullenness at 'God's

§ Thurloe, i. 158-162.
* "improving" in the original.

great providences,' and 'your' darkening and not beholding the glory of God's wonderful dispensations in this series of His providences in England, Scotland and Ireland, both now and formerly, — through envy at instruments, and because the things did not work forth your Platform, and the Great God did not come down to your minds and thoughts.

This is well worth your attention. Perhaps the Great God means something other and farther than you yet imagine. Perhaps, in His infinite Thought, and Scheme that reaches through Eternities, there may be elements which the Westminster Assembly has not jotted down? Perhaps these reverend learned persons, debating at Four shillings and sixpence a day, did not get to the bottom of the Bottomless, after all? Perhaps this Universe was not entirely built according to the Westminster Shorter Catechism, but by other ground-plans withal, not yet entirely brought to paper anywhere, in Westminster or out of it, that I hear of? O my reverend Scotch friends! —

3. Whether your carrying on a Reformation, so much by you spoken of, have not probably been subject to some mistakes in your own judgments about some parts of the same, — laying so much stress thereupon as hath been a temptation to you even to break the Law of Love, 'the greatest of all laws,' towards your brethren, and those 'whom' Christ hath regenerated; even to the reviling and persecuting of them, and to stirring-up of wicked men to do the same, for your Form's sake, or but 'for' some parts of it.

A helpless lumbering sentence, but with a noble meaning in it.

4. Whether if your Reformation be so perfect and so spiritual, be indeed the Kingdom of the Lord Jesus, it will need such carnal policies, such fleshly mixtures, such unsincere actings as 'some of these are?' To pretend to cry down all Malignants; and yet to receive and set up the Head of them 'all,' and to act for the Kingdom of Christ in his name,* and upon advantage thereof? And to publish so false a Paper,** so full of special pretences to piety, as the fruit and effect of his "repentance," — to deceive the minds of all the Godly in England, Ireland and Scotland; you, in your own consciences, knowing with what regret he did it, and with what importunities and threats he was brought to do it, and how much to this very day he is against it? And whether this be not a high provocation of the Lord, in so grossly dissembling with Him and His people? §

Yes, you can consider that, my Friends; and think, on the whole, what kind of course you are probably getting into; steering towards a Kingdom of Jesus Christ with Charles Stuart and Mrs. Barlow at the helm!

The Scotch Clergy reply, through Governor Dundas, still in a sulky unrepentant manner, that they stick by their old opinions; that the Lord General's arguments, which would not be hard to answer a second time, have already been answered amply, by anticipation, in the public Manifestos of the Scottish Nation and Kirk; — that, in short, he hath a longer sword than they for the present, and the Scripture says,

* Charles Stuart's: a very questionable "name" for any Kingdom of Christ to act upon!

** The *Declaration* or testimony against his Father's sins.

§ Thurloe, i. 158-162.

"There is one event to the righteous and the wicked," which may probably account for Dunbar, and some other phenomena. Here the correspondence closes; his Excellency on the morrow morning (Friday 13th September 1650) finding no "reasonable good leisure" to unfold himself farther, in the way of paper and ink, to these men. There remain other ways; the way of cannon-batteries, and Derbyshire miners. It is likely his Excellency will subdue the bodies of these men; and the unconquerable mind will then follow if it can.

PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS it hath pleased God, by His gracious providence and goodness, to put the City of Edinburgh and the Town of Leith under my power: And although I have put forth several Proclamations, since my coming into this Country, to the like effect with this present: Yet for further satisfaction to all those whom it may concern, I do hereby again publish and declare,

That all the Inhabitants of the country, not now being or continuing in arms, shall have free leave and liberty to come to the Army, and to the City and Town aforesaid, with their cattle, corn, horse, or other commodities or goods whatsoever; and shall there have free and open markets for the same; and shall be protected in their persons and goods, in coming and returning as aforesaid, from any injury or violence of the Soldiery under my command; and shall also be protected in their respective houses. And the Citizens and Inhabitants of the said City and Town shall and hereby likewise have * free leave to vend and sell their

* Grammar irremediable!

wares and commodities; and shall be protected from the plunder and violence of the Soldiers.

And I do hereby require all Officers and Soldiers of the Army under my command, To take due notice hereof, and to yield obedience hereto. As they will answer the contrary at their utmost peril.

Given under my hand at Edinburgh, the 14th of September 1650.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

To be proclaimed in Leith and Edinburgh, by sound of trumpet and beat of drum. §

Listen and be reassured, ye ancient Populations, though your Clergy sit obstinate on their Castle-rock, and your Stuart King has vanished! — While this comfortable *Oyez-oyez* goes sounding through the ancient streets, my Lord General is himself just getting on march again; as the next Letter will testify.

LETTER CXLIX.

THE Lord General, leaving the Clergy to meditate his Queries in the seclusion of their Castle-rock, sets off westward, on the second day after, to see whether he cannot at once dislodge the Governing Committeemen and Covenanted King; and get possession of Stirling, where they are busily endeavouring to rally. This, he finds, will not answer, for the moment.

§ King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 479, art. 16 ("The Lord General Cromwell his march to Stirling: being a Diary of" &c. "Published by Authority").

'*To the Right Honourable the Lord President of the Council of State: These.*'

Edinburgh, 25th September 1650.

* * * On Saturday the 14th instant, we marched six miles towards Stirling; and, by reason of the badness of the ways, were forced to send back two pieces of our greatest artillery. The day following, we marched to Linlithgow, not being able to go farther by reason of much rain that fell that day. On the 16th, we marched to Falkirk; and the next day following, within cannon-shot of Stirling; — where, upon Wednesday the 18th, our Army was drawn forth, and all things in readiness to storm the Town.

But finding the work very difficult; they having in the Town Two-thousand horse and more foot; and the place standing upon a river not navigable for shipping to relieve the same, 'so that' we could not, with safety, make it a Garrison, if God should have given it into our hands: — upon this, and other considerations, it was not thought a fit time to storm. But such was the unanimous resolution and courage both of our Officers and Soldiers, that greater could not be (as to outward appearance) in men.

On Thursday the 19th, we returned from thence to Linlithgow; and at night we were informed that, at Stirling, they shot off their great guns for joy their King was come thither. On Friday the 20th, three Irish soldiers came from them to us; to whom we gave entertainment in the Army; they say, Great fears possessed the soldiers when they expected us to storm. That they know not whether old Leven be their Gen-

eral or not, the report being various; but that Sir John Browne, a Colonel of their Army, was laid aside. That they are endeavouring to raise all the Forces they can, in the North; that many of the soldiers, since our victory, are offended at their Ministers; that Colonel Gilbert Ker and Colonel Strahan are gone with shattered forces to Glasgow, to levy soldiers there. As yet we hear not of any of the old Cavaliers being entertained as Officers among them; 'the expectation of' which occasions differences betwixt their Ministers and the Officers of the Army.

The same day, we came to Edinburgh 'again.' Where we abide without disturbance; saving that about ten at night, and before day in the morning, they sometimes fire three or four great guns at us; and if any of our men come within musket-shot, they fire at them from the Castle. But, blessed be God, they have done us no harm, except one soldier shot (but not to the danger of his life), that I can be informed of. There are some few of the inhabitants of Edinburgh returned home; who, perceiving our civility, and 'our' paying for what we receive of them, repent their departure; open their shops, and bring provisions to the market. It's reported they have in the Castle provisions for fifteen months; some say, for a longer time. Generally the poor acknowledge that our carriage to them is better than that of their own Army; and 'that' had they who are gone away known so much, they would have stayed at home. They say, one chief reason wherefore so many are gone was, They feared we would have imposed upon them some oath wherewith they could not have dispensed.

I am in great hopes through God's mercy, we shall

be able this Winter to give the People such an understanding of the justness of our Cause, and our desires for the just liberties of the People, that the better sort of them will be satisfied therewith; although, I must confess, hitherto they continue obstinate. I thought I should have found in Scotland a conscientious People, and a barren country: about Edinburgh, it is as fertile for corn as any part of England; but the People generally 'are so' given to the most impudent lying, and frequent swearing, as is incredible to be believed.

I rest,

'Your Lordship's most humble servant,'

OLIVER CROMWELL.§

What to do with Scotland, in these mixed circumstances, is a question. We have friends among them, a distinct coincidence with them in the great heart of their National Purpose, could they understand us aright; and we have all degrees of enemies among them, up to the bitterest figure of Malignancy itself. What to do? For one thing, Edinburgh Castle ought to be reduced. "We have put forces into Linlithgow, and "our Train is lodged in Leith," Lesley's old citadel there; "the wet being so great that we cannot march with our Train." Do we try Edinburgh Castle with a few responsive shots from the Calton Hill; or from what point? My Scotch Antiquarian friends have not informed me. We decide on reducing it by mines.

"*Sunday 29th September* 1650. Resolution being taken for "the springing of mines in order to the reducing of Edinburgh "Castle; and our men beginning their galleries last night, the "Enemy fired five pieces of ordnance, with several volleys of "shot, from the Castle; but did no execution. We hope this "work will take effect; notwithstanding the height, rockiness,

§ Newspapers (in Parliamentary History, xix. 404).

"and strength of the place. — His Excellency with his Officers "met this day in the High Church of Edinburgh, forenoon and "afternoon; where was a great concourse of people." Mr. Stapylton, who did the Hursley Marriage-treaty, and is otherwise transiently known to mankind, — he, as was above intimated, occupies the pulpit there; the Scots Clergy still sitting sulky in their Castle, with Derby miners now operating on them. "Many Scots expressed much affection at the doctrine "preached by Mr. Stapylton, in their usual way of groans," — Hum-m-mrrh! — "and it's hoped a good work is wrought in "some of their hearts."* I am sure I hope so. But to think of brother worshippers, partakers in a Gospel of this kind, cutting one another's throats for a Covenanted Charles Stuart, — Hum-m-mrrh!

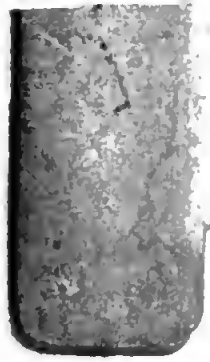
* Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 92).

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